HOMER'S ODYSSES.

Translated according to ye Greeke.

By. Geo: Chapman

At mihi q̃ viuo detraxerit inuida Turba
Post obitum duplici fœnore reddet Honor.

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TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONORED, MY SINGVLAR GOOD LORD, *ROBERT*, Earle of SOMERSET, Lord Chamberlaine, &c.

I Haue aduentured (Right Noble Earle) out of my vtmoſt, and euer-vowed ſeruice to your Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patronage of Homers *Engliſh life: whoſe wiſht naturall life, the great* Macedon *would haue protected, as the ſpirit of his Empire,*

That he to his vnmeaſur'd mightie Acts,
Might adde a Fame as vaſt; and their extracts,
In fires as bright, and endleſſe as the ſtarres,
His breaſt might breathe; and thunder out his warres.
But that great Monarks loue of fame and praiſe,
Receiues an enuious Cloud in our foule daies:
For ſince our Great ones, ceaſſe themſelues to do
Deeds worth their praiſe; they hold it folly too,
To feed their praiſe in others. But what can
(Of all the gifts that are) be giuen to man,
More precious then *Eternitie* and *Glorie*,
Singing their praiſes, in vnſilenc't ſtorie?
Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Age;
No change of Time or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,

Shall euer race? All which, the Monarch knew,
Where *Homer* liu'd entitl'd, would enſew:

Ex Angeli Politiani Ambra.

——Cuius de gurgite viuo
Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores, &c.

From whoſe deepe Fount of life, the thirſtie rout
Of Theſpian Prophets, haue lien ſucking out
Their ſacred rages. And as th'influent ſtone
Of Father *Ioues* great and laborious Sonne,
Lifts high the heauie Iron; and farre implies
The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,
In vertuous guide of euery ſea-driuen courſe,
To all aſpiring, his one boundleſſe force:
So from one *Homer*, all the holy fire,
That euer did the hidden heate inſpire
In each true Muſe, came cleerly ſparkling downe,
And muſt for him, compoſe one flaming Crowne.
He, at *Ioues* Table ſet, fils out to vs,
Cups that repaire Age, ſad and ruinous;
And giues it Built, of an eternall ſtand,
With his all-ſinewie Odyſſæan hand.
Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Lifes free ſtate;
And Life doth into Ages propagate.
He doth in Men, the Gods affects inflame;
His fuell Vertue, blowne by *Praiſe* and *Fame*:
And with the high ſoules, firſt impulſions driuen,
Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heauen.
The Nerues of all things hid in Nature, lie
Naked before him; all their Harmonie
Tun'd to his Accents; that in Beaſts breathe Minds.
What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,
What fires Æthereall; what the Gods conclude
In all their Counſels, his Muſe makes indude
With varied voices, that euen rockes haue mou'd.
And yet for all this, (naked Vertue lou'd)
Honors without her, he, as abiect, priſes;
And fooliſh Fame, deriu'd from thence, deſpiſes.
When from the vulgar, taking glorious bound,
Vp to the Mountaine, where the Muſe is crownd;

He ſits and laughs, to ſee the iaded Rabble,
Toile to his hard heights, t'all acceſſe vnable. &c.

Thus far Angel Politianus, for the moſt part tranſlated.

And that your Lordſhip may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the firſt word of his Iliads, is μῆνιν wrath: *the firſt word of his Odyſſes,* ἄνδρα, Man: *contracting in either word, his each workes Propoſition. In one,* Predominant Perturbation; *in the other,* ouer-ruling Wiſedome: *in one, the Bodies feruour and faſhion of outward Fortitude, to all poſſible height of Heroicall Action; in the other, the Minds inward, conſtant, and vnconquerd Empire; vnbroken, vnalterd, with any moſt inſolent, and tyrannous infliction. To many moſt ſouereigne praiſes is this Poeme entitled; but to that* Grace *in chiefe, which ſets on the Crowne, both of Poets and Orators;* τὰ τε μικρὰ μεγάλως καὶ τὰ κοινὰ καινῶς: *that is,* Parua magnè dicere; peruulgata nouè; ieiuna plenè: *To ſpeake things litle, greatly; things commune, rarely; things barren and emptie, fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrie, is his whole ſcope and obiect; which, in it ſelfe, your Lordſhip may well ſay, is ieiune and fruitleſſe enough; affoording nothing feaſtfull, nothing magnificent. And yet euen this, doth the diuine inſpiration, render vaſt, illuſtrous, and of miraculous compoſure. And for this (my Lord) is this* Poeme *preferred to his* Iliads: *for therein much magnificence, both of perſon and action, giues great aide to his induſtrie; but in this, are theſe helpes, exceeding ſparing, or nothing; and yet is the Structure ſo elaborate, and pompous, that the poore plaine Groundworke (conſidered together) may ſeeme the naturally rich wombe to it, and produce it needfully. Much wonderd at therefore, is the Cenſure of* Dionyſius Longimus *(a man otherwiſe affirmed, graue, and of elegant iudgement) comparing* Homer *in his* Iliads, *to the Sunne riſing; in his* Odyſſes, *to his deſcent or ſetting. Or to the* Ocean *robd of his æſture; many tributorie flouds and riuers of excellent ornament, withheld from their obſeruance. When this his worke ſo farre exceeds the* Ocean, *with all his Court and concourſe; that all his Sea, is onely a ſeruiceable ſtreame to it. Nor can it be compared to any One power to be named in nature; being an entirely wel-ſorted and digeſted Confluence of all. Where the moſt ſolide and graue, is made as nimble and fluent, as the moſt airie and firie; the nimble and fluent, as firme and well bounded as the moſt graue and ſolid. And (taking all together) of ſo tender impreſſion, and of ſuch Command to the voice of the* Muſe; *that they knocke heauen with her breath, and diſcouer their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprifing* Poeſie, *phantaſtique,*

or meere fictiue; but the moſt material, and doctrinall illations of Truth; *both for all manly information of Manners in the yong; all preſcription of Iuſtice, and euen Chriſtian pietie, in the moſt graue and high-gouernd. To illuſtrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expreſsion, the Poet creates both a Bodie and a Soule in them. Wherein, if the Bodie (being the letter, or hiſtorie) ſeemes fictiue, and beyond Poßibilitie to bring into Act: the ſence then and Allegorie (which is the Soule) is to be ſought: which intends a more eminent expreſſure of* Vertue, *for her louelineſſe; and of* Vice *for her vglineſſe, in their ſeuerall effects; going beyond the life, then any Art within life, can poßibly delineate. Why then is* Fiction, *to this end, ſo hatefull to our true Ignorants? Or why ſhould a poore Chronicler of a Lord Maiors naked* Truth, *(that peraduenture will laſt his yeare) include more worth with our moderne wizerds, then* Homer *for his naked* Vlyſſes, *clad in eternall* Fiction? *But this Prozer* Dionyſius, *and the reſt of theſe graue, and reputatiuely learned, (that dare vndertake for their grauities, the headſtrong cenſure of all things; and challenge the vnderſtanding of theſe Toyes in their childhoods: when euen theſe childiſh vanities, retaine deepe and moſt neceſſarie learning enough in them, to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they liue) are not in theſe abſolutely diuine Infuſions, allowd either voice or reliſh: for,* Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, &c. *(ſayes the Diuine Philoſopher) he that knocks at the Gates of the* Muſes; ſine Muſarum furore, *is neither to be admitted entrie, nor a touch at their Threſholds: his opinion of entrie, ridiculous, and his preſumption impious. Nor muſt Poets themſelues (might I a litle inſiſt on theſe contempts, not tempting too farre your Lordſhips* Vlyſſean *patience) preſume to theſe doores, without the truly genuine, and peculiar induction. There being in* Poeſie *a twofold rapture, (or alienation of ſoule, as the aboueſaid Teacher termes it) one* Inſania, *a diſeaſe of the mind, and a meere madneſſe, by which the infected is thruſt beneath all the degrees of humanitie:* & ex homine, Brutum quodammodo redditur: *(for which, poore* Poeſie, *in this diſeaſd and impoſtorous age, is ſo barbarouſly vilified) the other is,* Diuinus furor; *by which the ſound and diuinely healthfull,* ſupra hominis naturam erigitur, & in Deum tranſit. *One a perfection directly infuſed from God: the other an infection, obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the diuine* Furie *(my Lord) your* Homer *hath euer bene, both firſt and laſt* Inſtance; *being pronounced abſolutely,* τὸν ἀοιδοτατον, καὶ τὸν θειοτατον πασῶν; *the moſt wiſe and moſt diuine*

Poet.

Poet. Againſt whom, whoſoeuer ſhall open his prophane mouth, may worthily receiue anſwer, with this of his diuine defender; (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epichar: &c. *being of* Homers *part*) *&c. who againſt ſuch an Armie, and the Generall* Homer *dares attempt the aſſault, but he muſt be reputed ridiculous? And yet againſt this boaſt, and this inuincible Commander, ſhall we haue euery* Beſogne *and foole a Leader. The common herd (I aſſure my ſelf) readie to receiue it on their hornes. Their infected Leaders,*

Such men, as ſideling ride the ambling *Muſe;*
Whoſe ſaddle is as frequent as the ſtuſe.
Whoſe Raptures are in euery Pageant ſeene;
In euery Waſſall rime, and Dancing greene:
When he that writes by any beame of Truth,
Muſt diue as deepe as he; paſt ſhallow youth.
Truth dwels in Gulphs, whoſe Deepes hide ſhades ſo rich,
That *Night* ſits mufflʼd there, in clouds of pitch:
More Darke then Nature made her; and requires
(To cleare her tough miſts) Heauens great fire of fires;
To whom, the Sunne it ſelfe is but a Beame.
For ſicke ſoules then (but rapt in fooliſh Dreame)
To wreſtle with theſe Heauʼn-ſtrong myſteries;
What madneſſe is it? when their light, ſerues eies
That are not worldly, in their leaſt aſpect;
But truly pure; and aime at Heauen, direct.
Yet theſe, none like; but what the brazen head
Blatters abroad; no ſooner borne, but dead.

Holding then in eternal contempt (my Lord) thoſe ſhort-liued Bubbles; eternize your vertue and iudgement with the Grecian *Monark; eſteeming, not as the leaſt of your New-yeares Preſents,*

Homer (three thouſand yeares dead) now reuiuʼd,
Euen from that dull Death, that in life he liuʼd;
When none conceited him; none vnderſtood,
That ſo much life, in ſo much death as blood
Conueys about it, could mixe. But when Death
Drunke vp the bloudie Miſt, that humane breath
Pourʼd round about him (Pouertie and Spight,
Thickning the hapleſſe vapor) then Truths light
Glimmerd about his Poeme: the pincht ſoule,

(Amidſt

(Amidſt the Myſteries it did enroule)
Brake powrefully abroad. And as we ſee
The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length got free,
Through ſome forc't couert, ouer all the wayes,
Neare and beneath him, ſhootes his vented rayes
Farre off, and ſtickes them in ſome litle Glade;
All woods, fields, riuers, left beſides in ſhade:
So your *Apollo*, from that world of light,
Cloſde in his Poems bodie; ſhot to ſight
Some few forc't Beames; which neare him, were not ſeene,
(As in his life or countrie) Fate and Spleene,
Clouding their radiance; which when Death had clear'd;
To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:
In which, all ſtood and wonderd; ſtriuing which,
His Birth and Rapture, ſhould in right enrich.
Twelue *Labours* of your *Theſpian Hercules*,
I now preſent your Lordſhip: Do but pleaſe
To lend Life meanes, till th'other Twelue receaue
Equall atchieuement; and let Death then reaue
My life now loſt in our Patrician Loues,
That knocke heads with the herd: in whom there moues
One blood, one ſoule: both drownd in one ſet height
Of ſtupid Enuie, and meere popular Spight.
Whoſe loues, with no good, did my leaſt veine fill;
And from their hates, I feare as little ill.
Their Bounties nouriſh not, when moſt they feed,
But where there is no Merit, or no Need:
Raine into riuers ſtill; and are ſuch ſhowres,
As bubbles ſpring, and ouerflow the flowres.
Their worſe parts, and worſt men, their Beſt ſubornes,
Like winter Cowes, whoſe milke runnes to their hornes.
And as litigious Clients bookes of Law,
Coſt infinitely; taſte of all the Awe,
Bencht in our kingdomes Policie, Pietie, State;
Earne all their deepe explorings; ſatiate
All ſorts there thruſt together by the heart,
With thirſt of wiſedome, ſpent on either part:

Horrid

Horrid examples made of Life and Death,
From their fine ſtuffe wouen: yet when once the breath
Of ſentence leaues them, all their worth is drawne
As drie as duſt, and weares like Cobweb Lawne:
So theſe men ſet a price vpon their worth,
That no man giues, but thoſe that trot it forth,
Through *Needs* foule wayes; feed *Humors*, with all coſt,
Though *Iudgement* ſterues in them: *Rout*: *State* engroſt
(At all Tabacco benches, ſolemne Tables,
Where all that croſſe their Enuies, are their fables)
In their ranke faction: Shame, and Death approu'd
Fit Penance for their Oppoſites: none lou'd
But thoſe that rub them: not a Reaſon heard,
That doth not ſooth and glorifie their preferd
Bitter Opinions. When, would *Truth* reſume
The cauſe to his hands; all would flie in fume
Before his ſentence; ſince the innocent mind,
Iuſt God makes good; to whom their worſt is wind.
For, that I freely all my Thoughts expreſſe,
My Conſcience is my Thouſand witneſſes:
And to this ſtay, my conſtant Comforts vow;
You for the world I haue, or God for you.

Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes Tranſlated.

All ſtarres are drunke vp by the firie Sunne,
And in ſo much a flame, lies ſhrunke the Moone::
Homers *all-liu'd Name, all Names leaues in Death;*
Whoſe ſplendor onely, Muſes Boſomes breath.

Another.

Heau'ns fires ſhall firſt fall darkn'd from his Sphere;
Graue Night, the light weed of the Day ſhall weare:
Freſh ſtreames ſhall chace the Sea; tough Plowes ſhall teare
Her fiſhie bottomes: Men, in long date dead,
Shall riſe, and liue; before Oblition ſhed
Thoſe ſtill-greene leaues, that crowne great Homers *head.*

Another.

The great Mæonides *doth onely write,*
And to him dictates, the great God of Light.

Another.

Seuen kingdomes ſtroue, in which ſhould ſwell the wombe
That bore great Homer; *whom Fame freed from Tombe:*
Argos, Chius, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophone;
The learn'd Athenian, *and* Vlyſſean *Throne.*

Another.

Art thou of Chius? *No. Of* Salamine?
As little. Was the Smyrnean *Countrie thine?*
Nor ſo. Which then? Was Cumas? Colophone?
Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none,
That Fame proclames thee? None. Thy Reaſon call:
If I confeſſe of one, I anger all.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Gods in counſaile ſit, to call
Vlyſſes *from* Calypſo's *thrall;*
And order their high pleaſures, thus;
Gray Pallas, *to* Telemachus
(*In* Ithaca) *her way addreſt;*
And did her heauenly limbs inueſt
In Menta's *likeneſſe; that did raigne*
King of the Taphians (in the Maine,
Whoſe rough waues neare Leucadia *runne)*
Aduiſing wiſe Vlyſſes *ſonne*
To ſeeke his father; and addreſſe
His courſe to yong Tantalides
That gouern'd Sparta. *Thus much ſaid,*
She ſhewd ſhe was Heau'ns martiall Maid,
And vaniſht from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the wooers is.

Another.

Αλφα. *The Deities ſit;*
The Man retir'd:
Th'Vlyſſean wit,
By Pallas *fir'd.*

THe Man (O Muſe) informe, that many a way,
Wound with his wiſedome to his wiſhed ſtay.
That wanderd wondrous farre, when, He, the towne
Of ſacred *Troy*, had ſackt, and ſhiuerd downe.
The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, mindes, and faſhions
He ſaw and knew. At Sea felt many woes,
Much care ſuſtaind, to ſaue from ouerthrowes
Himſelfe, and friends, in their retreate for home.
But ſo, their fates, he could not ouercome,
Though much he thirſted it. O men vnwiſe,
They periſht by their owne impieties,
That in their hungers rapine would not ſhunne
The Oxen of the loftie-going Sunne:

The information or faſhion of an abſolute man, and neceſſaria (or fatal) paſſage through many afflictions (according with the moſt ſacred Letter) to his natiuall hauen and country, is the whole argument, and ſcope of this inimitable, and miraculous Poeme. And therefore is the epithete πολύτροπον *giuen him in the firſt verſe:* πολύτροπον *ſignifying,* Homo cuius ingenium velut per multas & varias vias, vertitur in verſam.

Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,
Tell vs, as others, deified seed of *Ioue*.
Now all the rest that austere Death out-strowe
At *Troys* long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;
Onely *Vlysses* is denide accesse
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddesses
The reuerend Nymph *Calypso* did detaine
Him in her Caues: past all the race of men,
Enflam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouse.
And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bosome beares,
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)
Should be his hauen; Contention still extends
Her enuie to him, euen amongst his friends.
All Gods tooke pitie on him: onely he
That girds Earth in the cincture of the sea,
Diuine *Vlysses* euer did enuie,
And made the fixt port of his birth to flie.

Neptunes progresse to the Æthiops.

But he himselfe solemniz'd a retreate
To th'Æthiops, farre dissunderd in their seate;
(In two parts parted; at the Sunnes descent,
And vnderneath his golden Orient,
The first and last of men) t'enioy their feast
Of buls and lambes, in Hecatombs addrest:
At which he sat, giuen ouer to Delight.
The other Gods, in heauens supreamest height
Were all in Councell met: To whom began
The mightie Father, both of God and man,
Discourse, inducing matter, that inclin'd
To wise *Vlysses*; calling to his mind
[a] Faultfull *Ægisthus*, who to death was done,
By yong *Orestes*, *Agamemnons* sonne.
His memorie to the Immortals then,
Mou'd *Ioue* thus deeply: O how falsly, men
Accuse vs Gods, as authors of their ill,
When, by the bane their owne bad liues instill,
They suffer all the miseries of their states,
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.
As now *Ægisthus*, past his fate, did wed
The wife of *Agamemnon*; and (in dread
To suffer death himselfe) to shunne his ill,
Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,
In slaughtering *Atrides* in retreate.
Which, we foretold him, would so hardly set

These notes following, I am inforced to insert, (since the words they containe, differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to erre out of that ignorance that may perhaps possesse my depraued.

a apparet translated in this place inculpabiliter, and made the epithete of Ægisthus, is from the true sence of the word, as it is here to be vnderstood: which is quite contrary. As ἀπρονόητος is to be expounded in some place Diuinus, or Deo similis: but in another (some after) contrarius Deo. The person to whom the Epithete is giuen, giuing reason to distinguish it. And so ἀπρονόητος an Epithete giuen to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifies Mente perniciosus: *in the next*, qui vtilia mente gerit.

To

To his murtherous purpoſe; ſending *Mercurie*
(That ſlaughterd *Argus*) our conſiderate ſpie,
To giue him this charge: Do not wed his wife,
Nor murther him; for thou ſhalt buy his life,
With ranſome of thine owne; impoſde on thee
By his *Oreſtes*; when, in him ſhall be
Atrides ſelfe renewd; and but the prime
Of youths ſpring put abroad; in thirſt to clime
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.
Theſe words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts
Ægiſthus powres; good counſell he deſpiſde,
And to that Good, his ill is ſacrifiſde.
Pallas (whoſe eyes did ſparkle like the skies)
Anſwerd: O Sire! ſupreame of Deities;
Ægiſthus paſt his Fate, and had deſert
To warrant our infliction; and conuert
May all the paines, ſuch impious men inflict
On innocent ſufferers; to reuenge as ſtrict,
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithacus*
(Thus neuer meriting) ſhould ſuffer thus;
I deeply ſuffer. His more pious mind
Diuides him from theſe fortunes. Though vnkind
Is Pietie to him, giuing him a fate,
More ſuffering then the moſt infortunate;
So long kept friendleſſe, in a ſea-girt ſoile,
Where the ſeas nauile is a ſyluane Ile,
In which the Goddeſſe dwels, that doth deriue
Her birth from *Atlas*; who, of all aliue,
The motion and the faſhion doth command,
With his [b] wiſe mind, whoſe forces vnderſtand
The inmoſt deepes and gulfes of all the ſeas:
Who (for his skill of things ſuperiour) ſtayes
The two ſteepe Columnes that prop earth and heauen.
His daughter tis, who holds this [c] homeleſſe-driuen,
Still mourning with her. Euermore profuſe
Of ſoft and winning ſpeeches; that abuſe
And make ſo [d] languiſhingly, and poſſeſt
With ſo remiſſe a mind; her loued gueſt
Manage the action of his way for home.
Where he (though in affection ouercome)
In iudgement yet; more longs to ſhew his hopes,
His countries ſmoke leape from her chimney tops,

Pallas to Iupiter.

b *In this place is Atlas giuen the Epithete.* μνησιν, *which ſignifies* qui vniuerſa mente agitat. *here giuen him, for the power the ſtarres haue in all things. Yet this receiues other interpretation in other places, as aboue ſaid.*

c ἄπτολις *is here turned by others,* infelix: *in the generall collection: when it hath here a particular expoſition, applied to*

expreſſe Ulyſſes deſert errors, ωμα το νλωη, vt ſit, qui vix locum inuenire poteſt vbi conſiſtat. d *This is thus tranſlated, the rather to expreſſe and approue the Allegorie driuen through the whole Odyſſes. Deciphering the intangling of the wiſeſt in his affections: and the torments that breede in euery pious minde: to be thereby hindred to arriue ſo directly as he deſires, at the proper and onely true naturall countrie of euery worthy man, whoſe haue in heauen and the next life, to which, this life is but a ſea, in continuall aſſure and vexation. The words occaſioning all this, are* μαλακοις, λογοις: μαλακον ſignifying, qui languide, & animo remiſſo rem aliquam gerit: *which being the effect of Calypſos ſweete words in Ulyſſes, is here applied paſſiuely to his owne ſufferance of their operation.*

And death askes in her armes. Yet neuer ſhall
Thy lou'd heart be conuerted on his thrall,
(Auſtere *Olympius*:) did not euer he,
In ample *Troy*, thy altars gratifie?
And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings ſwim?
O *Ioue*, why ſtill then burnes thy wrath to him?
The Cloud-aſſembler anſwerd: What words flie
(Bold daughter) from thy Pale of [c] Ivorie?
As if I euer could caſt from my care
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, who exceeds ſo farre
All men in wiſedome? and ſo oft hath giuen
To all th'Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,
So great and ſacred gifts? But his decrees,
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
Stand to *Vlyſſes* longings ſo extreme,
For taking from the God-foe *Polypheme*
His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd
All other *Cyclops*: with whoſe burthen ſwell'd
The Nymph *Thooſa*; the diuine increaſe
Of *Phorcis* ſeed, a great God of the ſeas.
She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caues,
And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues.
For whoſe loſt eye, th'Earth-ſhaker did not kill
Erring *Vlyſſes*; but reſerues him ſtill
In life for more death. But vſe we our powres,
And round about vs caſt theſe cares of ours,
All to diſcouer how we may preferre
His wiſht retreate; and *Neptune* make forbeare
His ſterne eye to him: ſince no one God can
In ſpite of all, preuaile, but gainſt a man.
To this, this anſwer made the gray-eyd Maide:
Supreame of rulers, ſince ſo well apaide
The bleſſed Gods are all then, now, in thee
To limit wiſe *Vlyſſes* miſerie;
And that you ſpeake, as you referd to me
Preſcription for the meanes; in this ſort be
Their ſacred order: let vs now addreſſe
With vtmoſt ſpeed, our ſwift *Argicides*,
Calypſo. To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Treſſe
In th'ile *Ogygia*, that tis our will
She ſhould not ſtay our lou'd *Vlyſſes* ſtill;
But ſuffer his returne: and then will I
To *Ithaca*, to make his ſonne apply
His Sires inqueſt the more; infuſing force
Into his ſoule, to ſummon the concourſe
Of curld-head Greekes to counſaile: and deterre
Each wooer that hath bene the ſlaughterer
Of his fat ſheepe and crooked-headed beeues,

[c] *Iupiter to Pallas* ἐλεφαντόπεπλος. *vid. vellum or clauſtrum dentium. which, for the better ſound in our language, is here turned, Pale of Ivorie. The teeth being that rampier or pale, giuen vs by nature in that part, for reſtraint and compreſſion of our ſpeech, till the imagination, appetite and ſoule (that ought to rule in their examination, before their deliuerie) haue giuen worthy paſſe to them. The moſt graue and diuine Poet, teaching therein, that not ſo much for the neceſſarie chewing of our ſuſtenance, our teeth are giuen vs, as for their ſtay of our words, leſt we vtter them raſhly.*

From

From more wrong to his mother; and their leaues
Take in ſuch termes, as fit deſerts ſo great.
To *Sparta* then, and *Pylos*, where doth beate
Bright *Amathus*, the flood and epithete
To all that kingdome; my aduice ſhall ſend
The ſpirit-aduanc'd Prince, to the pious end
Of ſeeking his loſt father; if he may
Receiue report from Fame, where reſts his ſtay;
And make, beſides, his owne ſucceſſiue worth,
Knowne to the world; and ſet in action forth.
This ſaid, her wingd ſhooes to her feete ſhe tied, *The preparation of Pallas for Ithaca.*
Formd all of gold, and all eternified;
That on the round earth, or the ſea, ſuſtaind
Her rauiſht ſubſtance, ſwift as guſts of wind.
Then tooke ſhe her ſtrong Lance, with ſteele made keene,
Great, maſſie, actiue, that whole hoaſts of men
(Though all Heroes) conquers; if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, backt by ſo great a Sire.
Downe from *Olympus* tops, ſhe headlong diu'd;
And ſwift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriu'd,
Cloſe at *Vlyſſes* gates; in whoſe firſt court,
She made her ſtand; and for her breaſts ſupport, *Pallas like Mentes.*
Leand on her iron Lance: her forme impreſt
With *Mentes* likeneſſe, come, as being a gueſt.
There found ſhe thoſe proud wooers, that were then
Set on thoſe Oxe-hides that themſelues had ſlaine,
Before the gates; and all at dice were playing.
To them the heralds, and the reſt obaying,
Fill'd wine and water; ſome, ſtill as they plaid;
And ſome, for ſolemne ſuppers ſtate, puruaid;
With porous ſponges, cleanſing tables, ſeru'd
With much rich feaſt; of which to all they keru'd.
God-like *Telemachus*, amongſt them ſat,
Grieu'd much in mind; and in his heart begat
All repreſentment of his abſent Sire;
How (come from far-off parts) his ſpirits would fire
With thoſe proud wooers ſight, with ſlaughter parting
Their bold concourſe; and to himſelfe conuerting
The honors they vſurpt, his owne commanding.
In this diſcourſe, he, firſt, ſaw *Pallas* ſtanding
Vnbidden entrie: vp roſe, and addreſt
His pace right to her; angrie that a gueſt
Should ſtand ſo long at gate: and coming neare,
Her right hand tooke; tooke in his owne, her ſpeare;
And thus ſaluted: Grace to your repaire,
(Faire gueſt) your welcome ſhall be likewiſe faire.
Enter, and (chear'd with feaſt) diſcloſe th'intent
That cauſde your coming. This ſaid; firſt he went,

And *Pallas* followd. To a roome they came,
Steepe, and of ſtate; the Iauelin of the Dame,
He ſet againſt a pillar, vaſt and hie,
Amidſt a large and bright-kept Armorie,
Which was, beſides, with woods of Lances grac'd,
Of his graue fathers. In a throne, he plac'd
The man-turnd Goddeſſe; vnder which was ſpred
A Carpet, rich, and of deuicefull thred;
A footſtoole ſtaying her feete; and by her chaire,
Another ſeate (all garniſht wondrous faire,
To reſt, or ſleepe on in the day) he ſet
Farre from the preaſe of wooers; leſt at meate
The noiſe they ſtill made, might offend his gueſt,
Diſturbing him at banquet or at reſt,
Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,
That kept no noble forme in their affaires.
And theſe he ſet farre from them, much the rather
To queſtion freely of his abſent father.
A Table fairely poliſht then, was ſpread,
On which a reuerend officer ſet bread;
And other ſeruitors, all ſorts of meate,
(Salads, and fleſh, ſuch as their haſte could get)
Seru'd with obſeruance in. And then the Sewre,
Prowr'd water from a great and golden Ewre,
That from their hands, t'a ſiluer Caldron ran;
Both waſht, and ſeated cloſe; the voicefull man
Fetcht cups of gold, and ſet by them; and round
Thoſe cups with wine, with all endeuour crownd.
Then ruſht in the rude wooers; themſelues plac't;
The heralds water gaue; the maids in haſte
Seru'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,
And ſet before them; the bold wooers ſhar'd;
Their Pages plying their cups, paſt the reſt.
But luſtie wooers muſt do more then feaſt;
For now (their hungers and their thirſts allaid)
They call'd for ſongs, and Dances. Thoſe, they ſaid,
Were th'ornaments of feaſt. The herald ſtrait
A Harpe, caru'd full of artificiall ſleight,
Thruſt into *Phemius* (a learnd ſingers) hand,
Who, till he much was vrg'd, on termes did ſtand;
But after, plaid and ſung with all his art.

Telemachus to Pallas.

Telemachus, to *Pallas* then (apart,
His eare inclining cloſe, that none might heare)
In this ſort ſaid: My Gueſt, exceeding deare,
Will you not fit incenſt, with what I ſay?
Theſe are the cares theſe men take; feaſt and play:
Which eaſly they may vſe, becauſe they eate,
Free, and vnpuniſht, of anothers meate.

And of a mans, whose white bones wasting lie
In some farre region, with th'incessancie
Of showres powr'd downe vpon them; lying ashore;
Or in the seas washt nak'd. Who, if he wore
Those bones with flesh, and life, and industrie;
And these, might here in *Ithaca*, set eye
On him returnd; they all would wish to be,
Either past other, in celeritie
Of feete and knees; and not contend t'exceed
In golden garments. But his vertues feed
The fate of ill death: nor is left to me
The least hope of his lifes recouerie;
No not, if any of the mortall race
Should tell me his returne; the chearfull face
Of his returnd day, neuer will appeare.
But tell me; and let Truth, your witnesse beare;
Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?
What parents? In what vessell set you forth?
And with what mariners arriu'd you here?
I cannot thinke you a foote passenger.
Recount then to me all; to teach me well,
Fit vsage for your worth. And if it fell
In chance now first that you thus see vs here,
Or that in former passages you were
My fathers guest? For many men haue bene
Guests to my father. Studious of men,
His sociable nature euer was.
On him againe, the grey-eyd Maide did passe
This kind reply; Ile answer passing true,
All thou hast askt: My birth, his honour drew
From wise *Anchialus*. The name I beare,
Is *Mentas*, the commanding Ilander
Of all the *Taphians*, studious in the art
Of Nauigation. Hauing toucht this part
With ship and men; of purpose to maintaine
Course through the darke seas, t'other languag'd men.
And *Temesis* sustaines the cities name,
For which my ship is bound; made knowne by fame,
For rich in brasse; which my occasions need;
And therefore bring I shining steele in steed,
Which their vse wants; yet makes my vessels freight;
That neare a plowd field, rides at anchors weight,
Apart this citie, in the harbor calld
Rethrus, whose waues, with *Neius* woods are walld.
Thy Sire and I, were euer mutuall guests,
At eithers house, still interchanging feasts.
I glorie in it. Aske, when thou shalt see
Laertes, th'old *Hero*, these of mee,

Pallas to Telemachus.

From the beginning. He, men ſay, no more
Viſits the Citie; but will needs deplore
His ſonnes beleeu'd loſſe, in a priuate field;
One old maide onely, at his hands to yeeld
Foode to his life, as oft as labour makes
His old limbs faint; which though he creepes, he takes
Along a fruitfull plaine, ſet all with vines,
Which, husbandman-like (though a King) he proines.
But now I come to be thy fathers gueſt;
I heare he wanders, while theſe wooers feaſt.
And (as th'Immortals prompt me at this houre)
Ile tell thee, out of a prophetique powre,
(Not as profeſt a Prophet, nor cleare ſeene
At all times, what ſhall after chance to men)
What I conceiue, for this time, will be true:
The Gods inflictions keepe your Sire from you.
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, yet, abides not dead
Aboue earth, nor beneath; nor buried
In any ſeas, (as you did late conceiue)
But, with the broad ſea ſieg'd, is kept aliue
Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,
That in his ſpite, his paſſage home detaine.
Yet long it ſhall not be, before he tred
His countries deare earth; though ſolicited,
And held from his returne, with iron chaines.
For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,
And will, of all, be ſure to make good one,
For his returne, ſo much relide vpon.
But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed
So much [f] a ſonne, as to be ſaid the ſeed
Of *Ithacus* himſelfe? Exceeding much
Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:
For oftentimes we met, as you and I
Meete at this houre; before he did apply
His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,
In hollow ſhips were his aſſociates.
But ſince that time, mine eyes could neuer ſee
Renowmd *Vlyſſes*; nor met his with me.
The wiſe *Telemachus* againe replide:
You ſhall withall I know, be ſatisfide.
My mother, certaine, ſayes I am his ſonne:
I know not; nor was euer ſimply knowne
By any child, the ſure truth of his Sire.
But would my veines had tooke in liuing fire
From ſome man happie, rather then one wiſe,
Whom age might ſee ſeizd, of what youth made priſe.
But he, whoeuer of the mortall race
Is moſt vnbleſt, he holds my fathers place.

[f] *Tantus filius.*

Pallas thus enforcing her queſtion, to ſtirre vp the ſon the more to the fathers worthineſſe.

Telemachus to Pallas.

This

This, ſince you aske, I anſwer. She, againe:
The Gods ſure did not make the future ſtraine
Both of thy race and dayes, obſcure to thee,
Since thou wert borne ſo of *Penelope*.
The ſtile may by thy after acts be wonne,
Of ſo great Sire, the high vndoubted ſonne.
Say truth in this then: what's this feaſting here?
What all this rout? Is all this nuptiall cheare?
Or elſe ſome friendly banquet made by thee?
For here no ſhots are, where all ſharers be.
Paſt meaſure contumeliouſly, this crew
Fare through thy houſe; which ſhould th'ingenuous view
Of any good or wiſe man come and find,
(Impietie ſeeing playd in euery kind)
He could not but through euery veine be mou'd.
Againe *Telemachus*: My gueſt much lou'd,
Since you demand and ſift theſe ſights ſo farre;
I grant twere fit, a houſe ſo regular,
Rich, and ſo faultleſſe, once in gouernment,
Should ſtill, at all parts, the ſame forme preſent,
That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here.
But now the Gods, that vs diſpleaſure beare,
Haue otherwiſe appointed; and diſgrace
My father moſt, of all the mortall race.
For whom I could not mourne ſo, were he dead,
Amongſt his fellow Captaines ſlaughtered
By common enemies; or in the hands
Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;
After he had egregiouſly beſtow'd
His powre and order in a warre ſo vow'd;
And to his tombe, all Greekes their grace had done;
That to all ages he might leaue his ſonne
Immortall honor: but now *Harpies* haue
Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred graue.
Obſcure, inglorious, Death hath made his end;
And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.
Nor ſhall I any more mourne him alone;
The Gods haue giuen me other cauſe of mone.
For looke how many Optimates remaine
In *Samos*, or the ſhoares *Dulichian*,
Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare
Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;
So many now, my mother and this houſe,
At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.
And ſhe, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,
Nor will diſpatch their importunities:
Though ſhe beholds them ſpoile ſtill, as they feaſt,
All my free houſe yeelds: and the little reſt

Pallas to Telemachus.

Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend
To bring, ere long, to ſome vntimely end.
This *Pallas* ſigh'd, and anſwerd: O (ſaid ſhe)
Abſent *Vlyſſes* is much miſt by thee:
That on theſe ſhameleſſe ſuiters he might lay
His wreakfull hands. Should he now come, and ſtay
In thy Courts firſt gates, armd with helme and ſhield,
And two ſuch darts as I haue ſeene him wield,
When firſt I ſaw him in our *Taphian* Court,
Feaſting, and doing his deſerts diſport;
When from *Ephyrus* he returnd by vs
From *Ilus*, ſonne to *Centaure Mermerus*;
To whom he traueld through the watrie dreads,
For bane to poiſon his ſharpe arrowes heads,
That death, but toucht, cauſde; which he would not giue,
Becauſe he fear'd, the Gods that euer liue,
Would plague ſuch death with death; and yet their feare
Was to my fathers boſome not ſo deare
As was thy fathers loue; (for what he ſought,
My louing father found him, to a thought.)
If ſuch as then, *Vlyſſes* might but meete
With theſe proud wooers; all were at his feete
But inſtant dead men; and their nuptials
Would proue as bitter as their dying galls.
But theſe things in the Gods knees are repoſde,
If his returne ſhall ſee with wreake incloſde,
Theſe in his houſe, or he returne no more.
And therefore I aduiſe thee to explore
All waies thy ſelfe, to ſet theſe wooers gone;
To which end giue me fit attention;
To morrow into ſolemne councell call
The Greeke *Heroes*; and declare to all
(The Gods being witneſſe) what thy pleaſure is:
Command to townes of their natiuities,
Theſe frontleſſe wooers. If thy mothers mind,
Stands to her ſecond nuptials, ſo enclinde;
Returne ſhe to her royall fathers towers,
Where th'one of theſe may wed her, and her dowers
Make rich, and ſuch as may conſort with grace,
So deare a daughter, of ſo great a race.
And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well
Wilt heare and follow) take thy beſt built ſaile,
With twentie owers mann'd, and haſte t'enquire
Where the abode is of thy abſent Sire;
If any can informe thee, or thine eare
From *Ioue* the fame of his retreate may heare;
(For chiefly *Ioue* giues all that honours men).
To *Pylos* firſt be thy addreſſion then

To god-like *Nestor*. Thence, to *Sparta*, haſte
To gold-lockt *Menelaus*, who was laſt
Of all the braſſe-armd Greekes that ſaild from *Troy*.
And trie from both theſe, if thou canſt enioy
Newes of thy Sires returnd life, any where;
Though ſad thou ſufferſt in his ſearch, a yeare.
If of his death thou hear'ſt, returne thou home;
And to his memorie erect a tombe:
Performing parent-rites, of feaſt and game,
Pompous, and ſuch as beſt may fit his fame:
And then thy mother a fit husband giue.
Theſe paſt, conſider how thou maiſt depriue
Of worthleſſe life, theſe wooers in thy houſe;
By open force, or proiects enginous.
Things childiſh fit not thee; th'art ſo no more:
Haſt thou not heard, how all men did adore
Diuine *Oreſtes*, after he had ſlaine
Ægiſthus, murthering by a trecherous traine
His famous father? Be then (my moſt lou'd)
Valiant and manly; euery way approu'd
As great as he. I ſee thy perſon fit,
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;
All giuen thee, ſo to vſe and manage here,
That euen paſt death they may their memories beare.
In meane time Ile deſcend to ſhip and men,
That much expect me. Be obſeruant then
Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine
In equall acts thy royall fathers raigne.
Telemachus replide: You ope (faire Gueſt)
A friends heart, in your ſpeech; as well expreſt,
As might a father ſerue t'informe his ſonne:
All which, ſure place haue in my memorie wonne.
Abide yet, though your voyage calls away;
That hauing bath'd; and dignifide your ſtay
With ſome more honour; you may yet beſide,
Delight your mind, by being gratifide
With ſome rich Preſent, taken in your way;
That, as a Iewell, your reſpect may lay
Vp in your treaſurie; beſtowd by me,
As free friends vſe to gueſts of ſuch degree.
Detaine me not (ſaid ſhe) ſo much inclinde
To haſte my voyage. What thy loued minde
Commands to giue; at my returne this way,
Beſtow on me; that I directly may
Conuey it home; which (more of price to mee)
The more it askes my recompence to thee.
This ſaid, away gray-eyd *Minerua* flew,
Like to a mounting Larke; and did endue

His

His mind with ſtrength and boldneſſe; and much more
Made him, his father long for, then before.
And weighing better who his gueſt might be,
He ſtood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie
Was there deſcended: to whoſe will he fram'd
His powres at all parts; and went, ſo inflam'd
Amongſt the wooers; who were ſilent ſet,
To heare a Poet ſing the ſad retreat
The Greekes performd from *Troy*: which was from thence
Proclaimd by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.
When which diuine ſong, was perceiu'd to beare
That mournfull ſubiect, by the liſtning eare
Of wiſe *Penelope* (*Icarius* ſeed,
Who from an vpper roome had giu'n it heed)
Downe ſhe deſcended by a winding ſtaire;
Not ſolely; but the State, in her repaire,
Two Maides of Honour made. And when this Queene
Of women, ſtoopt ſo low, ſhe might be ſeene
By all her wooers. In the doore, aloofe
(Entring the Hall, grac'd with a goodly roofe)
She ſtood, in ſhade of gracefull vailes implide
About her beauties: on her either ſide,
Her honor'd women. When, (to teares mou'd) thus
She chid the ſacred Singer: *Phemius*,
You know a number more of theſe great deeds,
Of Gods and men (that are the ſacred ſeeds
And proper ſubiects of a Poets ſong,
And thoſe due pleaſures that to men belong)
Beſides theſe facts that furniſh *Trois* retreate,
Sing one of thoſe to theſe, that round your ſeate
They may with ſilence ſit, and taſte their wine:
But ceaſſe this ſong, that through theſe eares of mine,
Conuey deſeru'd occaſion to my heart
Of endleſſe ſorrowes; of which, the deſert
In me, vnmeaſur'd is, paſt all theſe men;
So endleſſe is the memorie I retaine;
And ſo deſertfull is that memorie
Of ſuch a man, as hath a dignitie
So broad, it ſpreds it ſelfe through all the pride
Of *Greece*, and *Argos*. To the Queene, replide
Inſpir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus enuies
My mother, him that fits g ſocieties
With ſo much harmonie, to let him pleaſe
His owne mind, in his will to honor theſe?
For theſe h ingenuous, and firſt ſort of men,
That do immediatly from *Ioue* retaine

g ὁσσοι ἀοιδοὶ. Cantor, cuius tam apta eſt ſocietas hominibus.

h αὐτοσχεδιαστὸν, ἀφορητὸν. Ἀφορητὸν is an Epithete proper to Poets: for their firſt finding out of Arts and documents tending to elocution and gouernment: inſpired onely by Ioue: and are here called the firſt of men; ſince firſt they gaue rules to manly life: and haue their information immediatly from Ioue; (as Plato in Ion witneſſeth) The word deduced from ἀφορᾶν, which is taken for him, qui primas teneat aliqua in re: And will ἀφορητὸν then be ſufficiently expreſt with ingeniosiſt then which, no imposition goes further.

Their

Their ſinging raptures; are by *Ioue* as well
Inſpir'd with choice, of what their ſongs impell.
Ioues will is free in it; and therefore theirs;
Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires
The Greekes make homewand, ſings: for his freſh Muſe,
Men ſtill moſt celebrate, that ſings moſt newes.
And therefore in his note, your eares employ:
For, not *Vlyſſes* onely loſt in *Troy*
The day of his returne; but numbers more,
The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.
Go you then, In; and take your worke in hand;
Your web, and diſtaffe, and your maids command
To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,
And thoſe reprouing counſels you purſue;
And moſt, to me, of all men; ſince I beare
The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.
She went amazd away; and in her heart,
Laid vp the wiſedome *Pallas* did impart
To her lou'd ſonne ſo lately; turnd againe
Vp to her chamber; and no more would raigne
In manly counſels. To her women, ſhe
Applied her ſway; and to the wooers, he
Began new orders; other ſpirits bewraid
Then thoſe, in ſpite of which, the wooers ſwaid.
And (whiles his mothers teares, ſtill waſht her eies,
Till gray *Minerua* did thoſe teares ſurpriſe
With timely ſleepe; and that her woo'rs did rouſe
Rude *Tumult* vp, through all the ſhadie houſe,
Diſpoſde to ſleepe becauſe their widow was)
Telemachus, this new-giuen ſpirit did paſſe
On their old inſolence: Ho! you that are
My mothers wooers! much too high ye beare
Your petulant ſpirits: fit; and while ye may
Enioy me in your banquets: ſee ye lay
Theſe loud notes downe; nor do this man the wrong,
(Becauſe my mother hath diſlikt his ſong)
To grace her interruption: tis a thing
Honeſt, and honourd too, to heare one ſing
Numbers ſo like the Gods in elegance,
As this man flowes in. By the mornes firſt light,
Ile call ye all before me, in a Court,
That I may cleerly baniſh your reſort
With all your rudeneſſe, from theſe rooфes of mine.
Away; and elſewhere in your feaſts combine
Conſume your owne goods, and make mutuall feaſt
At eithers houſe. Or if ye ſtill hold beſt,
And for your humors more ſuffiſed fill,
To feed, to ſpoile (becauſe vnpuniſht ſtill)

Telemachus in new termes with the wooers.

i luce prima.

On other findings: ſpoile; but here I call
Th'eternall Gods to witneſſe, if it fall
In my wiſht reach once, to be dealing wreakes,
(By *Iones* high bountie) theſe your preſent checks,
To what I giue in charge, ſhall adde more reines
To my reuenge hereafter; and the paines
Ye then muſt ſuffer, ſhall paſſe all your pride,
Euer to ſee redreſt, or qualifide.
At this, all bit their lips; and did admire
His words ſent from him, with ſuch phraſe, and fire:
Which ſo much mou'd them; that *Antinous*
(*Eupythes* ſonne) cried out: *Telemachus*!
The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height
Of elocution; and this great conceit
Of ſelfe-abilitie. We all may pray,
That *Ione* inueſt not in this kingdomes ſway,
Thy forward forces; which I ſee put forth
A hote ambition in thee, for thy birth.
Be not offended, (he replide) if I
Shall ſay, I would aſſume this empcrie,
If *Ione* gaue leaue. You are not he that ſings,
The rule of kingdomes is the worſt of things.
Nor is it ill, at all, to ſway a throne:
A man may quickly gaine poſſeſſion
Of mightie riches; make a wondrous priſe
Set of his vertues; but the dignities
That decke a King, there are enough beſide
In this circumfluous Ile, that want no pride
To thinke them worthy of; as yong as I,
And old as you are. An aſcent ſo hie,
My thoughts affect not: dead is he that held
Deſert of vertue to haue ſo exceld.
But of theſe turrets, I will take on me
To be the abſolute King; and reigne as free
As did my father, ouer all, his hand
Left here, in this houſe, ſlaues to my command.
Eurymachus, the ſonne of *Polybus*,
To this, made this reply: *Telemachus*!
The Girlond of this kingdome, let the knees
Of deitie runne for: but the faculties,
This houſe is ſeaſd of, and the turrets here,
Thou ſhalt be Lord of; nor ſhall any beare
The leaſt part of, of all thou doeſt poſſeſſe,
As long as this land is no wilder peſſe,
Nor rul'd by out-lawes). But giue theſe their paſſe,
And tell me (beſt of Princes) who he was

Vpon this anſwer of Telemachus, becauſe it hath ſo ſodain a change; and is ſo farre let downe, fro his late height of heate, altering & tempering ſo cõmandingly, his affections, I thought not amiſſe to inſert here ponda nus further Annotation, which is this: Prudenter Telemachus ioco, furorem Antinoi ac alperitatẽ emollit. Nam ita dictũ illius interpretatur vt exiſtimetur cenſere ioco ſe illa etiam ab Antinoo aduerſum ſe pronuntiata. Et primum ironicè ſe Regem eſſe exoptat propter commoda quæ Reges ſolent comitari. Ne tamen inuidiam in ſe ambitioſus conciter, teſtatur ſe regnum Ithacæ non ambire, mortuo Vlyſſe, cum id alij poſſidere queant ſe longe præſtantiores ac digniores: hoc vnum ait ſe moliri, vt proprium ædium & bonorum ſuarum ſolus ſit dominus, ijs exclusis ac ejectis, qui vi illa occupare ac diripere conantur.

That

That gueſted here ſo late? from whence? and what
In any region boſted he his ſtate?
His race? his countrie? Brought he any newes
Of thy returning Father? Or for dues
Of moneys to him, made he fit repaire?
How ſodainly he ruſht into the aire?
Nor would ſuſtaine to ſtay, and make him knowne?
His Port ſhewd no debaucht companion.
He anſwerd: The returne of my lou'd Sire,
Is paſt all hope; and ſhould rude Fame inſpire
From any place, a flattring meſſenger,
With newes of his ſuruiuall; he ſhould beare
No leaſt beliefe off, from my deſperate loue.
Which if a ſacred Prophet ſhould approue,
(Calld by my mother for her cares vnreſt)
It ſhould not moue me. For my late faire gueſt,
He was of old my Fathers: touching here
From Sea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare
Mentas; the ſonne of wiſe *Anchialus*;
And gouernes all the *Taphians*, ſtudious
Of Nauigation. This he ſaid: but knew
It was a Goddeſſe. Theſe againe withdrew
To dances, and attraction of the ſong.
And while their pleaſures did the time prolong,
The ſable Euen deſcended; and did ſteepe
The lids of all men in deſire of ſleepe.
Telemachus, into a roome built hie,
Of his illuſtrous Court; and to the eie
Of circular proſpect; to his bed aſcended;
And in his mind, much weightie thought contended.
Before him, *Euryclea* (that well knew
All the obſeruance of a handmaids due,
Daughter to *Opis Pyſenorides*)
Bore two bright torches. Who did ſo much pleaſe
Laertes in her prime; that for the price
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize
Of her rare beauties; and Loues equall flame
To her he felt, as to his nuptiall Dame.
Yet neuer durſt he mixe with her in bed;
So much the anger of his wife he fled.
She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*
Two torches bore; and was obſequious,
Paſt all his other maids; and did apply
Her ſeruice to him, from his infancie.
His wel-built chamber, reacht; ſhe op't the dore;
He, on his bed ſat. The ſoft weeds he wore,
Put off; and to the diligent old maid
Gaue all; who fitly all in thicke folds laid,

And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed;
That round about was rich embrodered.
Then made ſhe haſte forth from him; and did bring
The doore together with a ſiluer ring;
And by a ſtring, a barre to it did pull.
He, laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,
Wouen in ſilke quilts: all night emploid his minde
About the taske that *Pallas* had deſign'd.

Finis libri primi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

TElemachus *to Court doth call*
The wooers; and commands them all
To leaue his houſe: and, taking then
From wiſe Minerua, *ſhip and men;*
And all things fit for him beſide,
That Eurycléa *could prouide*
For ſea-rites, till he found his Sire;
He hoiſts ſaile, when heauen ſtoopes his fire.

Another.

Bvla. *The old Maids ſtore*
The voyage cheres;
The ſhip leaues ſhore,
Minerua *ſteres.*

NOw when with roſie fingers, th'early borne,
And, throwne through all the aire, appear'd the morne;
Vlyſſes lou'd ſonne from his bed appeard;
His weeds put on; and did about him gird
His ſword, that thwart his ſhoulders hung; and tied
To his faire feete, faire ſhooes; and all parts plied
For ſpeedie readineſſe; who when he trod
The open earth, to men, ſhewd like a God.
The Heralds then, he ſtrait charg'd to conſort
The curld-head Greekes, with lowd calls to a Court.
They ſummon'd; th'other came, in vtmoſt haſte;
Who, all aſſembld, and in one heape plac't;
He likewſe came to councell; and did beare
In his faire hand, his iron-headed ſpeare:
Nor came alone; nor with men troopes prepar'd;
But two fleete dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.
Pallas ſupplied with her high wiſedomes grace,
(That all mens wants ſupplies) *States* painted face.
His entring preſence, all men did admire;
Who tooke ſeate in the high throne of his Sire;
To which the graue Peeres gaue him reuerend way.
Amongſt whom, an Ægyptian *Heroe*,
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun
The ſpeech to all. Who had a loued ſonne,
That with diuine *Vlyſſes* did aſcend
His hollow fleete to *Troy*: to ſerue which end,

The Greekes cal-led to councell by Telemachus.

He kept faire horſe, and was a man at Armes;
And in the cruell *Cyclops* ſterne alarmes,
His life loſt by him, in his hollow caue;
Whoſe entrailes open'd his abhorred graue;
And made of him (of all *Vlyſſes* traine)
His lateſt ſupper, being lateſt ſlaine.
His name was *Antiphus*. And this old man,
This crooked growne; this wiſe Ægyptian,
Had three ſonnes more; of which, one riotous,
A wooer was, and calld *Eurynomus*;
The other two, tooke both, his owne wiſht courſe.
Yet, both the beſt fates, weighd not downe the worſe;
But left the old man mindfull ſtill of mone;
Who, weeping, thus beſpake the Seſſion:
Heare, *Ithacenſians*, all I fitly ſay;
Since our diuine *Vlyſſes* parting day
Neuer was councell calld, nor ſeſſion;
And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?
Whom did Neceſſitie ſo much compell,
Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell
Of any coming armie; that he thus now
May openly take boldneſſe to auow?
Firſt hauing heard it. Or will any here
Some motion for the publicke good preferre?
Some worth of note there is in this command;
And, me thinkes, it muſt be ſome good mans hand
That's put to it: that either hath direct
Meanes to aſſiſt; or, for his good affect,
Hopes to be happie in the proofe he makes;
And that, *Ioue* grant, what ere he vndertakes.
Telemachus (reioycing much to heare
The good hope, and opinion men did beare
Of his yong actions) no longer ſat;
But longd t'approue, what this man pointed at;
And make his firſt proofe, in a cauſe ſo good:
Telemachus propoſeth his eſtate to the Greekes. And in the Councels chiefe place, vp he ſtood;
When ſtrait, *Pyſenor* (Herald to his Sire,
And learnd in counſels) felt his heart on fire,
To heare him ſpeake; and put into his hand
The Scepter that his Father did command;
Then (to the old Ægyptian turnd) he ſpoke:
Father, not farre he is, that vndertooke
To call this councell; whom you ſoone ſhall know.
My ſelfe, whoſe wrongs, my griefes will make me ſhow,
Am he that author'd this aſſembly here;
Nor haue I heard of any armie neare;
Of which, being firſt told, I might iterate;
Nor for the publicke good, can aught, relate;

Only

Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,
That in my houſe a double ill endure;
One, hauing loſt a Father ſo renownd,
Whoſe kind rule once, with your command was crownd:
The other is, what much more doth augment
His weightie loſſe, the ruine imminent
Of all my houſe by it, my goods all ſpent.
And of all this, the wooers, that are ſonnes
To our chiefe Peeres, are the Confuſions:
Importuning my Mothers mariage
Againſt her will; nor dares their blouds bold rage
Go to *Icarius*, her fathers Court,
That, his will askt, in kind and comely ſort,
He may endow his daughter with a dowre;
And, ſhe conſenting, at his pleaſures powre,
Diſpoſe her to a man, that (thus behau'd)
May haue fit grace; and ſee her honor ſau'd;
But theſe, in none but my houſe, all their liues
Reſolue to ſpend; ſlaughtring my ſheepe and beeues;
And with my fatteſt goates, lay feaſt on feaſt;
My generous wine, conſuming as they liſt.
A world of things they ſpoile; here wanting one,
That like *Vlyſſes*, quickly, could ſet gone
Theſe peace-plagues from his houſe, that ſpoile like warre.
Whom my powres are vnfit, to vrge ſo farre,
My ſelfe immartiall. But had I the powre,
My will ſhould ſerue me, to exempt this houre
From out my life time. For paſt patience,
Baſe deeds are done here, that exceed defence
Of any honor. Falling is my houſe,
Which you ſhould ſhame to ſee ſo ruinous.
Reuerence the cenſures, that all good men giue,
That dwell about you; and for feare to liue
Expoſde to heauens wrath (that doth euer pay
Paines, for ioyes forfait) euen by *Ioue* I pray
Or *Themis*; both which, powres haue to reſtraine
Or gather Councels; that ye will abſtaine
From further ſpoile; and let me onely waſte
In that moſt wretched griefe I haue embrac't
For my loſt Father. And though I am free
From meriting your outrage; yet, if he
(Good man) hath euer, with a hoſtile heart
Done ill to any Greeke; on me conuert
Your like hoſtilities; and vengeance take
Of his ill, on my life; and all theſe, make
Joyne in that iuſtice; but to ſee abuſde
Thoſe goods that do none ill, but being ill vſde,
Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,

My whole poſſeſſions, and my rents to ſee
Conſum'd by you; then loſe my life and all;
For on your t.pine a reuenge may fall,
While I liue; and ſo long I may complaine
About the Cities till my goods againe
(Oft askt) may be with all amends repaid.
But in the meane ſpace, your miſ-rule hath laid
Griefes on my boſome, that can onely ſpeake,
And are denied the inſtant powre of wreake.
This ſaid; his Scepter gainſt the ground he threw,
And teares ſtill'd from him; which mou'd all the crew:
The Court ſtrooke ſilent; not a man did dare
To giue a word, that might offend his eare.
Antinous onely, in this ſort replied:
Antinous to Telemachus. High-ſpoken, and of ſpirit vnpacified;
How haue you ſham'd vs, in this ſpeech of yours?
Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?
Your mother (firſt in craft) is firſt in cauſe.
Three yeares are paſt, and neare, the fourth now drawes,
Since firſt ſhe mocked the Peeres *Achaian*.
All, ſhe made hope, and promiſt euery man:
Sent for vs euer; left loues ſhew in nought;
But in her heart, conceald another thought.
Beſides, (as curious in her craft) her loome
She with a web charg'd, hard to ouercome;
The wile of Penelope to her wooers. And thus beſpake vs: Youths that ſeeke my bed;
Since my diuine Spouſe reſts among the dead,
Hold on your ſuites, but till I end, at moſt
This funerall weed; leſt what is done, be loſt.
Beſides, I purpoſe, that when th'auſtere fate
Of bitter death, ſhall take into his ſtate,
Laertes the *Heroe*; it ſhall decke
His royall corſe; ſince I ſhould ſuffer checke
In ill report, of euery common dame,
If one ſo rich, ſhould ſhew in death his ſhame.
This ſpeech ſhe vſde; and this did ſoone perſwade
Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke ſhe made
Telam Penelopes retexeis, Proueibium. So hugely long; vndoing ſtill in night
(By torches) all, ſhe did by dayes broade light;
That three yeares her deceit, diu'd paſt our view;
And made vs thinke, that all ſhe faind, was true.
But when the fourth yeare came; and thoſe ſlie houres,
That ſtill ſurpriſe at length, Dames craftieſt powres;
One of her women, that knew all, diſcloſde
The ſecret to vs; that ſhe ſtill vnloſde
Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.
And then, no further ſhe could force her ſleight,
But, of neceſſitie, her worke gaue end.

And

And thus, by me, doth euery other friend,
Profeſſing loue to her, reply to thee;
That euen thy ſelfe, and all Greeks elſe may ſee,
That we offend not in our ſtay, but ſhee.
To free thy houſe then, ſend her to her Sire;
Commanding that her choice be left entire
To his election, and one ſettl'd will.
Nor let her vexe with her illuſions ſtill,
Her friends that woo her; ſtanding on her wit;
Becauſe wiſe *Pallas* hath giuen wiles to it,
So full of Art; and made her vnderſtand
All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.
But (for her working mind) we reade of none
Of all the old world; in which *Greece* hath ſhowne
Her rareſt peeces, that could equall her:
Tyro, *Alcmena*, and *Mycena* were
To hold compariſon in no degree
(For ſolide braine) with wiſe *Penelope*.
And yet in her delayes of vs, ſhe ſhowes
No profits skill, with all the wit ſhe owes;
For all this time, thy goods and victuals go
To vtter ruine; and ſhall euer ſo
While thus the Gods, her glorious mind diſpoſe.
Glorie, her ſelfe may gaine; but thou ſhalt loſe
Thy longings euen for neceſſary food;
For we will neuer go, where lies our good;
Nor any other where; till this delay
She puts on all, ſhe quits with th'endleſſe ſtay
Of ſome one of vs; that to all the reſt
May giue free farewell with his nuptiall feaſt.

Telemachus to Antinous.

The wiſe yong Prince replide: *Antinous*!
I may by no meanes turne out of my houſe,
Her that hath brought me forth, and nouriſht me.
Beſides: if quicke or dead my Father be
In any region, yet abides in doubt.
And twill go hard, (my meanes being ſo runne out)
To tender to *Icarius* againe
(If he againe, my mother muſt maintaine
In her retreate) the dowre ſhe brought with her.
And then, a double ill it will conferre;
Both from my Father, and from God, on me;
When (thruſt out of her houſe) on her bent knee,
My Mother ſhall the horrid Furies raiſe
With imprecations: and all men diſpraiſe
My part in her expoſure. Neuer then
Will I performe this counſell. If your ſplene
Swell at my courſes; once more I command
Your abſence from my houſe. Some others hand

Charge

Charge with your banquets. On your owne goods eate;
And either other mutually intreate,
At either of your houſes, with your feaſt.
But if ye ſtill eſteeme more ſweete and beſt,
Anothers ſpoile; ſo you ſtill wreakleſſe liue:
Gnaw (vermine-like) things ſacred: no lawes giue
To your deuouring; it remaines that I
Inuoke each euer-liuing Deitie;
And vow if *Ioue* ſhall daigne in any date,
Powre of like paines, for pleaſures ſo paſt rate;
From thenceforth looke, where ye haue reueld ſo,
Vnwreakt, your ruines, all ſhall vndergo.
Thus ſpake *Telemachus*, t'aſſure whoſe threat,
Farre-ſeeing *Ioue*, vpon their pinions ſet
Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill;
That, mounted on the winds, together ſtill
Their ſtrokes extended. But arriuing now
Amidſt the Councell; ouer euery brow,
Shooke their thicke wings; and (threaming deaths cold feares)
Their neckes and cheekes tore with their eager Seres.
Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,
Aboue both Court and Citie: with whoſe view
And ſtudie what euents they might foretell,
The Councell into admiration fell.
The old *Heroe*, *Halitherſes* then,
The ſonne of *Neſtor*; that of all old men
(His Peeres in that Court) onely could foreſee
By flight of fowles, mans fixed deſtinie;
Twixt them and their amaze, this interpoſde:
Heare (*Ithacenſians*) all your doubts diſcloſde;
The wooers moſt are toucht in this oſtent,
To whom are dangers great and imminent.
For now, not long more ſhall *Vlyſſes* beare
Lacke of his moſt lou'd; but fils ſome place neare,
Addreſſing to theſe wooers, Fate and Death.
And many more, this miſchiefe menaceth
Of vs inhabiting this famous Ile.
Let vs conſult yet, in this long forewhile,
How to our ſelues we may preuent this ill.
Let theſe men reſt ſecure, and reuell ſtill:
Though they might find it ſafer, if with vs
They would in time preuent what threats them thus:
Since not without ſure triall, I foretell
Theſe coming ſtormes; but know their iſſue well.
For to *Vlyſſes*, all things haue euent,
As I foretold him; when for *Ilion* went
The whole Greeke fleete together; and with them,
Th'abundant in all counſels, tooke the ſtreame.

The word is ανωϊ: *ανω ſignifying* inſtabih quadam edacitate voro.

Augurium.

Halitherſes an Augur.

I told

I told him, that when much ill he had paſt,
And all his men were loſt; he ſhould at laſt,
The twentith yeare turne home; to all vnknowne;
All which effects are to perfection growne.
Eurymachus, the ſonne of *Polybus*,
Oppoſde this mans preſage, and anſwerd thus:
Hence, Great in yeares; go, prophecie at home;
Thy children teach to ſhun their ils to come.
In theſe, ſuperiour farre to thee, am I.
A world of fowles beneath the Sunne-beames flie,
That are not fit t'enforme a prophecie.
Beſides, *Vlyſſes* periſht long ago,
And would thy fates to thee had deſtin'd ſo;
Since ſo, thy ſo much prophecie had ſpar'd
Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward
Expected, home with thee, hath ſummon'd vs
Within the anger of *Telemachus*.
But this will I preſage, which ſhall be true,
If any ſparke of anger, chance t'enſue
Thy much old art, in theſe deepe Auguries,
In this yong man incenſed by thy lies;
Euen to himſelfe, his anger ſhall conferre
The greater anguiſh; and thine owne ends erre
From all their obiects: and beſides, thine age
Shall feele a paine, to make thee curſe preſage,
With worthy cauſe, for it ſhall touch thee neare.
But I will ſoone giue end to all our feare,
Preuenting whatſoeuer chance can fall,
In my ſuite to the yong Prince, for vs all
To ſend his mother to her fathers houſe,
That he may ſort her out a worthy ſpouſe;
And ſuch a dowre beſtow, as may befit
One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.
Before which courſe be, I beleeue that none
Of all the Greekes will ceaſe th'ambition
Of ſuch a match. For, chance what can to vs,
We, no man feare; no not *Telemachus*,
Though ne're ſo greatly ſpoken. Nor care we
For any threats of auſtere prophecie
Which thou (old dotard) vantſt of ſo in vaine.
And thus ſhalt thou in much more hate remaine;
For ſtill the Gods ſhall beare their ill expence;
Nor euer be diſpoſde by competence,
Till with her nuptials, ſhe diſmiſſe our ſuites.
Our whole liues dayes ſhall ſow hopes for ſuch fruites.
Her vertues we contend to; nor will go
To any other, be ſhe neuer ſo
Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.

Eurymachus excepts againſt the prophecie.

He

Telemachus to the wooers.

He answerd him: *Eurymachus* and all
Ye generous wooers, now, in generall;
I see your braue resolues; and will no more
Make speech of these points; and much lesse, implore.
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
And all the Gods besides, iust witnesse beare,
What friendly premonitions haue bene spent
On your forbearance; and their vaine euent.
Yet with my other friends, let loue preuaile
To fit me with a vessell, free of saile;
And twentie men; that may diuide to me
My readie passage through the yeelding sea.
For *Sparta*, and *Amathoon Pylos* shore
I now am bound; in purpose to explore
My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame
(Or *Ioue*, most author of mans honourd name)
With his returne and life, may glad mine eare;
Though toild in that proofe, I sustaine a yeare.
If dead, I heare him, nor of more state; here
(Retir'd to my lou'd countrie) I will rere
A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate
Such royall parent-rites, as fits his state.
And then, my mother to a Spouse dispose.
This said, he sat; and to the rest, arose

Mentor for Telemachus.

Mentor, that was *Vlysses* chosen friend;
To whom, when he set forth, he did commend
His compleate family; and whom he willd
To see the mind of his old Sire fulfild;
All things conseruing safe, till his retreate;
Who (tender of his charge; and seeing so set
In sleight care of their King, his subiects there;
Suffering his sonne, so much contempt to beare)
Thus graucly, and with zeale to him began:
No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,
Beneuolent, or milde, or humane be;
Nor in his minde, forme acts of pietie,
But euer feed on blood; and facts vniust
Commit, euen to the full swinge of his lust;
Since of diuine *Vlysses*, no man now
Of all his subiects, any thought doth show.
All whom, he gouernd; and became to them
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)
A most indulgent father. But (for all
That can touch me) within no enuie fall
These insolent wooers; that in violent kind,
Commit things foule, by th'ill wit of the mind;
And with the hazard of their heads, deuoure
Vlysses house; since his returning houre,

They

They hold paſt hope. But it affects me much,
(Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touch
Your free States nothing; who (ſtrooke dumbe) afford
Theſe wooers, not ſo much wreake as a word;
Though few, and you, with onely number might
Extinguiſh to them the prophaned light.
Euenors ſonne (*Liocritus*) replide; *Liocritus to Mentor.*
Mentor! the railer, made a foole with pride;
What language giu'ſt thou? that would quict vs,
With putting vs in ſtorme? exciting thus
The rout againſt vs? who, though more then we,
Should find it is no eaſie victorie
To driue men, habited in feaſt, from feaſts;
No not if *Ithacus* himſelfe, ſuch gueſts
Should come and find ſo furniſhing his Court,
And hope to force them from ſo ſweete a fort.
His wife ſhould little ioy in his arriue,
Though much ſhe wants him: for, where ſhe, aliue
Would hers enioy; there Death ſhould claime his rights:
He muſt be conquerd, that with many fights.
Thou ſpeakſt vnfit things. To their labours then,
Diſperſe theſe people; and let theſe two men
(*Mentor* and *Halitherſes*) that ſo boaſt,
From the beginning to haue gouernd moſt
In friendſhip of the Father; to the ſonne
Confirme the courſe, he now affects to runne.
But my mind ſayes, that if he would but vſe
A little patience; he ſhould here heare newes
Of all things that his wiſh would vnderſtand;
But no good hope for, of the courſe in hand.
This ſaid; the Councell roſe; when euery Peere
And all the people, in diſperſion were
To houſes of their owne; the wooers yet
Made to *Vlyſſes* houſe their old retreat.
Telemachus, apart from all the preaſe,
Prepar'd to ſhore; and (in the aged ſeas,
His faire hands waſht) did thus to *Pallas* pray: } *Telemachus prayes to Pallas.*
Heare me (O Goddeſſe) that but yeſterday }
Didſt daigne acceſſe to me at home; and lay }
Graue charge on me, to take ſhip, and enquire
Along the darke ſeas for mine abſent Sire;
Which all the Greekes oppoſe; amongſt whom, moſt
Thoſe that are proud ſtill at anothers coſt,
Paſt meaſure, and the ciuill rights of men,
(My mothers wooers) my repulſe maintaine.
Thus ſpake he praying; when cloſe to him came
Pallas, reſembling *Mentor*, both in frame
Of voice and perſon; and aduiſde him thus:

Minerua in the person of Mentor exhorts to the voyage.

Thoſe wooers well might know; *Telemachus*!
Thou wilt not euer weake and childiſh be;
If to thee be inſtilld the facultie
Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't.
And if (like him) there be in thee enchac't
Vertue to giue words works, and works their end;
This voyage, that to them thou didſt commend
Shall not ſo quickly, as they idly weene,
Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their oppoſite ſpleene.
But if *Vlyſſes*, not *Penelope*
Were thy true parents; I then hope in thee
Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;
For few, that rightly bred on both ſides ſtand,
Are like their parents; many that are worſe;
And moſt-few, better. Thoſe then that the nurſe,
Or mother call true borne; yet are not ſo;
Like worthy Sires, much leſſe are like to grow.
But thou ſhewſt now, that in thee fades not quite
Thy Fathers wiſedome; and that future light
Shall therefore ſhew thee farre from being vnwiſe,
Or toucht with ſtaine of baſtard cowardize.
Hope therefore ſayes, that thou wilt to the end
Purſue the braue act, thou didſt erſt intend.
But for the fooliſh wooers, they bewray
They neither counſell haue, nor ſoule; ſince they
Are neither wiſe nor iuſt; and ſo muſt needs
Reſt ignorant, how blacke aboue their heads
Fate houers, holding Death; that one ſole day
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee; the way thou wiſheſt, ſhall no more
Flie thee a ſtep; I that haue bene before
Thy Fathers friend; thine likewiſe now will be;
Prouide thy ſhip my ſelfe, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and ſooth each wooers vaine;
But vnder hand, fit all things for the Maine;
Wine, in as ſtrong and ſweete casks as you can;
And meale, the very marrow of a man;
Which put in good ſure lether ſacks; and ſee
That with ſweete foode, ſweete veſſels ſtill agree.
I, from the people, ſtraite will preſſe for you
Free voluntaries; and (for ſhips) enow
Sea-circl'd *Ithaca* containes, both new
And old built; all which, Ile exactly view,
And chuſe what one ſoeuer moſt doth pleaſe;
Which riggd, wee'l ſtrait lanch, and aſſay the ſeas.
This ſpake *Ioues* daughter, *Pallas*; whoſe voice heard;
No more *Telemachus* her charge deferd;
But haſted home; and, ſad at heart, did ſee

Amidſt

Amidſt his Hall, th'inſulting wooers flea
Goates, and roſt ſwine. Mongſt whom, *Antinous*
Careleſſe, (diſcouering in *Telemachus*
His grudge to ſee them) laught; met; tooke his hand,
And ſaid; High ſpoken! with the mind ſo manndz
Come, do as we do; put not vp your ſpirits
With theſe low trifles; nor our louing merits,
In gall of any hatefull purpoſe, ſleepe;
But eate egregiouſly, and drinke as deepe.
The things thou thinkſt on, all, at full ſhall be
By th'*Achiues* thought on, and performd to thee:
Ship, and choiſe Oares, that in a trice will land
Thy haſtie Fleete, on heau'nly *Pylos* ſand;
And at the fame of thy illuſtrous Sire.
He anſwerd: Men whom Pride doth ſo inſpire,
Are no fit conſorts for an humble gueſt;
Nor are conſtraind men, merrie at their feaſt.
Is't not enough, that all this time ye haue
Op't in your entrailes, my chiefe goods a graue?
And while I was a child, made me partake?
My now more growth, more grown my mind doth make:
And (hearing ſpeake, more iudging men then you)
Perceiue how much I was miſgouernd now.
I now will trie, if I can bring ye home
An ill Fate to conſort you; if it come
From *Pylos*, or amongſt the people, here.
But thither I reſolue; and know that there
I ſhall not touch in vaine. Nor will I ſtay,
Though in a merchants ſhip I ſteere my way:
Which ſhewes in your ſights beſt; ſince me ye know
Incapable of ſhip, or men to row.
This ſaid; his hand he coily ſnatcht away
From forth *Antinous* hand. The reſt, the day
Spent through the houſe with banquets; ſome with ieſts,
And ſome with railings, dignifying their feaſts.
To whom, a ieſt-proud youth, the wit began:
Telemachus will kill vs euery man.
From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylian* ſand,
He will raiſe aides to his impetuous hand.
O he affects it ſtrangely! Or he meanes
To ſearch *Ephyras* fat ſhores; and from thence
Bring deathfull poiſons; which amongſt our bow'ls
Will make a generall ſhipwracke of our ſoules.
Another ſaid: Alas who knowes, but he
Once gone; and erring like his Sire at ſea,
May periſh like him, farre from aide of friends?
And ſo he makes vs worke; for all the ends
Left of his goods here, we ſhall ſhare; the houſe

Antinous to Telemachus.

Telemachus anſwers.

The wit of the wooers vpon the purpoſe of Telemachus to ſeeke his Father.

Left to his mother, and her choſen Spouſe.
Thus they. While he a roome aſcended, hie
And large, built by his Father; where did lie
Gold and braſſe heapt vp; and in coffers were
Rich robes; great ſtore of odorous oiles; and there
Stood Tuns of ſweete old wines, along the wall;
Neate and diuine drinke, kept to cheare withall
Vlyſſes old heart, if he turnd againe
From labors fatall to him to ſuſtaine.
The doores of Planke were; their cloſe exquiſite,
Kept with a double key; and day and night
A woman lockt within; and that was ſhe,
Who all truſt had for her ſufficiencie.
Old *Eurycles*, (one of *Opis* race,
Sonne to *Piſenor*, and in paſſing grace
Telemachus to Eurycles. With gray *Minerua*:) her, the Prince did call;
And ſaid, Nurſe! draw me the moſt ſweete of all
The wine thou keepſt; next that, which for my Sire,
Thy care reſerues, in hope he ſhall retire.
Twelue veſſels fill me forth, and ſtop them well.
Then into well-ſewd ſacks, of fine ground meale,
Powre twentie meaſures. Not to any one
But thou thy ſelfe, let this deſigne be knowne.
All this ſee got together; I, it all
In night will fetch off, when my mother ſhall
Aſcend her high roome, and for ſleepe prepare.
Sparta and *Pylos*, I muſt ſee, in care
To find my Father. Out *Eurycles* cried,
Eurycles answer. And askt with teares: Why is your mind applied
(Deare ſonne) to this courſe? whither will you go?
So farre off leaue vs? and beloued ſo?
So onely? and the ſole hope of your race?
Royall *Vlyſſes*, farre from the embrace
Of his kind countrie; in a land vnknowne
Is dead; and you (from your lou'd countrie gone)
The wooers will with ſome deceit aſſay
To your deſtruction; making then their prey
Of all your goods. Where, in your owne y'are ſtrong,
Make ſure abode. It fits not you ſo yong,
To ſuffer ſo much by the aged ſeas,
And erre in ſuch a wayleſſe wilderneſſe.
Telemachus comforts Eurycles. Be chear'd (lou'd nurſe, ſaid he) for not without
The will of God, go my attempts about.
Sweare therefore, not to wound my mothers eares
With word of this; before from heauen appeares
Th'eleuenth or twelfth light; or her ſelfe ſhall pleaſe
To aske of me; or heares me put to ſeas;
Leſt her faire bodie, with her woe be wore.

To this, the great oath of the Gods, ſhe ſwore;
Which, hauing ſworne; and of it, euery due
Performd to full: to veſſels, wine ſhe drew;
And into well-ſewd ſacks powr'd foodie meale;
In meane time he (with cunning to conceale
All thought of this from others) himſelfe bore
In broade houſe, with the wooers, as before.
Then grey-eyd *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne;
And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Towne;
Commanding all his men, in th'euen to be
Aboord his ſhip. Againe then queſtion'd ſhe
Noemon (fam'd for aged *Phronius* ſonne)
About his ſhip; who, all things to be done,
Aſſur'd her freely ſhould. The Sunne then ſet,
And ſable ſhadowes ſlid through euery ſtreete,
When forth they lancht; and ſoone aboord did bring
All Armes, and choice of euery needfull thing;
That fits a well-rigg'd ſhip. The Goddeſſe then
Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men
(Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,
Whoſe euery breaſt, ſhe did with ſpirit enflame.
Yet ſtill freſh proiects, laid the grey-eyd Dame.
Strait, to the houſe ſhe haſted; and ſweete ſleepe
Powr'd on each wooer; which ſo laid in ſteepe
Their drowſie temples, that each brow did nod,
As all were drinking; and each hand his lode
(The cup) let fall. All ſtart vp, and to bed;
Nor more would watch, when ſleepe ſo ſurfeted
Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call
Telemachus, (in bodie, voice, and all
Reſembling *Mentor*) from his native neſt:
And ſaid, that all his arm'd men were addreſt
To vſe their Oares; and all expected now
He ſhould the ſpirit of a ſouldier ſhow.
Come then (ſaid ſhe) no more let vs deferre
Our honor'd action. Then ſhe tooke on her
A rauiſht ſpirit, and led as ſhe did leape;
And he her moſt haſte, tooke out, ſtep by ſtep.
Arriu'd at ſea, and ſhip; they found aſhore
The ſouldiers, that their faſhiond long haire wore;
To whom, the Prince ſaid: Come, my friends; let's bring
Our voyages prouiſion: euery thing
Is heapt together in our Court; and none
(No not my mother, nor her maids) but one
Knowes our intention. This expreſt; he led;
The ſouldiers cloſe together followed;
And all together brought aboord their ſtore.
Aboord the Prince went; *Pallas* ſtill before

The care of Minerua for Telemachus.

Telemachus to his ſouldiers.

Sat at the Sterne: he cloſe to her; the men
Vp, haſted after. He, and *Pallas* then,
Put from the ſhore. His ſouldiers then he bad
See all their Armes fit; which they heard; and had.
Nauigatur. A beechen Maſt then, in the hollow baſe
They put, and hoiſted; fixt it in his place
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halſers hoiſe
Their white ſailes; which gray *Pallas* now employes
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.
κυάνεα The purple waues (ſo ſwift cut) roar'd againe
πορφύροντι. Againſt the ſhip ſides, that now ranne, and plowd
The rugged ſeas vp. Then the men beſtowd
Their Armes about the ſhip; and ſacrifice
With crownd wine cups, to th'endleſſe Deities,
They offerd vp. Of all yet thron'd aboue,
They moſt obſeru'd the grey-eyd ſeed of *Ioue*:
Who from the euening, till the morning roſe,
And all day long, their voyage did diſpoſe.

Finis libri ſecundi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

TElemachus, *and heau'nes * wiſe Dame,* * Pallas.
That neuer huſband had, now came
To Neſtor; *who, his eſther gueſt*
Receiu'd at the religious feaſt
He made to Neptune, *on his ſhore.*
And there told what was done before
The Troian turrets; and the ſtate
Of all the Greekes, ſince Ilions *fate.*
*This booke, theſe * three of greateſt place,* * Vid. Minerua, Neſtor, & Telemachus.
Doth ſerue with many a varied grace.
(Which paſt); Minerua *takes her leaue.*
Whoſe ſtate, when Neſtor *doth perceiue;*
With ſacrifice he makes it knowne,
Where many a pleaſing rite is ſhowne.
Which done, Telemachus *had gaind*
A chariot of him; who ordaind
Piſiſtratus, *his ſonne, his guide*
To Sparta; *and when ſtarrie eyd*
The ample heau'n began to be;
All houſe-rites to afford them free
(In Pheris) Diocles *did pleaſe;*
His ſirname Ortilochides.

Another.

Telem. Vlyſſes *ſonne*
With Neſtor *lies;*
To Sparta *gone,*
Thence Pallas *flies.*

THe Sunne now left the great and goodly Lake,
And to the firme heau'n, bright aſcent did make,
To ſhine as well vpon the mortall birth,
Inhabiting the plowd life-giuing earth,
As on the euer tredders vpon Death.
And now to *Pylos*, that ſo garniſheth
Her ſelfe with buildings; old *Nelew* towne,
The Prince and Goddeſſe come; had ſtrange ſights ſhowne;
For on the Marine ſhore, the people there
To *Neptune*, that the Azure lockes doth weare;
Beeues that were wholy blacke, gaue holy flame.
Nine ſeates of State they made to his high name;

And

And euery Seate ſet with fiue hundred men;
And each fiue hundred, was to furniſh then
With nine blacke Oxen, euery ſacred Seate.
Theſe, of the entrailes onely, pleaſd to eate;
And to the God enflam'd the fleſhie thies.
By this time *Pallas*, with the ſparkling eies,
And he ſhe led, within the hauen bore:
Minerua to Telemachus. Strooke ſaile, caſt anchor, and trod both the ſhore.
She firſt; he after. Then ſaid *Pallas*: Now
No more befits thee the leaſt baſhfull brow;
Tembolden which, this act is put on thee
To ſeeke thy Father, both at ſhore, and ſea:
And learne in what Clime, he abides ſo cloſe;
Or in the powre of what Fate doth repoſe.
Come then; go right to *Neſtor*; let vs ſee,
If in his boſome any counſell be,
That may informe vs. Pray him not to trace
The common courtſhip; and to ſpeake in grace
Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:
Which will delight him; and commend thy youth,
For ſuch preuention; for he loues no lies;
Nor will report them, being truly wiſe.
Telemachus to Minerua. He anſwerd: *Mentor*! how alas ſhall I
Preſent my ſelfe? how greete his grauitie?
My youth by no meanes that ripe forme affords,
That can digeſt my minds inſtinct, in words
Wiſe, and beſeeming th'eares of one ſo ſage.
Youth of moſt hope, bluſh to vſe words with Age.
She ſaid: Thy mind will ſome conceit impreſſe,
And ſomething God will prompt thy towardneſſe.
For I ſuppoſe, thy birth and breeding too,
Were not in ſpite of what the Gods could do.
This ſaid, ſhe ſwiftly went before, and he
Her ſteps made guides, and followd inſtantly.
When ſoone they reacht the *Pylian* throngs and ſeates,
Where *Neſtor* with his ſonnes ſate; and the meates
That for the feaſt ſeru'd; round about them were
Adherents dreſſing all their ſacred cheare,
Being roſt and boyld meates. When the *Pylians* ſaw
Theſe ſtrangers come: in thruſt did all men draw
They are receiued as gueſts. About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praid
They both would ſit. Their entrie firſt aſſaid
By *Neſtors* ſonne, *Piſiſtratus*. In grace
Of whoſe repaire, he gaue them honor'd place
Betwixt his Sire, and brother *Thraſimed*,
Who ſate at feaſt, on ſoft Fels that were ſpred
Along the ſea ſands. Keru'd, and reacht to them
Parts of the inwards; and did make a ſtreame

Of

Of ſpritely wine, into a golden boule;
Which to *Minerua*, with a gentle ſoule
He gaue, and thus ſpake: Ere you eate, faire gueſt,
Inuoke the Seas King; of whoſe ſacred feaſt,
Your trauell hither, makes ye partners now:
When (ſacrificing, as becomes) beſtow
This boule of ſweete wine on your friend, that he
May likewiſe vſe theſe rites of pietie:
For I ſuppoſe, his youth doth prayers vſe,
Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuſe
First in this cups diſpoſure; ſince his yeares
Seeme ſhort of yours; who more like me appeares.
Thus gaue he her the cup of pleaſant wine;
And ſince a wiſe and iuſt man did deſigne
The golden boule firſt to her free receit;
Euen to the Goddeſſe it did adde delight.
Who thus inuokt: *Heare thou whoſe vaſt embrace*
Enſpheres the whole earth; nor diſdaine thy grace
To vs that aske it, in performing this:
To Neſtor firſt, and theſe faire ſonnes of his,
Vouchſafe all honor: and next them, beſtow
On all theſe Pylians, that haue offerd now
This moſt renowmed Hecatomb to thee,
Remuneration fit for them, and free;
And laſtly daigne Telemachus, and me,
(The worke performd, for whoſe effect we came)
Our ſafe returne, both with our ſhip and fame.
Thus praid ſhe; and her ſelfe, her ſelfe obaid;
In th'end performing all for which ſhe praid.
And now to pray, and do as ſhe had done;
She gaue the faire round boule t'*Vlyſſes* ſonne.
The meate then dreſt, and drawne, and ſeru'd t'each gueſt;
They celebrated a moſt ſumptuous feaſt.
When (appetite to wine and food allaid)
Horſe-taming *Neſtor* then began, and ſaid:
Now lifes deſire is ſeru'd, as farre as fare;
Time fits me to enquire, what gueſts theſe are.
Faire gueſts, what are ye? and for what Coaſt tries
Your ſhip the moiſt deepes? For fit merchandize,
Or rudely coaſt ye, like our men of prize?
The rough ſeas tempting; deſperatly erring
The ill of others, in their good conferring?
The wiſe Prince, now his boldneſſe did begin;
For *Pallas* ſelfe had hardned him within;
By this deuice of trauell to explore
His abſent Father; which two Girlonds wore;
His good, by manage of his ſpirits; and then
To gaine him high grace, in th'accounts of men.

The humanitie of Peiſiſtratus to ſtrangers.

Minerua's grace.

Neſtor to the ſtrangers.

Telemachus answers.

O *Neſtor*! ſtill in whom *Neleus* liues!
And all the glorie of the Greeks ſuruiues;
You aske, from whence we are; and I relate:
From *Ithaca* (whoſe ſeate is ſituate
Where *Neius* the renowmed Mountaine reares
His haughtie forehead; and the honor beares
To be our Sea-marke) we aſſaid the waues;
The buſineſſe I muſt tell; our owne good craues,
And not the publicke. I am come t'enquire,
If in the fame that beſt men doth inſpire,
Of my moſt-ſuffering Father, I may heare
Some truth of his eſtate now; who did beare
The name (being ioynd in fight with you alone)
To euen with earth the height of *Ilion*.
Of all men elſe, that any name did beare,
And fought for *Troy*, the ſeuerall ends we heare;
But his death, *Ioue* keepes from the world vnknowne;
The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.
If on the Continent by enemies ſlaine;
Or with the waues eat, of the rauenous Maine.
For his loue tis, that to your knees I ſue;
That you would pleaſe, out of your owne cleare view,
T'aſſure his ſad end; or ſay, if your eare
Hath heard of the vnhappie wanderer,
To too much ſorrow, whom his mother bore.
You then, by all your bounties I implore,
(If euer to you, deed or word hath ſtood,
By my good Father promiſt, renderd good
Amongſt the Troians; where ye both haue tried
The Grecian ſufferance) that, in nought applied
To my reſpect or pitie, you will gloſe,
But vnclothd Truth, to my deſires diſcloſe.

Neſtor to Telemachus.

O my much lou'd, (ſaid he) ſince you renew
Remembrance of the miſeries that grew
Vpon our ſtill-in-ſtrength-oppoſing *Greece*,
Amongſt *Troys* people; I muſt touch a peece
Of all our woes there; either in the men
Achilles brought by ſea, and led to gaine
About the Country; or in vs that fought
About the Citie, where to death were brought
All our chiefe men, as many as were there.
There *Mars*-like *Aiax* lies; *Achilles* there;
There the-in-counſell-like-the-Gods; his *friend;* *Patroclus.*
There my deare ſonne *Antilochus* tooke end;
Paſt meaſure ſwift of foote, and ſtaid in fight.
A number more, that ils felt infinite:
Of which to reckon all, what mortall man
(If fiue or ſixe yeares you ſhould ſtay here) can

Serue

Serue ſuch enquiries? You would backe againe,
Affected with vnſufferable paine,
Before you heard it. Nine yeares ſiegd we them,
With all the depth and ſleight of ſtratagem
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, paſt end:
Yet ſtill they toild vs: nor would yet *Ioue* ſend
Reſt to our labors: nor will ſcarcely yet.
But no man liu'd, that would in publicke ſet
His wiſedome, by *Vlyſſes* policie,
(As thought his equall) ſo exceſſiuely
He ſtood ſuperiour all wayes. If you be
His ſonne indeed; mine eyes euen rauiſh me
To admiration. And in all conſent,
Your ſpeech puts on his ſpeeches ornament.
Nor would one ſay, that one ſo yong could vſe
(Vnleſſe his ſonne) a Rhetorique ſo profuſe.
And while we liu'd together; he and I
Neuer in ſpeech maintaind diuerſitie:
Nor ſet in counſell: but (by one ſoule led)
With ſpirit and prudent counſell furniſhed
The Greeks at all houres: that with faireſt courſe,
What beſt became them, they might put in force.
But when *Troys* high Towres, we had leueld thus;
We put to ſea; and God diuided vs.
And then did *Ioue*, our ſad retreat deuiſe;
For all the Greeks were neither iuſt nor wiſe;
And therefore many felt ſo ſharpe a fate;
Sent from *Mineruas* moſt pernicious hate;
Whoſe mightie Father can do fearfull things.
By whoſe helpe ſhe, betwixt the brother Kings
Let fall Contention: who in councell met
In vaine, and timeleſſe; when the Sunne was ſet;
And all the Greeks calld; that came chargd with wine.
Yet then the Kings would vtter their deſigne;
And why they ſummond. *Menelaus*, he
Put all in mind of home; and cried, To ſea.
But *Agamemnon* ſtood on contraries;
Whoſe will was, they ſhould ſtay and ſacrifiſe
Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo
Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know
She would not ſo be wonne: for not with eaſe
Th'eternall Gods are turnd from what they pleaſe.
So they (diuided) on foule language ſtood.
The Greekes, in huge rout roſe: their wine-heate bloud,
Two wayes affecting. And that nights ſleepe too,
We turnd to ſtudying either others wo.
When *Ioue* beſides, made readie woes enow.
Morne came, we lancht; and in our ſhips did ſtow

De Græcorum diſſidio.

Our

Discors nauigatio Græcorum.

Our goods, and faire-girt women. Halfe our men
The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;
And halfe (being now aboord) put forth to sea.
A most free gale gaue all ships prosperous way.
God settld then the huge whale-bearing lake;
And *Tenedos* we reacht; where, for times sake,
We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ioue*
(Inexorable still) bore yet no loue
To our returne; but did againe excite
A second sad Contention, that turnd quite
A great part of vs backe to sea againe;
Which were th'abundant in all counsels men,
(Your matchlesse Father) who, (to gratifie
The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flie.
But I fled all, with all that followd me;
Because I knew, God studied miserie,
To hurle amongst vs. With me likewise fled
Martiall *Tidides*. I, the men he led,
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleete did bring
To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King
(Though late, yet) found vs: as we put to choise
A tedious voyage; if we saile should hoise
Aboue rough *Chius* (left on our left hand)
To th'Ile of *Psiria*; or that rugged land
Saile vnder; and for windie *Mimas* stere.
We askt of God, that some ostent might cleare
Our cloudie businesse: who gaue vs signe,
And charge, that all should (in a middle line)
The sea cut, for *Eubœa*; that with speed,
Our long-sustaind infortune might be freed.
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,
And swiftly flew we through the fishie skies,
Till to *Gerastus* we in night were brought;
Where (through the broad sea, since we safe had wrought)
At *Neptunes* altars, many solid thies
Of slaughterd buls, we burnd for sacrifise.
The fourth day came, when *Tydeus* sonne did greete
The hauen of *Argos*, with his complete Fleete.
But I, for *Pylos* strait ster'd on my course,
Nor euer left the wind his fore right force,
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came
(Deare sonne) to *Pylos*, vninformd by fame;
Nor know one sau'd by Fate, or ouercome.
Whom I haue heard of since (set here at home)
As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left vnshowne.
The expert speare-men; euery Myrmidon,
(Led by the braue heire of the mightie sould
Vnpeerd *Achilles*) safe of home got hold.

Safe

Safe *Philoctetes*, *Paans* famous ſeed:
And ſafe *Idomeneus*; his men led
To his home, (*Crete*;) who fled the armed field;
Of whom, yet none, the ſea from him withheld.
Atrides (you haue both heard, though ye be
His farre off dwellers) what an end had he,
Done by *Ægiſthus*, to a bitter death;
Who miſerably paid for forced breath;
Atrides leauing a good ſonne, that dide
In bloud of that deceitfull parricide
His wreakfull ſword. And thou my friend (as he
For this hath his fame) the like ſpirit in thee
Aſſume at all parts. Faire, and great I ſee
Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end;
That after-times, as much may thee commend.
He anſwerd: O thou greateſt grace of *Greece*;
Oreſtes made that wreake, his maſter peece;
And him the Greeks will giue, a maſter praiſe;
Verſe finding him, to laſt all after daies.
And would to God, the Gods would fauour me
With his performance; that my iniurie,
Done by my mothers wooers, (being ſo foule)
I might reuenge vpon their euery ſoule.
Who (preſſing me with contumelies) dare
Such things as paſt the powre of vtterance are.
But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my deſtinie
With no ſuch honor. Both my Sire and I,
Are borne to ſuffer euerlaſtingly.
Becauſe you name thoſe wooers (Friend, ſaid he)
Report ſayes, many ſuch, in ſpite of thee,
(Wooing thy mother) in thy houſe commit
The ils thou nam'ſt. But ſay; proceedeth it
From will in thee, to beare ſo foule a foile;
Or from thy ſubiects hate, that wiſh thy ſpoile?
And wilſt not aide thee, ſince their ſpirits relie
(Againſt thy rule) on ſome graue Augurie?
What know they, but at length thy Father may
Come; and with violence, their violence pay?
Or he alone; or all the Greeks with him?
But if *Minerua* now did ſo eſteeme
Thee, as thy Father, in times paſt; whom, paſt
All meaſure, ſhe, with glorious fauours grac't
Amongſt the *Troians*, where we ſuffered ſo;
(O! I did neuer ſee, in ſuch cleare ſhow,
The Gods ſo grace a man, as ſhe to him,
To all our eyes, appeard in all her trim)
If ſo, I ſay, ſhe would be pleaſd to loue,
And that her minds care, thou ſo much couldſt moue,

Telemachus Neſtori.

Neſtor Telemacho.

As did thy Father; euery man of theſe,
Would loſe in death their ſeeking mariages.

Telemachus. O Father, (anſwerd he) you make amaze
Seiſe me throughout. Beyond the height of phraſe
You raiſe expreſſion; but twill neuer be,
That I ſhall moue, in any Deitie,
So bleſt an honour. Not by any meanes,
If Hope ſhould prompt me, or blind Confidence,
(The God of Fooles), or euery Deitie
Should will it; for, tis paſt my deſtinie.

Minerua. The burning-eyd Dame anſwerd: What a ſpeech
Hath paſt the teeth-guard, Nature gaue to teach
Fit queſtion of thy words before they flie?
Volente Deo, nihil eſt difficile — God eaſily can (when to a mortall eie
Hee's furtheſt off) a mortall ſatisfie:
And does, the more ſtill. For thy car'd for Sire;
I rather wiſh, that I might home retire,
After my ſufferance of a world of woes;
Farre off; and then my glad eyes might diſcloſe
The day of my returne; then ſtrait retire,
And periſh ſtanding by my houſhold fire.
As *Agamemnon* did; that loſt his life,
By falſe *Ægiſthus*, and his falſer wife.
For Death to come at length, tis due to all;
Nor can the Gods themſelues, when Fate ſhall call
Their moſt lou'd man, extend his vitall breath
Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.

Telemachus. *Mentor*! (laid he) let's dwell no more on this,
Although in vs, the ſorrow pious is.
No ſuch returne, as we wiſh, Fates bequeath
My erring Father; whom a preſent death,
The deathleſſe haue decreed. Ile now vſe ſpeech
That tends to other purpoſe; and beſeech
Inſtruction of graue *Neſtor*; ſince he flowes
Paſt ſhore, in all experience; and knowes
The ſleights and wiſedomes; to whoſe heights aſpire
Others, as well as my commended Sire;
Whom Fame reports to haue commanded three
Ages of men: and doth in ſight to me
Shew like th'Immortals. *Neſtor*! the renowne
Of old *Neleius*; make the cleare truth knowne,
How the moſt great in Empire, *Atreus* ſonne,
Suſtaind the act of his deſtruction.
Where then was *Menelaus*? how was it,
That falſe *Ægiſthus*, being ſo farre vnfit
A match for him, could his death ſo enforce?
Was he not then in *Argos*? or his courſe
With men ſo left, to let a coward breathe

Spirit

Spirit enough, to dare his brothers death?
Ile tell thee truth in all (faire ſonne) ſaid he:
Right well was this euent conceiu'd by thee.
If *Menelaus* in his brothers houſe,
Had found the idle liuer with his ſpouſe,
(Arriu'd from *Troy*) he had not liu'd; nor dead
Had the digged heape powrd on his luſtfull head:
But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,
Farre off of *Argos*. Not a Dame it yeelds,
Had giuen him any teare; ſo foule his fact
Shewd euen to women. Vs *Troys* warres had rackt
To euery ſinewes ſufferance; while * he
In *Argos* vplands liu'd; from thoſe workes free.
And *Agamemnons* wife, with force of word
Flatterd and ſoftn'd; who, at firſt abhord
A fact ſo infamous. The heau'nly Dame,
A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.
There was a * Poet, to whoſe care, the King
His Queene committed; and in euery thing
(When he for *Troy* went) charg'd him to apply
Himſelfe in all guard to her dignitie.
But when ſtrong Fate, ſo wrapt-in her affects,
That ſhe reſolu'd to leaue her fit reſpects;
Into a deſart Ile, her Guardian led,
(There left) the rapine of the Vultures fed.
Then brought he willing home his wills wonne prize;
On ſacred Altars offerd many Thies:
Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments;
Garments and gold; that he the vaſt euents
Of ſuch a labor, to his wiſh had brought,
As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.
At laſt, from *Troy* ſaild *Spartas* king and I,
Both, holding her vntoucht. And (that his eie
Might ſee no worſe of her) when both were blowne
To ſacred *Sunius* (of *Mineruas* towne
The goodly Promontorie) with his ſhafts ſeuere
Augur Apollo ſlue him that did ſtere
Atrides ſhip, as he the ſterne did guide,
And ſhe the full ſpeed of her ſaile applide.
He was a man, that nations of men
Exceld in ſafe guide of a veſſell; when
A tempeſt ruſht in on the ruffld ſeas:
His name was *Phrontis Onetorides*.
And thus was *Menelaus* held from home,
Whoſe way he thirſted ſo to ouercome;
To giue his friend the earth, being his purſuite,
And all his exequies to execute.
But ſailing ſtill the * wind-hewd ſeas, to reach

Neſtor Telemacho de Ægiſthi adulterio.

Ægiſthus.

* ſcilic. ang.

* cuius facies ventū repreſentat

Some ſhore for fit performance; he did fetch
The ſteepe Mount of the *Malians*; and there
With open voice, offended *Iupiter*,
Proclaimd the voyage, his repugnant mind;
And powr'd the puffes out of a ſhrecking wind,
That nouriſht billowes, heightned like to hils.
And with the Fleets diuiſion, fulfils
His hate proclaimd; vpon a part of *Creete*
Caſting the Nauie; where the ſea-waues meete
Rough *Iardanus*; and where the *Cydons* liue.
There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth driue;
Bare, and all broken; on the confines ſet
Of *Gortys*; that the darke ſeas likewiſe fret;
And hither ſent the South, a horrid drift
Of waues againſt the top, that was the left
Of that torne cliffe; as farre as *Phaiſtus* Strand.
A litle ſtone, the great ſeas rage did ſtand.
The men here driuen, ſcapt hard the ſhips ſore ſhocks;
The ſhips themſelues being wrackt againſt the rocks;
Saue onely fiue, that blue fore-caſtles bore,
Which wind and water caſt on *Ægypts* ſhore.
When he (there victling well, and ſtore of gold
Aboord his ſhips brought) his wilde way did hold,
And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to rome.
Meane ſpace *Ægiſthus* made ſad worke at home;
And ſlue his brother; forcing to his ſway,
Agamemnonis interitus. *Atrides* ſubiects; and did ſeuen yeares lay
His yoke vpon the rich *Mycenean* State.
But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)
Oreſtes patrem vlciſcitur. Diuine *Oreſtes* home from *Athens* came;
And what his royall Father felt, the ſame
He made the falſe *Ægiſthus* grone beneath:
Death euermore is the reward of Death.
Thus hauing ſlaine him; a ſepulchrall feaſt
He made the *Argiues*, for his luſtfull gueſt,
And for his mother, whom he did deteſt.
The ſelfe-ſame day, vpon him ſtole the King,
(Good at a martiall ſhout) and goods did bring,
As many as his freighted Fleete could beare.
But thou (my ſonne) too long, by no meanes erre,
Thy goods left free for many a ſpoilfull gueſt;
Leſt they conſume ſome, and diuide the reſt;
And thou (perhaps beſides) thy voyage loſe.
To *Menelaus* yet thy courſe diſpoſe,
I wiſh and charge thee; who but late arriu'd,
From ſuch a ſhore, and men; as to haue liu'd
In a returne from them; he neuer thought;
And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought

Within

Within a ſea ſo vaſt, that in a yeare
Not any fowle could paſſe it any where,
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
With ſhip and men (or if thou pleaſeſt now
To paſſe by land, there ſhall be brought for thee
Both horſe and chariot; and thy guides ſhall be
My ſonnes themſelues) to *Sparta*, the diuine,
And to the King, whoſe locks like Amber ſhine.
Intreate the truth of him; nor loues he lies;
Wiſedome in truth is; and hee's paſſing wiſe.
This ſaid, the Sunne went downe, and vp roſe Night,
When *Pallas* ſpake; O Father, all good right Pallas Neſtori.
Beare thy directions. But diuide we now
The ſacrifiſes tongues; mixe wine; and vow
To *Neptune*, and the other euer bleſt;
That hauing ſacrifiſd, we may to reſt.
The fit houre runnes now; light diues out of date;
At ſacred feaſts, we muſt not ſit too late.
She ſaid: They heard; the Herald water gaue;
The youths crownd cups with wine; and let all haue
Their equall ſhares; beginning from the cup,
Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cut vp;
The fire they gaue them; ſacrifiſde, and roſe;
Wine, and diuine rites, vſde to each diſpoſe;
Minerua and *Telemachus* deſirde
They might to ſhip be, with his leaue, retirde.
He (mou'd with that) prouokt thus their abodes:
Now *Ioue* forbid, and all the long-liu'd Gods,
Your leauing me, to ſleepe aboord a ſhip:
As I had drunke of poore *Penias* whip,
Euen to my nakednеſſe; and had nor ſheete,
Nor couering in my houſe; that warme nor ſweete
A gueſt, nor I my ſelfe, had meanes to ſleepe;
Where I, both weeds and wealthy couerings keepe
For all my gueſts: nor ſhall Fame euer ſay,
The deare ſonne of the man *Vlyſſes*, lay
All night a ſhip boord here; while my dayes ſhine;
Or in my Court, whiles any ſonne of mine
Enioyes ſuruiuall: who ſhall gueſts receiue,
Whom euer, my houſe hath a nooke to leaue.
My much lou'd Father, (ſaid *Minerua*) well
All this becomes thee. But perſwade to dwell
This night with thee thy ſonne *Telemachus*;
For more conuenient is the courſe for vs,
That he may follow to thy houſe, and reſt.
And I may boord our blacke ſaile; that addreſt
At all parts I may make our men; and cheare
All with my preſence; ſince of all men there

I boaſt my ſelfe the ſenior; th'others are
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,
Great-ſould *Telemachus*; and are his peeres,
In freſh ſimilitude of forme and yeeres.
For their confirmance, I will therefore now
Sleepe in our blacke Barke. But when Light ſhall ſhew
Her ſiluer forehead; I intend my way
Amongſt the *Caucons*; men that are to pay
A debt to me, nor ſmall, nor new. For this,
Take you him home; whom in the morne diſmiſſe,
With chariot and your ſonnes; and giue him horſe
Ableſt in ſtrength, and of the ſpeedieſt courſe.
Diſpart Minerua. This ſaid; away ſhe flew; formd like the fowle
Men call the *Oſſifrage*; when euery ſoule
Nestor Telemacho. Amaze inuaded: euen th'old man admir'd;
The youths hand tooke, and ſaid: O moſt deſir'd;
My hope ſayes, thy proofe will no coward ſhow,
Nor one vnskild in warre; when Deities now
So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:
Nor any of the heauen-houſde States beſides;
But *Tritogenias* ſelfe; the ſeed of *Ioue*;
The great in prey; that did in honor moue
So much about thy Father; amongſt all
The Grecian armie. Faireſt Queene, let fall
On me like fauours: giue me good renowne;
Which, as on me; on my lou'd wife, let downe,
And all my children. I will burne to thee
An Oxe right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,
To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I
(His hornes in gold hid) giue thy Deitie.
Thus praid he; and ſhe heard; and home he led
His ſonnes, and all his heapes of kindered;
Who entring his Court royall; euery one
He marſhald in his ſeuerall ſeate and throne.
And euery one, ſo kindly come, he gaue
His ſweet-wine cup; which none was let to haue
Before this leuenth yeare, landed him from *Troy*;
Which now the Butlereſſe had leaue t'employ.
Who therefore pierſt it, and did giue it vent.
Of this, the old Duke did a cup preſent
To euery gueſt: made his maid many a praire
That weares the Shield fring'd with his nurſes haire;
And gaue her ſacrifiſe. With this rich wine
And food ſuffiſde, Sleepe, all eyes did decline.
And all for home went: but his Court alone,
Telemachus, diuine *Vlyſſes* ſonne,
Muſt make his lodging, or not pleaſe his heart.
A bed, all chequerd with elaborate Art,

Within

Within a Portico, that rung like braſſe,
He brought his gueſt to; and his bedfere was
Piſiſtratus, the martiall guide of men,
That liu'd, of all his ſonnes, vnwed till then.
Himſelfe lay in a by-roome, farre aboue,
His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.
The roſie-fingerd morne, no ſooner ſhone,
But vp he roſe, tooke aire, and ſat vpon
A ſeate of white, and goodly poliſht ſtone,
That ſuch a gloſſe as richeſt ointments wore
Before his high gates; where the Counſellor
That matcht the Gods (his Father) vſde to ſit:
Who now (by Fate forc't) ſtoopt as low as it.
And here ſate *Neſtor*, holding in his hand
A Scepter; and about him round did ſtand
(As early vp) his ſonnes troope; *Perſeus*,
The God-like *Thraſimed*, and *Aretus*,
Echephron, *Stratius*; the ſixt and laſt
Piſiſtratus; and by him (halfe embrac't
Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*;
To theſe ſpake *Neſtor*, old *Gerenius*:
Haſte (loued ſonnes) and do me a deſire,
That (firſt of all the Gods) I may aſpire
To *Pallas* fauour; who vouchſaft to me,
At *Neptunes* feaſt, her ſight ſo openly.
Let one to field go; and an Oxe with ſpeed
Cauſe hither brought; which, let the Heardſman leade;
Another to my deare gueſts veſſell go,
And all his ſouldiers bring, ſaue onely two.
A third, the Smith that works in gold, command
(*Laertius*) to attend; and lend his hand,
To plate the both hornes round about with gold;
The reſt remaine here cloſe. But firſt, ſee told
The maids within, that they prepare a feaſt;
Set ſeates through all the Court: ſee ſtrait addreſt
The pureſt water; and get fuell feld.
This ſaid; not one, but in the ſeruice held
Officious hand. The Oxe came led from field;
The Souldiers troopt from ſhip; the Smith he came,
And thoſe tooles brought, that ſeru'd the actuall frame,
His Art conceiu'd; brought Anvile, hammers brought,
Faire tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
Minerua likewiſe came, to ſet the Crowne
On that kind ſacrifice, and mak't her owne.
Then th'old Knight *Neſtor* gaue the Smith the gold,
With which he ſtrait did both the hornes infold;
And trimm'd the Offering ſo, the Goddeſſe ioyd.
About which, thus were *Neſtors* ſonnes employd:

Neſtoris filij patris iuſſu Minervæ ſacrum apparant.

The forme of the Sacrifice.

Diuine *Echephron*, and faire *Stratius*,
Held both the hornes: the water odorous,
In which they waſht, what to the rites was vowd,
Aretus (in a caldron, all beſtrowd
With herbes and flowres) ſeru'd in from th'holy roome
Where all were dreſt; and whence the rites muſt come.
And after him, a hallowd virgin came,
That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.
The axe, with which the Oxe ſhould both be feld
And cut forth, *Thraſimed* ſtood by, and held.
Perſeus the veſſell held, that ſhould retaine
The purple licour of the offering ſlaine.
Then waſht, the pious Father: then the Cake
(Of barley, ſalt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.
Askt many a boone of *Pallas*; and the ſtate
Of all the offering, did initiate.
In three parts cutting off the haire, and caſt
Amidſt the flame. All th'inuocation paſt,
And all the Cake broke; manly *Thraſimed*
Stood neare, and ſure; and ſuch a blow he laid
Aloft the offring; that to earth he ſunke,
His neck-nerues ſunderd, and his ſpirits ſhrunke.
Out ſhriekt the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife
Of three-ag'd *Neſtor*, (who had eldeſt life
Of *Clymens* daughters) chaſt *Eurydice*.
The Oxe on broad earth, then layd laterally,
They held, while Duke *Piſiſtratus*, the throte
Diſſolu'd and ſet, the ſable blood afflote;
And then the life the bones left. Inſtantly
They cut him vp; apart flew either Thie;
That with the fat they dubd, with art alone;
The throte-briske, and the ſweet-bread pricking on.
Then *Neſtor* broild them on the cole-turnd wood,
Powr'd blacke wine on; and by him yong men ſtood,
That ſpits fine-pointed held, on which (when burnd
The ſolid Thies were) they transfixt, and turnd
The inwards, cut in cantles: which (the meate
Vowd to the Gods, conſum'd) they roſt and eate.
In meane ſpace, *Polycaſte* (calld the faire,
Neſtors yongſt daughter) bath'd *Vlyſſes* heire;
Whom, hauing cleanſd, and with rich balmes beſpred;
She caſt a white ſhirt quickly o're his head,
And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,
And did the perſon of a God preſent.
Came, and by *Neſtor* tooke his honourd ſeate,
This paſtor of the people. Then, the meate
Of all the ſpare parts roſted; off they drew;
Sate, and fell to. But ſoone the temperate few,

Roſe,

Roſe, and in golden bolles, filld others wine.
Till, when the reſt felt thirſt of feaſt decline;
Neſtor his ſonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horſe,
And them in chariot ioyne, to runne the courſe
The Prince reſolu'd. Obaid, as ſoone as heard
Was *Neſtor* by his ſonnes; who ſtrait prepar'd
Both horſe and chariot. She that kept the ſtore,
Both bread and wine, and all ſuch viands more,
As ſhould the feaſt of *Ioue*-fed Kings compoſe;
Pouruaid the voyage. To the rich Coach, roſe
Vlyſſes ſonne; and cloſe to him aſcended
The Duke *Piſiſtratus*; the reines intended,
And ſcourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;
And left the Towne, that farre her ſplendor threw.
Both holding yoke, and ſhooke it all the day;
But now the Sunne ſet, darkning euery way,
When they to *Pherus* came; and in the houſe
Of *Diocles* (the ſonne t'*Ortilochus*,
Whom flood *Alpheus* got) ſlept all that night:
Who gaue them each due hoſpitable rite.
But when the roſie-fingerd morne aroſe,
They went to Coach, and did their horſe incloſe;
Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds
Each breath a ſound; and to the fruitfull fields
Rode ſcourging ſtill their willing flying Steeds;
Who ſtrenuouſly performd their wonted ſpeeds.
Their iourney ending iuſt when Sunne went downe;
And ſhadowes all wayes through the earth were throwne.

Telemachus proficiſcitur ad Menelaum.

Finis libri tertij Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

The Argvment.

Receiu'd now, in the Spartan Court
Telemachus, *preferres report.*
To Menelaus, *of the throng*
Of wooers with him, and their wrong.
Menelaus. Atrides *tels the Greekes retreate,*
And doth a Prophecie repeate,
That Proteus *made; by which he knew*
His brothers death; and then doth shew
How with Calypso *liu'd the fire*
Of his yong gueſt. The woo'rs conſpire
Their Princes death: whoſe trechery knowne,
Penelope *in teares doth drowne.*
Whom Pallas *by a dreame doth cheare,*
And in ſimilitude appeare
Of faire Iphthima, *knowne to be*
The ſiſter of Penelope.

Another.

Δελτα. *Here, of the Sire*
The Sonne doth heare:
The woo'rs conſpire;
The mothers feare.

Αακεδαιμονα κατουσαν which is expounded Spartam amplam, or populosam magnam: where κατ. ſignifies properly plurima cete nutrientem.

IN *Lacedæmon* now, the nurſe of Whales,
Theſe two arriu'd, and found at feſtiuals
(With mightie concourſe) the renowmed King,
His ſonne and daughter, ioyntly marrying.
Alectors daughter, he did giue his ſonne
Strong *Megapenthe*; who his life begunne
By *Menelaus* bondmaid; whom he knew
In yeares. When *Hellen* could no more renew
In iſſue like diuine *Hermione*;
Who held in all faire forme, as high degree
As golden *Venus*. Her he married now
To great *Achilles* ſonne; who was by vow
Betrothd to her at *Troy*. And thus the Gods
To conſtant loues, giue nuptiall periods.
Whoſe ſtate here paſt, the *Myrmidons* rich towne
(Of which ſhe ſhar'd in the Imperiall Crowne)
With horſe and chariots he reſign'd her to.
Meane ſpace, the high huge houſe, with feaſt did flow

Of

Of friends and neighbours, ioying with the King.
Amongst whom, did a heauenly Poet sing,
And touch his Harpe. Amongst whom likewise danc't
Two; who in that dumbe motion aduanc't,
Would prompt *the Singer; what to sing and play.
All this time, in the vtter Court did stay,
With horse and chariot, *Telemachus*,
And *Nestors* noble sonne, *Pisistratus*.
Whom *Eteoneus* coming forth, descried,
And, being a seruant to the King, most tried
In care, and his respect; he ranne and cried:
Guests! *Ioue*-kept *Menelaus*! two such men,
As are for forme, of high *Saturnius* straine.
Informe your pleasure, if we shall vnclose
Their horse from coach; or say, they must dispose
Their way to some such house, as may embrace
Their knowne arriuall, with more welcome grace?
He (angry) answerd, Thou didst neuer show
Thy selfe a foole (*Boetides*) till now;
But now (as if turnd child) a childish speech
Vents thy vaine spirits. We our selues now reach
Our home, by much spent hospitalitie
Of other men; nor know, if *Ioue* will trie,
With other after wants, our state againe:
And therefore, from our feast, no more detaine
Those welcome guests; but take their Steeds from Coach,
And with attendance guide in their approach.
This said, he rusht abroad, and calld some more
Tried in such seruice; that together bore
Vp to the guests: and tooke their Steeds that swet
Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers set,
Wheate and white barley gaue them mixt; and plac't
Their Chariot by a wall so cleare, it cast
A light quite thorough it. And then they led
Their guests to the diuine house; which so fed
Their eyes at all parts with illustrous sights,
That Admiration seisd them. Like the lights
The Sunne and Moone gaue; all the Pallace threw
A luster through it. Satiate with whose view,
Downe to the Kings most bright-kept Baths, they went;
Where handmaids did their seruices present:
Bath'd, balmd them; shirts, and well-napt weeds put on,
And by *Atrides* side, set each his throne.
Then did the handmaid royall, water bring,
And to a Lauer, rich and glittering,
Of massie gold, powr'd: which she plac't vpon
A siluer Caldron; into which, might runne
The water as they washt. Then set she neare

*ωλυτο ἐκ γεγονοτα Canum auspicatores: of which place, the Critiks affirme, that saltatores motu suo indicant cantori, quo genere cantus saltaturi forent. The rapture of Eteoneus at sight of Telemachus and Pisistratus.

*Menelaus rebukes his seruant for his doubt to entertaine guests worthy.

A poliſht table; on which, all the cheare
The preſent could affoord; a reuerend Dame
That kept the Larder, ſet. A Cooke then came,
And diuers diſhes, borne thence, ſeru'd againe;
Furniſht the boord with bolles of gold; and then
(His right hand giuen the gueſts) *Atrides* ſaid,
Eate, and be chearfull; appetite allaid,
I long to aske, of what ſtocke ye deſcend;
For not from parents, whoſe race nameleſſe end,
We muſt denue your offspring. Men obſcure,
Could get none ſuch as you. The pourtraiture
Of *Ioue*-ſuſtaind, and Scepter-bearing Kings,
Your either perſon, in his preſence brings.
An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did lift,
And ſet before the gueſts; which was a gift,
Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne taſt.
They ſaw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't,
And fell to it. But food and wines care paſt,
Telemachus thus prompted *Neſtors* ſonne;
(His eare cloſe laying, to be heard of none)

Telemachus to Piſiſtratus, in obſeruation of the houſe, not ſo much that he hartily admired it, as to pleaſe Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he ſeemd deſirous he ſhould not heare.

Conſider (thou whom moſt my mind eſteemes)
The braſſe-worke here, how rich it is in beames;
And how beſides, it makes the whole houſe ſound:
What gold, and amber, ſiluer, ivorie, round
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall
Of *Iupiter Olympius*, hath of all
This ſtate, the like. How many infinites,
Take vp to admiration, all mens ſights?

Atrides ouer-heard; and ſaid; Lou'd ſonne,

Menelaus relates his trauels to his gueſts.

No mortall muſt affect contention
With *Ioue*, whoſe dwellings are of endleſſe date.
Perhaps (of men) ſome one may emulate,
(Or none) my houſe, or me. For I am one,
That many a graue extreme haue vndergone.
Much error felt by ſea; and till th'eight yeare,
Had neuer ſtay; but wanderd farre and neare,
Cyprus, *Phœnicia*, and *Sydonia*;
And fetcht the farre off *Æthiopia*:
Reacht the *Erembi* of *Arabia*;
And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:
Where euery full yeare, Ewes are three times dams.
Where neither King, nor ſhepheard; want comes neare
Of cheeſe, or fleſh, or ſweete milke. All the yeare
They euer milke their Ewes. And here while I
Errd, gathering meanes to liue: one, murtherouſly,
Vnwares, vnſeene, bereft my brothers life;
Chiefly betraid by his abhorred wife.
So, hold I, (not enioying) what you ſee.

And

And of your Fathers (if they liuing be)
You muſt haue heard this: ſince my ſuffrings were
So great and famous. From this Pallace here,
(So rarely-well-built, furniſhed ſo well,
And ſubſtanced with ſuch a precious deale
Of well-got treaſure) baniſht by the doome
Of Fate; and erring as I had no home.
And now I haue, and vſe it; not to take
Th'entire delight it offers; but to make
Continuall wiſhes, that a triple part
Of all it holds, were wanting; ſo my heart
Were eaſde of ſorrowes (taken for their deaths
That fell at *Troy*) by their reuiued breaths.
And thus ſit I here, weeping, mourning ſtill
Each leaſt man loſt; and ſometimes make mine ill
(In paying iuſt teares for their loſſe) my ioy.
Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy,
The pleaſure ſoone admits ſatietie.
But all theſe mens wants, wet not ſo mine eie,
(Though much they moue me) as one ſole mans miſſe;
For which, my ſleepe and meate: euen lothſome is,
In his renewd thought; ſince no Greeke hath wonne
Grace, for ſuch labours, as *Laërtes* ſonne
Hath wrought and ſufferd: to himſelfe, nought elſe
But future ſorrowes forging: to me, hels
For his long abſence; ſince I cannot know
If life or death detaine him: ſince ſuch woe
For his loue, old *Laertes*, his wife wife,
And poore yong ſonne ſuſtaines; whom new with life,
He left as fireleſſe. This ſpeech; griefe to teares
(Powrd from the ſonnes lids on the earth) his eares
(Told of the Father) did excite; who kept
His cheekes drie with his red weed, as he wept:
His both hands vſde therein. *Atrides* then
Began to know him; and did ſtrife retaine,
If he ſhould let, himſelfe confeſſe his Sire,
Or with all fitting circumſtance, enquire.
While this, his thoughts diſputed; forth did ſhine,
(Like to the golden *diſtaffe-deckt diuine)
From her beds high and odoriferous roome,
Hellen. To whom (of an elaborate loome)
Adrefta ſet a chaire: *Alcippe* brought
A peece of Tapeſtrie, of fine wooll wrought.
Phylo, a ſiluer Cabinet conferd:
(Giuen by *Alcandra*, Nuptially endeard
To Lord *Polybius*; whoſe abode in *Thebes*,
Th'Ægyptian citie was;) where wealth in heapes,
His famous houſe held: out of which did go

Intending Pyſſo.

Diana Helens reparatrix and wrangwent.

In gift t' *Atrides*, ſiluer bath-tubs two;
Two Tripods; and of fine gold, talents ten.
His wife did likewiſe ſend to *Hellen* then,
Faire gifts; a Diſtaffe that of gold was wrought;
And that rich Cabinet that *Phylo* brought;
Round, and with gold ribd; now of fine thred, full:
On which extended (crownd with fineſt wooll,
Of violet gloſſe) the golden Diſtaffe lay.
She tooke her State-chaire; and a foot-ſtooles ſtay
Had for her feete: and of her husband, thus
Askt to know all things: Is it knowne to vs,
(King *Menelaus*) whom theſe men commend
Themſelues for; that our Court, now takes to friend?
I muſt affirme, (be I deceiu'd or no)
I neuer yet ſaw man nor woman ſo
Like one another, as this man is like
Vlyſſes ſonne. With admiration ſtrike
His lookes, my thoughts; that they ſhould carrie now
Powre to perſwade me thus; who did but know,
When newly he was borne, the forme they bore.
But tis his Fathers grace; whom more and more
His grace reſembles; that makes me retaine
Thought, that he now, is like *Telemachus* then:
Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did vndertake
Troy bold warre, for my impudencies ſake.
He anſwerd: Now wife, what you thinke, I know,
The true caſt of his Fathers eye, doth ſhow
In his eyes order. Both his head and haire,
His hands and feete, his very fathers are.
Of whom (ſo well rememberd) I ſhould now
Acknowledge for me, his continnall flow
Of cares and perils: yet ſtill patient.
But I ſhould too much moue him, that doth vent
Such bitter teares for that which hath bene ſpoke;
Which (ſhunning ſoft ſhew) ſee how he would cloke;
And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.
Then *Neſtors* ſonne, *Piſiſtratus* replide:
Great Paſtor of the people; kept of God!
He is *Vlyſſes* ſonne; but his abode
Not made before here; and he modeſt too;
He holds it an indignitie to do
A deed ſo vaine, to vſe the boaſt of words,
Where your words are on wing; whoſe voice affords
Delight to vs, as if a God did breake
The aire amongſt vs, and vouchſafe to ſpeake.
But me, my father (old Duke *Neſtor*) ſent
To be his conſort hither; his content,
Not to be heightned ſo, as with your ſight.

Helen to Menelaus concerning the gueſts.

Piſiſtratus tels who they are.

In

In hope that therewith words and actions might
Informe his comforts from you; ſince he is
Extremely grieu'd and iniur'd, by the miſſe
Of his great Father; ſuffering euen at home.
And few friends found, to helpe him ouercome
His too weake ſufferance, now his Sire is gone.
Amongſt the people, not affoorded one
To checke the miſeries, that mate him thus;
And this the ſtate is of *Telemachus*.
O Gods (ſaid he) how certaine, now, I ſee
My houſe enioyes that friends ſonne, that for me
Hath vndergone ſo many willing fights?
Whom I reſolu'd, paſt all the Grecian Knights,
To hold in loue; if our returne by ſeas,
The farre-off Thunderer did euer pleaſe
To grant our wiſhes. And to his reſpect,
A Pallace and a Citie to erect,
My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then
His riches, and his ſonne, and all his men
From barren *Ithaca*, (ſome one ſole Towne
Inhabited about him, batterd downe)
All ſhould in *Argos* liue. And there would I
Eaſe him of rule; and take the Emperie
Of all on me. And often here would we
(Delighting, louing eithers companie)
Meete and conuerſe; whom nothing ſhould diuide,
Till deaths blacke veile did each all ouer hide.
But this perhaps had bene a meane to take
Euen God himſelfe with enuie; who did make
Vlyſſes therefore onely the vnbleſt,
That ſhould not reach his loued countries reſt.
These woes made euery one with woe in loue;
Euen *Argiue Hellen* wept, (the ſeed of *Ioue*)
Vlyſſes ſonne wept; *Atreus* *ſonne did weepe;
And *Neſtors* ſonne, his eyes in teares did ſteepe.
But his teares fell not from the preſent cloud,
That from *Vlyſſes* was exhal'd; but flowd
From braue *Antilochus* remembred due,
Whom the renowmd * Sonne of the Morning ſlue.
Which yet he thus excuſde: O *Atreus* ſonne!
Old *Neſtor* ſayes, There liues not ſuch a one
Amongſt all mortals, as *Atrides* is,
For deathleſſe wiſedome. Tis a praiſe of his,
Still giuen in your remembrance; when at home
Our ſpeech concernes you. Since then ouercome
You pleaſe to be, with ſorrow euen to teares,
That are in wiſedome ſo exempt from peres;
Vouchſafe the like effect in me excuſe,

Menelaus ioy for Telemachus, and mone for Vlyſſes abſence.

Menelaus.

Piſiſtratus weeps with remēbrance of his brother Antilochus. Vid. Memnon.

(if it be lawfull) I affect no vſe
Of teares thus, after meales; at leaſt, at night:
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,
It ſhall not then empaire me to beſtow
My teares on any worthies ouerthrow.
It is the onely right, that wretched men
Can do dead friends; to cut haire, and complaine.
But Death my brother tooke; whom none could call
The Grecian coward; you beſt knew of all.
I was not there, nor ſaw; but men report,
Antilochus exceld the common ſort,
For footmanſhip, or for the Chariot race;
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.
O friend (ſaid he) ſince thou haſt ſpoken ſo,
At all parts, as one wiſe ſhould ſay and do;
And like one, farre beyond thy ſelfe in yeares;
Thy words ſhall bounds be, to our former teares.
O he is queſtionleſſe a right borne ſonne,
That of his Father hath not onely wonne
The perſon, but the wiſedome; and that Sire,
(Complete himſelfe) that hath a ſonne entire;
Ioue did not onely his full Fate adorne,
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.
As now *Saturnius*, through his lifes whole date,
Hath *Neſtors* bliſſe raiſd to as ſteepe a ſtate:
Both in his age to keepe in peace his houſe;
And to haue children wiſe and valorous.
But let vs not forget our rere Feaſt thus;
Let ſome giue water here. *Telemachus*!
The morning ſhall yeeld time to you and me,
To do what fits; and reaſon mutually.
This ſaid; the carefull ſeruant of the King;
(*Aſphalion*) powr'd on, th'iſſue of the Spring;
And all to readie feaſt, ſet readie hand.
Hellens potion againſt Cares. But *Hellen* now, on new deuice did ſtand;
Infuſing ſtrait a medcine to their wine,
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could ſhed
All that day, not a teare; no not if dead
That day his father or his mother were;
Not if his brother, child, or chiefeſt deare,
He ſhould ſee murtherd then before his face.
Such vſefull medcines (onely borne in grace,
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.
And this Iuyce to her, *Polydamna* gaue
The wife of *Thoon*; an Ægyptian borne;
Whoſe rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne
In great abundance. Many healthfull are,

And many banefull. Euery man is there
A good Phyſition, out of natures grace;
For all the nation ſprung of *Paeons* race.
When *Hellen* then her medicine had infuſde,
She bad powre wine to it, and this ſpeech vſde:
Atrides, and theſe good mens ſonnes; great *Ioue*
Makes good and ill, one after other moue
In all things earthly: for he can do all.
The woes paſt therefore, he ſo late let fall;
The comforts he affoords vs, let vs take;
Feaſt, and with fit diſcourſes, merrie make.
Nor will I other vſe. As then our blood
Grieu'd for *Vlyſſes*, ſince he was ſo good;
Since he was good, let vs delight to heare
How good he was, and what his ſuffrings were.
Though euery fight, and euery ſuffring deed,
Patient *Vlyſſes* vnderwent; exceed
My womans powre to number, or to name.
But what he did, and ſufferd, when he came
Amongſt the Troians, (where ye Grecians all
Tooke part with ſufferance) I in part can call
To your kind memories. How with ghaſtly wounds
Himſelfe he mangl'd; and the Troian bounds
(Thruſt thicke with enemies) aduentured on:
His royall ſhoulders, hauing caſt vpon
Baſe abiect weeds, and enterd like a ſlaue.
Then (begger-like) he did of all men craue;
And ſuch a wretch was, as the whole Greeke fleete
Brought not beſides. And thus through euery ſtreete
He crept diſcouering: of no one man knowne.
And yet through all this difference, I alone
Smok't his true perſon. Talkt with him. But he
Fled me with wiles ſtill. Nor could we agree,
Till I diſclaimd him quite. And ſo (as mou'd
With womanly remorſe, of one that prou'd
So wretched an eſtate, what ere he were)
Wonne him to take my houſe. And yet euen there;
Till freely I (to make him doubtleſſe) ſwore
A powrefull oath, to let him reach the ſhore
Of ſhips and tents, before *Troy* vnderſtood;
I could not force on him his proper good.
But then I bath'd and ſooth'd him, and he then
Confeſt, and told me all. And (hauing ſlaine
A number of the Troian guards) retirde,
And reacht the Fleete; for ſlight and force admirde.
Their husbands deaths by him, the Troian wiues
Shriekt for; but I made triumphs for their liues.
For then my heart conceiu'd, that once againe

Hellen of Vlyſſes and the ſacke of Troy.

I ſhould reach home; and yet did ſtill retaine
Woe for the ſlaughters, *Venus* made for me:
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,
And bridall roome, ſhe robd of ſo much right;
And drew me from my countrie, with her ſleight.
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,
That could my Fancie, or my Beautie feed.

Menelaus to Hellen and his Guests.

Her husband ſaid: Wife! what you pleaſe to tell,
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.
And I my ſelfe, that now may ſay, haue ſeene
The minds and manners of a world of men:
And great Heroes, meaſuring many a ground,
Haue neuer (by theſe eyes that light me) found
One, with a boſome, ſo to be belou'd,
As that in which, th'accompliſht ſpirit, mou'd
Of parient *Vlyſſes*. What (braue man)
He both did act, and ſuffer, when we wan
The towne of *Ilion*, in the braue-built horſe,
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,
Were houſde together; bringing Death and Fate
Amongſt the Troians; you (wife) may relate.
For you, at laſt, came to vs; God that would
The Troians glorie giue; gaue charge you ſhould
Approch the engine; and *Deiphobus*
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circl'd vs,
With full ſuruay of it; and often tried
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.

Hellen counterfeited the wiues voices of thoſe Kings of Greece, that were in the wooden horſe, and calls their husbands.

When all the voices of their wiues in it
You tooke on you; with voice ſo like, and fit,
And euery man by name, ſo viſited;
That I, *Vlyſſes*, and King *Diomed*,
(Set in the midſt, and hearing how you called)
Tydides, and my ſelfe, (as halte appalld
With your remorcefull plaints) would, paſſing faine
Haue broke our ſilence; rather then againe
Endure, reſpectleſſe, their ſo mouing cries.
But, *Ithacus*, our ſtrongeſt fantaſies
Containd within vs, from the ſlendreſt noiſe,
And euery man there, ſat without a voice.
Anticlus onely, would haue anſwerd thee:
But, his ſpeech, *Ithacus* inceſſantly
With ſtrong hand held in; till (*Minernas* call,
Charging thee off) *Vlyſſes* ſau'd vs all.

Telemachus to Menelaus.

Telemachus replide: Much greater is
My griefe, for hearing this high praiſe of his.
For all this doth not his ſad death diuert;
Nor can, though in him ſwelld an iron heart.
Prepare, and leade then (if you pleaſe) to reſt:

Sleepe

Sleepe (that we heare not) will content vs beſt.
Then *Argine Hellen* made her handmaid go,
And put faire bedding in the *Portico*;
Lay purple blankets on, Rugs warme and ſoft; *Iuſſit ad lectum.*
And caſt an Arras couerlet aloft.
They torches tooke; made haſte, and made the bed,
When both the gueſts were to their lodgings led,
Within a *Portico*, without the houſe.
Atrides, and his large-traine-wearing Spouſe,
(The excellent of women) for the way,
In a retir'd receit, together lay.
The morne aroſe; the King roſe, and put on
His royall weeds; his ſharpe ſword hung vpon
His ample ſhoulders; forth his chamber went,
And did the perſon of a God preſent.
Telemachus accoſts him; who begun
Speech of his iourneys propoſition.
And what (my yong Vlyſſean Heroe) *Menelaus enquires the cauſe of his voyage.*
Prouokt thee on the broad backe of the ſea,
To viſit *Lacedemon* the Diuine?
Speake truth; Some publicke? or onely thine?
I come (ſaid he) to heare, if any fame
Breath'd of my Father; to thy notice came.
My houſe is ſackt; my fat workes of the field,
Are all deſtroid: my houſe doth nothing yeeld
But enemies; that kill my harmleſſe ſheepe,
And ſinewie Oxen: nor will euer keepe
Their ſteeles without them. And theſe men are they,
That wooe my Mother; moſt inhumanely
Committing iniurie on iniurie.
To thy knees therefore I am come, t'attend
Relation of the ſad and wretched end,
My erring Father felt: if witneſt by
Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that flie
From others knowledges. For, more then is
The vſuall heape of humane miſeries,
His Mother bore him to. Vouchſafe me then
(Without all ruth of what I can ſuſtaine)
The plaine and ſimple truth of all you know.
Let me beſeech ſo much. If euer vow
Was made, and put in good effect to you
At *Troy* (where ſuffrance bred you ſo much ſmart)
Vpon my Father, good *Vlyſſes* part;
And quit it now to me (himſelfe in youth)
Vnfolding onely the vncloſed truth.
He (deeply ſighing) anſwerd him: O ſhame
That ſuch poore vaſſals ſhould affect the fame,
To ſhare the ioyes of ſuch a Worthies Bed!

As when a Hinde (her calues late farrowed
To giue ſucke) enters the bold Lions den:
He, rootes of hils, and herbie vallies then
For food (there feeding) hunting: but at length
Returning to his Caue-rne; giues his ſtrength
The liues of both the mother and her brood,
In deaths indecent; ſo the wooers blood
Muſt pay *Vlyſſes* powres, as ſharpe an end.
O would to *Ioue*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,
(The wiſe *Minerua*) that thy Father were
As once he was, when he his ſpirits did rere
Againſt *Philomelides*, in a fight
Performd in well-built *Lesbos*; where, downe-right
He ſtrooke the earth with him; and gat a ſhout
Of all the Grecians. O, if now, full out
He were as then; and with the wooers cop't,
Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't
Would proue as deſperate. But for thy demand,
Enforc't with prayrs; Ile let thee vnderſtand
The truth directly; nor decline a thought;
Much leſſe deceiue, or ſooth thy ſearch in ought.
But what the old, and ſtill-true-ſpoken God,
That from the ſea breathes oracles abroad,
Diſcloſde to me; to thee Ile all impart,
Nor hide one word from thy ſollicitous heart.

Menelai nauigatio.

I was in *Ægypt*; where a mightie time,
The Gods detaind me: though my naturall clime,
I neuer ſo deſir'd; becauſe their homes
I did not greete, with perfect Hecatomes.
For they will put men euermore in mind,
How much their maſterly commandments bind.
There is (beſides) a certaine Iland, calld
Pharos, that with the high-wau'd ſea is walld;
Iuſt againſt *Ægypt*; and ſo much remote,
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale ſmote,
A hollow ſhip can ſaile. And this Ile beares
A Port, moſt portly; where ſea-paſſengers
Put in ſtill for freſh water, and away
To ſea againe. Yet here the Gods did ſtay
My Fleete, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are
Maſters at ſea) no proſprous puffe would ſpare,
To put vs off: and all my victles here,
Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were;
Had not a certaine Goddeſſe giuen regard,
And pittide me in an eſtate ſo hard:
And twas *Edothea*, honourd *Proteus* ſeed,
That old ſea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
With my compaſſion, when (walkt all alone,

From

From all my ſouldiers, that were euer gone
About the Ile on fiſhing, with hookes bent;
Hunger, their bellies, on her errand ſent)
She came cloſe to me; ſpake; and thus began:
Of all men, thou art the moſt fooliſh man,
Or ſlacke in buſineſſe; or ſtayſt here of choice;
And doeſt in all thy ſuffrances reioyce;
That thus long liu'ſt detaind here; and no end
Canſt giue thy tarriance. Thou doeſt much offend
The minds of all thy fellowes. I replied:
Who euer thou art of the Deified,
I muſt affirme, that no way with my will,
I make abode here: but, it ſeemes, ſome ill
The Gods, inhabiting broad heauen, ſuſtaine
Againſt my getting off. Informe me then,
(For Godheads all things know) what God is he
That ſtayes my paſſage, from the fiſhie ſea?
Stranger (ſaid ſhe) Ile tell thee true: there liues
An old Sea-farer in theſe ſeas, that giues
A true ſolution of all ſecrets here.
Who, deathleſſe *Proteus* is, th'Ægyptian Peere:
Who can the deepes of all the ſeas exquire;
Who *Neptunes* Prieſt is; and (they ſay) the Sire
That did beget me. Him, if any way
Thou couldſt inueagle, he would cleare diſplay
Thy courſe from hence; and how farre off doth lie
Thy voyages whole ſcope through *Neptunes* skie.
Informing thee (O God preſerue) beſide
(If thy deſires would ſo be ſatisfide)
What euer good or ill hath got euent,
In all the time, thy long and hard courſe ſpent,
Since thy departure from thy houſe. This ſaid;
Againe I anſwerd: Make the ſleights diſplaid,
Thy Father vſeth; leſt his foreſight ſee,
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
He flies the fixt place of his vſde abode;
Tis hard for man to countermine with God.
She ſtrait replide: Ile vtter truth in all;
When heauens ſupremeſt height, the Sunne doth ſkall;
The old Sea-tell-truth leaues the deepes, and hides
Amidſt a blacke ſtorme, when the Weſt wind chides;
In caues ſtill ſleeping. Round about him ſleepe
(With ſhort feete ſwimming forth the fomie deepe)
The Sea-calues (louely *Haloſydnes* calld)
From whom a noiſome odour is exhalld,
Got from the whirle-pooles, on whoſe earth they lie.
Here, when the morne illuſtrates all the skie,
Ile guide, and ſeate thee, in the fitteſt place,

Idothea to Menelaus.

Idotheas counſell to take her father Proteus.

For

For the performance thou haſt now in chace.
In meane time, reach thy Fleete; and chuſe out three
Of beſt exploit, to go as aides to thee.
The ſleights of Proteus. But now Ile ſhew thee all the old Gods ſleights;
He firſt will number, and take all the ſights
Of thoſe, his guard, that on the ſhore arriues.
When hauing viewd, and told them forth by fiues;
He takes place in their midſt, and there doth ſleepe,
Like to a ſhepheard midſt his flocke of ſheepe.
In his firſt ſleepe, call vp your hardieſt cheare,
Vigor and violence, and hold him there,
In ſpite of all his ſtriuings to be gone.
He then will turne himſelfe to euery one
Of all things that in earth creepe and reſpire,
In water ſwim, or ſhine in heauenly fire.
Yet ſtill hold you him firme; and much the more
Preſſe him from paſſing. But when, as before
(When ſleepe firſt bound his powres) his forme ye ſee,
Then ceaſſe your force, and th'old Heroe free;
And then demand, which heauen-borne it may bee
That ſo afflicts you, hindring your retreate,
And free ſea-paſſage to your natiue ſeate.
This ſaid, ſhe diu'd into the wauie ſeas;
And I my courſe did to my ſhips addreſſe,
That on the ſands ſtucke; where arriu'd, we made
Our ſupper readie. Then th'Ambroſian ſhade
Of night fell on vs; and to ſleepe we fell.
Roſie *Aurora* roſe; we roſe as well;
And three of them, on whom I moſt relied,
For firme at euery force; I chuſde, and hied
Strait to the many-riuer-ſerued ſeas.
And all aſſiſtance, askt the Deities.
Meane time *Edothea*, the ſeas broad breſt
Embrac't; and brought for me, and all my reſt,
Foure of the ſea-calues skins, but newly ſlead,
To worke a wile, which ſhe had faſhioned
Vpon her Father. Then (within the ſand
A couert digging) when theſe Calues ſhould land,
She ſate expecting. We came cloſe to her:
She plac't vs orderly; and made vs weare
Each one his Calues skin. But we then muſt paſſe
A huge exploit. The ſea-calues ſauour was
So paſſing ſowre (they ſtill being bred at ſeas)
It much afflicted vs: for who can pleaſe
Ironicè. To lie by one of theſe ſame ſea-bred whales?
But ſhe preſerues vs; and to memorie calls
A rare commoditie: ſhe fetcht to vs
Ambroſia, that an aire moſt odorous

Beares

Beares ſtill about it; which ſhe nointed round
Our either noſthrils; and in it quite drownd
The naſtie whale-ſmell. Then the great euent,
The whole mornes date, with ſpirits patient
We lay expecting. When bright Noone did flame
Forth from the ſea, in Sholes the ſea-calues came,
And orderly, at laſt, lay downe and ſlept
Along the ſands. And then th'old ſea-god crept
From forth the deepes; and found his fat calues there:
Suruaid, and numberd; and came neuer neare
The craft we vſde; but told vs fiue for calues.
His temples then diſeaſd, with ſleepe he ſalues;
And in ruſht we, with an abhorred crie:
Caſt all our hands about him manfully,
And then th'old Forger, all his formes began:
Firſt was a Lion, with a mightie mane;
Then next a Dragon; a pide Panther then;
A vaſt Boare next; and ſodainly did ſtraine
All into water. Laſt, he was a tree,
Curld all at top, and ſhot vp to the skie.
We, with reſolu'd hearts, held him firmly ſtill,
When th'old one (held to ſtreight for all his skill,
To extricate) gaue words, and queſtiond me:
Which of the Gods, O *Atreus* ſonne, (ſaid he)
Aduiſde and taught thy fortitude this ſleight,
To take and hold me thus, in my deſpight?
What asks thy wiſh now? I replide: Thou knowſt:
Why doeſt thou aske? What wiles are theſe thou ſhowſt?
I haue within this Ile, bene held for winde
A wondrous time; and can by no meanes find
An end to my retention. It hath ſpent
The very heart in me. Giue thou then vent
To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)
Which of the Godheads, doth ſo fowly fall
On my addreſſion home, to ſtay me here?
Auert me from my way? The ſiſhie cleare,
Barr'd to my paſſage? He replide: Of force
(If to thy home, thou wiſheſt free recourſe)
To *Ioue*, and all the other Deities,
Thou muſt exhibite ſolemne ſacrifice;
And then the blacke ſea for thee ſhall be cleare,
Till thy lou'd countries ſettl'd reach. But where
Aske theſe rites thy performance? Tis a fate
To thee and thy affaires appropriate,
That thou ſhalt neuer ſee thy friends, nor tred
Thy Countries earth; nor ſee inhabited
Thy ſo magnificent houſe; till thou make good
Thy voyage backe to the Ægyptian flood,

Proteus taken by Menelaus.

Whoſe

Whoſe waters fell from *Ioue*: and there haſt giuen
To *Ioue*, and all Gods, houſd in ample heauen,
Deuoted Hecatombs; and then free wayes
Shall open to thee; cleard of all delayes.
This told he; and me thought, he brake my heart,
In ſuch a long and hard courſe to diuert
My hope for home; and charge my backe retreat,
As farre as *Ægypt*. I made anſwer yet:
Father, thy charge Ile perfect; but before,
Reſolue me truly, if their naturall ſhore,
All thoſe Greeks, and their ſhips, do ſafe enioy,
That *Neſtor* and my ſelfe left, when from *Troy*
We firſt raiſde ſaile? Or whether any died
At ſea a death vnwiſht? Or (ſatisfied)
When warre was paſt, by friends embrac't, in peace
Reſign'd their ſpirits? He made anſwer: Ceaſe
To aske ſo farre; it fits thee not to be
So cunning in thine owne calamitie.
Nor ſeeke to learne; what learnd, thou ſhouldſt forget;
Mens knowledges haue proper limits ſet,
And ſhould not preaſe into the mind of God.
But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode)
Before thou buy this curious skill with teares.
Many of thoſe, whoſe ſtates ſo tempt thine eares,
Are ſtoopt by Death; and many left aliue:
One chiefe of which, in ſtrong hold doth ſuruiue,
Amidſt the broad ſea. Two, in their retreate,
Are done to death. I liſt not to repeate,
Who fell at *Troy*; thy ſelfe was there in fight.
But in returne, ſwift *Aiax* loſt the light,
In his long-oard ſhip. *Neptune* yet a while,
Saft him vnwrackt: to the *Gyraan* Ile,
The wracke of Aiax Oileus. A mightie Rocke remouing from his way.
And ſurely he had ſcapt the fatall day,
In ſpite of *Pallas*, if to that foule deed,
Caſſandra. He in her Phane did, (when he rauiſhed
The Troian Propheteſſe) he had not here
Adioynd an impious boaſt: that he would beare
(Deſpite the Gods) his ſhip ſafe through the waues
Then raiſde againſt him. Theſe his impious braues,
When *Neptune* heard; in his ſtrong hand he tooke
His maſſie Trident; and ſo ſoundly ſtrooke
The rocke *Gyraan*, that in two it cleft:
Of which, one fragment on the land he left;
The other fell into the troubld ſeas;
At which, firſt ruſht *Aiax Oileades*,
And ſplit his ſhip: and then himſelfe aflote
Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vaſt mote;

Till

Till hauing drunke a falt cup for his ſinne,
There periſht he. Thy brother yet did winne
The wreath from *Death*, while in the waues they ſtroue,
Afflicted by the reuerend wife of *Ioue*.
But when the ſteepe Mount of the *Malean* ſhore,
He ſeemd to reach; a moſt tempeſtuous blore,
Farre to the fiſhie world, that ſighes ſo ſore,
Strait rauiſht him againe; as farre away,
As to th'extreme bounds where the *Agrians* ſtay;
Where firſt *Thyeſtes* dwelt: but then his ſonne
Ægiſthus Thyeſtiades liu'd. This done,
When his returne vntoucht appeard againe;
Backe turnd the Gods the wind; and ſet him then
Hard by his houſe. Then, full of ioy, he left
His ſhip; and cloſe t'his countrie earth he cleft;
Kiſt it, and wept for ioy: powrd teare on teare,
To ſet ſo wiſhedly his footing there.
But ſee: a Sentinell that all the yeare,
Craftie *Ægiſthus*, in a watchtowre ſet
To ſpie his landing; for reward as great
As two gold talents; all his powres did call
To ſtrict remembrance of his charge; and all
Diſcharg'd at firſt ſight; which at firſt he caſt
On *Agamemnon*; and with all his haſt,
Informd *Ægiſthus*. He, an inſtant traine
Laid for his ſlaughter: Twentie choſen men
Of his *Plebeians*, he in ambuſh laid.
His other men, he charg'd to ſee puruaid
A Feaſt: and forth, with horſe and chariots grac't,
He rode t'inuite him: but in heart embrac't
Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,
With trecherous ſlaughter, the vnwary King.
Receiu'd him at a Feaſt; and (like an Oxe
Slaine at his manger) gaue him bits and knocks.
No one left of *Atrides* traine; nor one
Sau'd to *Ægiſthus*; but himſelfe alone:
All ſtrowd together there, the bloudie Court.
This ſaid: my ſoule he ſunke with his report:
Flat on the ſands I fell: teares ſpent their ſtore;
I, light abhord: my heart would liue no more.
When drie of teares; and tir'd with tumbling there;
Th'old *Tel-truth* thus my danted ſpirits did cheare:
No more ſpend teares nor time, ô *Atreus* ſonne;
With ceaſt ſſe weeping, neuer wiſh was wonne.
Vſe vttermoſt aſſay to reach thy home,
And all vnwares vpon the murtherer come,
(For torture) taking him thy ſelfe, aliue;
Or let *Oreſtes*, that ſhould farre out-ſtriue

Agamemnons ſlaughter by Ægiſthus trechery.

Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
Of ſuch a darke ſoule: and do thou the right
Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feaſt.
With theſe laſt words, I fortifide my breaſt;
In which againe, a generous ſpring began,
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
But, as a brother, I muſt euer mourne.
Yet forth I went; and told him the returne
Of theſe I knew: but he had nam'd a third,
Held on the broad ſea; ſtill with life inſpir'd;
Whom I beſought to know, though likewiſe dead,
And I muſt mourne alike. He anſwered:
He is *Laertes* ſonne; whom I beheld
In Nymph *Calypſos* Pallace; who compeld
His ſtay with her: and ſince he could not ſee
His countrie earth, he mournd inceſſantly.
For he had neither ſhip, inſtruct with oares,
Nor men to fetch him from thoſe ſtranger ſhores.
Where, leaue we him; and to thy ſelfe deſcend;
Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death ſhall end;
But the immortall ends of all the earth,
So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,
Eliſium deſcribed. (The fields *Eliſian*) Fate to thee will giue:
Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men liue
A neuer-troubld life: where ſnow, nor ſhowres,
Nor irkſome Winter ſpends his fruitleſſe powres;
But from the Ocean, *Zephyre* ſtill reſumes
A conſtant breath, that all the fields perfumes.
Which, ſince thou marriedſt *Hellen*, are thy hire;
And *Ioue* himſelfe, is by her ſide thy Sire.
Proteus leaueth Menelaus. This ſaid; he diu'd the deepſome watrie heapes;
I, and my tried men, tooke vs to our ſhips;
And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my ſteps.
Arriu'd and ſhipt, the ſilent ſolemne Night,
And Sleepe bereft vs of our viſuall light.
At morne, maſts, ſailes reard, we ſate; left the ſhores,
And beate the ſomie Ocean with our oares.
Againe then we, the *Ioue*-falne flood did fetch,
As farre as *Ægypt*: where we did beſeech
The Gods with Hecatombs; whoſe angers ceaſt;
I toomb'd my brother, that I might be bleſt.
All rites performd; all haſte I made for home;
And all the proſprous winds about were come;
I had the Paſport now of euery God,
And here cloſde all theſe labours period.
Here ſtay then, till th'eleuenth or twelfth daies light;
And Ile diſmiſſe thee well; gifts exquiſite
Preparing for thee: Chariot, horſes three;

A Cup of curious frame to ſerue for thee,
To ſerue th'immortall Gods with ſacrifice;
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.
He anſwerd: Stay me not too long time here;
Though I could ſit, attending all the yeare:
Nor ſhould my houſe, nor parents, with deſire,
Take my affections from you; ſo on fire
With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but ſo;
My *Pylian* friends, I ſhall afflict with wo,
Who mourne euen this ſtay. Whatſoeuer be
The gifts your Grace is to beſtow on me;
Vouchſafe them ſuch, as I may beare and ſaue,
For your ſake euer. Horſe, I liſt not haue,
To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leaue them here,
To your ſoiles dainties; where the broad fields beare
Sweet *Cypers* graſſe; where men-fed Lote doth flow;
Where wheate-like Spelt; and wheate it ſelfe doth grow;
Where Barley, white, and ſpreading like a tree:
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be
(For any length it comprehends) a race
To trie a horſes ſpeed: nor any place
To make him fat in: fitter farre to feed
A Cliffe-bred Goate, then raiſe or pleaſe a Steed.
Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth leaſt prouide,
Or meades to feed a horſe, or wayes to ride.
He, ſmiling ſaid: Of good bloud art thou (ſonne):
What ſpeech, ſo yong? what obſeruation
Haſt thou made of the world? I well am pleaſde
To change my gifts to thee; as being confeſſd
Vnfit indeed: my ſtore is ſuch, I may.
Of all my houſe-gifts then, that vp I lay
For treaſure there, I will beſtow on thee
The faireſt, and of greateſt price to me.
I will beſtow on thee a rich caru'd Cup
Of ſiluer all: but all the brims wrought vp
With fineſt gold: it was the onely thing
That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King
Preſented to me, when we were to part
At his receit of me; and twas the Art
Of that great Artiſt, that of heauen is free;
And yet euen this, will I beſtow on thee.
This ſpeech thus ended; gueſts came, and did bring
Muttons (for Preſents) to the God-like King:
And ſpirit-prompting wine, that ſtrenuous makes.
Their Riband-wreathed wiues, brought fruit and cakes.
Thus, in this houſe, did theſe their Feaſt apply:
And in *Vlyſſes* houſe, Actiuitie
The wooers practiſde: Toſſing of the Speare;

Telemachus to Menelaus.

Ithaca deſcribed by Telemachus.

The wooers conſpiracie againſt Telemachus.

The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where
They exerciſde ſuch inſolence before:
Euen in the Court, that wealthy pauements wore.
Antinous did ſtill their ſtrifes decide;
And he that was in perſon deifide
Eurymachus; both ring-leaders of all;
For in their vertues they were principall.
These, by *Noemon* (ſonne to *Phronius*)
Were ſided now; who made the queſtion thus:
Antinous! does any friend here know,
When this *Telemachus* returnes? or no,
From ſandie *Pylos*? He made bold to take
My ſhip with him: of which, I now ſhould make
Fit vſe my ſelfe; and ſaile in her as farre
As ſpacious *Elis*; where, of mine, there are
Twelue delicate Mares; and vnder their ſides, go
Laborious Mules, that yet did neuer know
The yoke, nor labour: ſome of which ſhould beare
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.
This ſpeech, the reſt admir'd; nor dreamd that he
Nelcian Pylos, euer thought to ſee;
But was at field about his flocks ſuruey:
Or thought, his heardſmen held him ſo away.
Eupitheus ſonne, *Antinous*, then replied:
When went he? or with what Traine dignified
Of his ſelected *Ithacenſian* youth?
Preſt men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truth.
Could he effect this? let me truly know:
To gaine thy veſſell, did he violence ſhow,
And vſde her gainſt thy will? or had her free,
When fitting queſtion, he had made with thee?
Noemon anſwerd: I did freely giue
My veſſell to him; who deſerues to liue,
That would do other? when ſuch men as he,
Did in diſtreſſe aske? he ſhould churliſh be,
That would denie him: Of our youth, the beſt
Amongſt the people; to the intereſt
His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,
With all the tribute, all their powres could pay.
Their Captaine (as he tooke the ſhip) I knew;
Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities ſhew,
Maskt in his likeneſſe. But to thinke twas he,
I much admire; for I did clearly ſee,
But yeſter morning, God-like *Mentor* here;
Yet, th'other euening, he tooke ſhipping there,
And went for *Pylos*. Thus went he for home,
And left the reſt, with enuie ouercome:
Who ſate; and paſtime left. *Eupitheus* ſonne

Sad

(Sad, and with rage, his entrailes ouerrunne)
His eyes like flames; thus interpoſde his ſpeech.
Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach,
Is here committed by *Telemachus*?
A boy, a child; and we, a ſort of vs,
Vowd gainſt his voyage; yet admit it thus,
With ſhip, and choiſe youth of our people too?
But let him on; and all his miſchiefe do;
Ioue ſhall conuert vpon himſelfe his powres,
Before their ill preſum'd, he brings on ours.
Prouide me then a ſhip, and twentie men
To giue her manage; that againſt again
He turnes for home; on th'*Ithacenſian* ſeas,
Or Cliffie *Samian*; I may interpreaſe;
Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,
Saile with his ruine, for his Father ſaf't.
This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do;
Roſe, and to greete *Vlyſſes* houſe, did go.
But long time paſt not, ere *Penelope*
Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.
Medon the Herald told her; who had heard
Without the Hall, how they within conferd:
And haſted ſtrait, to tell it to the Queene:
Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* ſeene
Preuents him thus: Now Herald; what affaire
Intend the famous woo'rs, in your repaire?
To tell *Vlyſſes* maids, that they muſt ceaſſe
From doing our worke, and their banquets dreſſe?
I would to heauen, that (leauing wooing me,
Nor euer troubling other companie)
Here might the laſt Feaſt be, and moſt extreme,
That euer any ſhall addreſſe for them.
They neuer meete, but to conſent in ſpoile,
And reape the free fruites of anothers toile.
O did they neuer, when they children were,
What to their Fathers, was *Vlyſſes*, heare?
Who neuer did gainſt any one proceed,
With vniuſt vſage, or in word or deed?
Tis yet with other Kings, another right,
One to purſue with loue, another ſpight;
He ſtill yet iuſt; nor would, though might deuoure;
Nor to the worſt, did euer taſte of powre.
But their vnruld acts, ſhew their minds eſtate:
Good turnes receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.
Medon, the learn'd in wiſedome, anſwerd her:
I wiſh (O Queene) that their ingratitudes were
Their worſt ill towards you: but worſe by farre,
And much more deadly their endeuours are;

Antinous angrie for the ſcape of Telemachus.

Penelope to Medon.

Medon to Penelope relates the voyage of Telemachus.

Which *Ioue* will faile them in. *Telemachus*
Their purpoſe is (as he returnes to vs)
To giue their ſharpe ſteeles in a cruell death:
Who now is gone to learne, if *Fame* can breathe
Newes of his Sire; and will the *Pylian* ſhore,
And ſacred *Sparta*, in his ſearch explore.
This newes diſſolu'd to her both knees and heart,
Long ſilence held her, ere one word would part:
Her eyes ſtood full of teares; her ſmall ſoft voice,
All late vſe loſt; that yet at laſt had choice
Of wonted words; which briefly thus ſhe vſde:
Why left my ſonne his mother? why refuſde
His wit the ſolid ſhore, to trie the ſeas,
And put in ſhips the truſt of his diſtreſſe?
That are at ſea to men vnbridld horſe,
And runne, paſt rule, their farre-engaged courſe,
Amidſt a moiſture, paſt all meane vnſtaid?
No need compeld this: did he it, afraid
To liue and leaue poſteritie his name?
I know not (he replide) if th'humor came
From current of his owne inſtinct, or flowd
From others inſtigations; but he vowd
Attempt to *Pylos*; or to ſee deſcried
His Sires returne, or know what death he died.
This ſaid; he tooke him to *Vlyſſes* houſe
After the wooers; the *Vlyſſean* Spouſe
(Runne through with woes) let *Torture* ſeiſe her mind;
Nor, in her choice of ſtate-chaires, ſtood enclin'd
To take her ſeate; but th'abiect threſhold chôſe
Of her faire chamber, for her loth'd repoſe;
And mournd moſt wretch-like. Round about her fell
Her hand maids, ioynd in a continuate yell.
From euery corner of the Pallace, all
Of all degrees, run'd to her comforts fall
Their owne deiections: to whom, her complaint
She thus enforc't: The Gods beyond conſtraint
Of any meaſure, vrge theſe teares on me;
Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,
So paſt degree grieu'd. Firſt, a Lord, ſo good,
That had ſuch hardie ſpirits in his blood.
That all the vertues was adornd withall;
That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,
To part with thus, and loſe. And now a ſonne
So worthily belou'd, a courſe to runne
Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempeſts haue
Made farre from home, his moſt inglorious graue.
Vnhappie wenches, that no one of all,
(Though in the reach of euery one, muſt fall

Penelope reuoketh her Ladies for not telling her of Telemachus.

His

His taking ſhip) ſuſtaind the carefull mind,
To call me from my bed; who, this deſignd,
And moſt vowd courſe in him, had either ſtaid,
(How much ſoeuer haſted) or dead laid
He ſhould haue left me. Many a man I haue,
That would haue calld old *Dolius* my ſlaue,
(That keepes my Orchard, whom my Father gaue
At my departure) to haue runne, and told
Laertes this; to trie if he could hold
From running through the people; and from teares,
In telling them of theſe vowd murtherers;
That both diuine *Vlyſſes* hope, and his,
Reſolue to end their conſpiracies.
His Nurſe then, *Eurycleа* made reply:
Deare Soueraigne, let me with your owne hands die;
Or caſt me off here; Ile not keepe from thee,
One word of what I know: He truſted me
With all his purpoſe; and I gaue him all
The bread and wine, for which he pleaſd to call.
But then a mightie oath he made me ſweare,
Not to report it to your royall eare,
Before the twelfth day either ſhould appeare,
Or you ſhould aske me, when you heard him gone.
Empaire not then your beauties with your mone,
But waſh, and put vnteare-ſtaind garments on:
Aſcend your chamber, with your Ladies here;
And pray the ſeed of Goat-nurſt *Iupiter*,
(Diuine *Athenia*) to preſerue your ſonne;
And ſhe will ſaue him from confuſion.
Th'old King, to whom your hopes ſtand ſo inclin'd,
For his graue counſels, you perhaps may find
Vnfit affected, for his ages ſake.
But heauen-kings waxe not old; and therefore make
Fit pray'rs to them; for my thoughts neuer will
Beleeue the heauenly powres conceit ſo ill,
The ſeed of righteous *Arceſiades*,
To end it vtterly; but ſtill will pleaſe
In ſome place euermore, ſome one of them
To ſaue; and decke him with a Diadem:
Giue him poſſeſſion of erected Towres,
And farre-ſtretcht fields, crownd all of fruits and flowres.
This eaſd her heart, and dride her humorous eies,
When hauing waſht, and weeds of ſacrifiſe
(Pure, and vnſtaind with her diſtruſtfull teares)
Put on; (with all her women-miniſters)
Vp to a chamber of moſt height, ſhe roſe;
And cakes of ſalt and barly did impoſe
Within a wicker basket; all which broke

Eurycleа an pious comfort of Penelope.

Laertes ſonne to Arceſius the ſon of Iupiter.

In decent order; thus ſhe did inuoke:

Penelope to Pallas.

Great Virgin of the Goat-preſerued God;
If euer the inhabited abode
Of wiſe *Vlyſſes*, held the fatted Thies
Of ſheepe and Oxen, made thy ſacrifice
By his deuotion; heare me; nor forget
His pious ſeruices; but ſafe ſee ſet
His deare ſonne, on theſe ſhores; and baniſh hence
Theſe wooers, paſt all meane in inſolence.
This ſaid, ſhe ſhriekt; and *Pallas* heard her praire.
The wooers broke with tumult all the aire
About the ſhadie houſe; and one of them,
Whoſe pride, his youth had made the more extreme,
Said; Now the many-wooer-honourd Queene,
Will ſurely ſatiate her delayfull ſpleene,
And one of vs, in inſtant nuptials take.
Poore Dame, ſhe dreames not, what deſigne we make,
Vpon the life and ſlaughter of her ſonne.
So ſaid he; but ſo ſaid, was not ſo done;

Antinous to the reſt.

Whoſe arrogant ſpirit, in a vaunt ſo vaine,
Antinous chid; and ſaid; For ſhame containe
Theſe brauing ſpeeches; who can tell who heares?
Are we not now in reach of others eares?
If our intentions pleaſe vs, let vs call
Our ſpirits vp to them, and let ſpeeches fall.
By watchfull Danger, men muſt ſilent go:
What we reſolue on, let's not ſay, but do.
This ſaid; he chuſde out twentie men, that bore
Beſt reckning with him; and to ſhip and ſhore,
All haſted; reacht the ſhip, lancht, raiſd the maſt;
Put ſailes in; and with leather loopes made faſt
The oares; Sailes hoiſted; Armes their men did bring;
All giuing ſpeed, and forme to euery thing.
Then to the high-deepes, their riggd veſſell driuen,
They ſupt; expecting the approching Euen.
Meane ſpace, *Penelope* her chamber kept,
And bed, and neither eate, nor dranke, nor ſlept;
Her ſtrong thoughts wrought ſo on her blameleſſe ſonne;
Still in contention, if he ſhould be done
To death; or ſcape the impious wooers deſigne.
Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine
To hunt, and cloſe him in a craftie ring;
Much varied thought conceiues; and feare doth ſting
For vrgent danger: So far'd ſhe, till ſleepe,
All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerues did ſteepe
In his diſſoluing humor. When (at reſt)
Pallas her fauours varied; and addreſt
An Idoll, that *Iphthima* did preſent

In * ſtructure of her euery lineament;
Great-ſould *Icarius* daughter: whom, for Spouſe
Eumelus tooke, that kept in *Pheria* houſe.
This, to diuine *Vlyſſes* houſe ſhe ſent,
To trie her beſt meane, how ſhe might content
Mournfull *Penelope*, and make Relent
The ſtrict addiction in her to deplore.
This Idoll (like a *worme, that leſſe or more,
Contracts or ſtraines her) did it ſelfe conuey,
Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,
Into the chamber; and aboue her head,
Her ſeate aſſuming, thus ſhe comforted
Diſtreſt *Penelope*. Doth ſleepe thus ſeaſe
Thy powres, affected with ſo much diſeaſe?
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not ſee
Thy teares nor griefes, in any leaſt degree,
Suſtaind with cauſe; for they will guard thy ſonne,
Safe to his wiſht, and natiue manſion;
Since he is no offender of their States;
And they to ſuch, are firmer then their Fates.
The wiſe *Penelope* receiu'd her thus;
(Bound with a ſlumber moſt delicious,
And in the Port of dreames) O ſiſter, why
Repaire you hither? ſince ſo farre off lie
Your houſe and houſhold? You were neuer here
Before this houre; and would you now giue cheare
To my ſo many woes and miſeries?
Affecting fitly all the faculties
My ſoule and mind hold: hauing loſt before
A husband, that of all the vertues bore
The Palme amongſt the Greeks; and whoſe renowne
So ample was, that *Fame* the ſound hath blowne
Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heart.
And now againe; a ſonne that did conuert
My whole powres to his loue, by ſhip is gone.
A tender Plant, that yet was neuer growne
To labours taſte, nor the commerce of men;
For whom, more then my husband I complaine;
And leſt he ſhould at any ſufferance touch
(Or in the ſea, or by the men ſo much
Eſtrang'd to him, that muſt his conſorts be)
Feare and chill tremblings, ſhake each ioynt of me.
Beſides: his danger ſets on, foes profeſt
To way-lay his returne; that haue addreſt
Plots for his death. The ſcarce-diſcerned Dreame,
Said: Be of comfort; nor feares ſo extreme,
Let thus diſmay thee; thou haſt ſuch a mate
Attending thee, as ſome at any rate

* Αρμοι membrorum ſtructura.

* ωρη κεκλιδι, Ipſarra. Ipſat, affectus curculionis ſignificat quod longior & gracilior euaſerit.

Minerua ſub Iphthimæ perſona, ſolatur Penelopen in ſomnis.

Penelope to the Dreame.

Would

Would wish to purchase, for her powre is great;
Minerua pities thy delights defeate:
Whose Grace hath sent me to foretell thee theese.
Penelope to the Idol. If thou (said she) be of the Goddesses,
And heardst her tell thee these; thou mayst as well
From her, tell all things else; daigne then to tell,
If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,
(My husband) liues; and sees the Sunne adorne
The darksome earth; or hides his wretched head
In *Plutos* house, and liues amongst the dead?
I will not (she replide) my breath exhale,
In one continude, and perpetuall tale;
Liues he, or dies he. Tis a filthy vse,
To be in vaine and idle speech profuse.
This said, she through the key-hole of the dore
Vanisht againe into the open blore.
Icarius daughter started from her sleepe,
And *Ioyes* fresh humor, her lou'd brest did steepe:
When now so cleare, in that first watch of night,
She saw the seene dreame vanish from her sight.
The wooers (shipt) the seas moist waues did plie;
And thought the Prince, a haughtie death should die.
There lies a certaine Iland in the sea,
Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Rhaca*,
That cliffie is it selfe, and nothing great;
Yet holds conuenient hauens, that two waies let
Ships in and out; calld *Asteris:* and there
The wooers hop't to make their massakere.

Finis libri quarti Hom. Odyss.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

A *Second Court, on* Ioue *attends;*
Who, Hermes *to* Calypſo *ſends;*
Commanding her to cleare the wayes
Vlyſſes *ſought; and ſhe obayes.*
When Neptune *ſaw* Vlyſſes *free,*
And, ſo in ſafetie, plow the ſea;
Enrag'd, he ruffles vp the waues,
And ſplits his ſhip. Leucothea *ſaues*
His perſon yet; as being a Dame,
Whoſe Godhead gouernd in the frame
Of thoſe ſeas tempers. But the meane
By which ſhe curbs dread Neptunes *ſpleene,*
Is made a Iewell; which ſhe takes
From off her head; and that ſhe makes
Vlyſſes *on his boſome weare,*
About his necke, ſhe ties it there:
And when he is with waues beſet,
Bids weare it as an Amulet;
Commanding him, that not before
He toucht vpon Phæacias *ſhore,*
He ſhould not part with it; but then
Returne it to the ſea againe,
And caſt it from him. He performes;
Yet after this, bides bitter ſtormes;
And in the rockes, ſees Death engrau'd;
But on Phæacias *ſhore is ſau'd.*

Another.

E. Vlyſſes *builds*
A ſhip; and gaines
The Gaſſie fields;
Payes Neptune *paines.*

AVrora roſe from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,
That men and Gods might be illuſtrated:
And then the Deities ſate. Imperiall *Ioue*,
That makes the horrid murmure beate aboue,
Tooke place paſt all; whoſe height for euer ſprings;
And from whom flowes th'eternall powre of things.
Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlyſſes*) told
The many Cares, that in *Calypſos* hold,
He ſtill ſuſtaind; when he had felt before,
So much affliction, and ſuch dangers more.

Pallas to the Gods.

O Father, (ſaid ſhe) and ye euer bleſt;
Giue neuer King hereafter, intereſt
In any aide of yours, by ſeruing you;
By being gentle, humane, iuſt; but grow
Rude, and for euer ſcornfull of your rights;
All iuſtice ordring by their appetites.
Since he that ruld, as it in right behou'd,
That all his ſubiects, as his children lou'd,
Finds you ſo thoughtleſſe of him, and his birth.
Thus men begin to ſay, ye rule in earth;
And grudge at what ye let him vndergo;
Who yet the leaſt part of his ſufferance know:
Thralld in an Iland; ſhipwracke in his teares;
And in the fancies that *Calypſo* beares,
Bound from his birthright; all his ſhipping gone;
And of his ſouldiers, not retaining one.
And now his moſt-lou'd Sonnes life doth inflame
Their ſlaughterous enuies; ſince his Fathers fame
He puts in purſuite; and is gone as farre
As ſacred *Pyles*; and the ſingular
Dame breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,

Ioue to Pallas.

The Cloud-aſſembler anſwerd: What words flie
Thine owne remembrance (daughter) haſt not thou,
The counſell giuen thy ſelfe, that told thee how
Vlyſſes ſhall with his returne addreſſe
His wooers wrongs? And, for the ſafe acceſſe,
His Sonne ſhall make to his innatiue Port,
Do thou direct it, in as curious ſort,
As thy wit ſerues thee: it obeys thy powers;
And in their ſhip returne the ſpeedleſſe wowers.
Then turnd he to his iſſue *Mercurie*,

Ioue to Mercury

And ſaid: Thou haſt made good our Ambaſſie
To th'other Statiſt-; To the Nymph then now,
On whoſe faire head a tuft of gold doth grow;
Beare our true-ſpoken counſell; for retreat
Of patient *Vlyſſes*; who ſhall get
No aide from vs, nor any mortall man;

Ne quidem ullo deorum, ni fatè multos vinculis legatus.

But in a *patcht-vp skiffe, (built as he can,
And ſuffering woes enow) the twentith day
At fruitfull *Scheria*, let him breathe his way,
With the *Phæacians*, that halfe Deities liue;
Who like a God will honour him; and giue
His wiſedome clothes, and ſhip, and braſſe, and gold,
More then for gaine of *Troy* he euer told;
Where, at the whole diuiſion of the prey,
If he a ſauer were, or got away
Without a wound (if he ſhould grudge) twas well;
But th'end ſhall crowne all; therefore Fate will deale

So

So well with him; to let him land, and ſee
His natiue earth, friends, houſe and family.
Thus charg'd he; nor *Argicides* denied;
But to his feete, his faire wingd ſhooes he tied;
Ambroſian, golden; that in his command,
Put either ſea, or the vnmeaſur'd land,
With pace as ſpeedie as a puft of wind.
Then vp his Rod went; with which he declin'd
The eyes of any waker, when he pleaſd,
And any ſleeper, when he wiſht, diſeaſd.
This tooke; he ſtoopt *Pieria*; and thence
Glid through the aire; and *Neptunes* Confluence
Kiſt as he flew; and checkt the waues as light
As any Sea-mew, in her fiſhing flight,
Her thicke wings ſoucing in the ſauorie ſeas.
Like her, he paſt a world of wildernеſſe;
But when the far-off Ile, he touchd; he went
Vp from the blue ſea, to the Continent,
And reacht the ample Cauerne of the Queene;
Whom he within found; without, ſeldome ſeene.
A Sun-like fire vpon the harth did flame;
The matter precious, and diuine the frame;
Of Cedar cleft, and Incenſe was the Pile,
That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.
Her ſelfe was ſeated in an inner roome,
Whom ſweetly ſing he heard; and at her loome,
About a curious web; whoſe yarne ſhe threw
In, with a golden ſhittle. A Groue grew
In endleſſe ſpring about her Cauerne round;
With odorous Cypreſſe, Pines, and Poplars crownd,
Where Haulks, Sea-owles, and long-tongu'd Bittours bred;
And other birds their ſhadie pinions ſpred.
All Fowles maritimall; none rooſted there,
But thoſe whoſe labours in the waters were.
A Vine did all the hollow Caue embrace;
Still greene, yet ſtill ripe bunches gaue it grace.
Foure Fountaines, one againſt another powrd
Their ſiluer ſtreames; and medowes all enflowrd
With ſweete Balme-gentle, and blue Violets hid,
That deckt the ſoft breſts of each fragrant Mead.
Should any one (though he immortall were)
Arriue and ſee the ſacred obiects there;
He would admire them, and be ouer-ioyd;
And ſo ſtood *Hermes* rauiſht powres employd.
But hauing all admir'd, he entерd on
The ample Caue; nor could be ſeene vnknowne
Of great *Calypſo*, (for all Deities are
Prompt in each others knowledge; though ſo farre

Mercurij deſcriptio.

Deſcriptio ſpeciei Calypſus.

Seuerd in dwellings) but he could not ſee
Vlyſſes there within. Without was he
Set ſad aſhore; where twas his vſe to view
Th'vnquiet ſea; ſigh'd, wept, and emptie drew
His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne
(That beames caſt vp, to Admiration)
Diuine *Calypſo*, queſtion'd *Hermes* thus:

Calypſo to Mercurie. For what cauſe (deare, and much-eſteem'd by vs,
Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)
Arriu'ſt thou here? thou haſt not vſde t'apply
Thy paſſage this way. Say, what euer be
Thy hearts deſire, my mind commands it thee,
If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.
But firſt, what hoſpitable rights exact,
Come yet more neare, and take. This ſaid, ſhe ſet
A Table forth, and furniſht it with meate,
Such as the Gods taſte; and ſeru'd in with it,
Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, fit
He had confirmd his ſpirits; he thus expreſt

Mercurie to Calypſo. His cauſe of coming: Thou haſt made requeſt
(Goddeſſe of Goddeſſes) to vnderſtand
My cauſe of touch here: which thou ſhalt command,
And know with truth: *Ioue* cauſd my courſe to thee,
Againſt my will; for who would willingly
Lackey along ſo vaſt a lake of Brine?
Neare to no Citie; that the powres diuine
Receiues with ſolemne rites and Hecatombs?
But *Ioues* will euer, all law ouercomes;
No other God can croſſe or make it void.
And he affirmes, that one, the moſt annoid
With woes and toiles, of all thoſe men that fought
For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought
Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.
For in the tenth yeare, when roy Victorie
Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the ſpoile of *Troy*;
Returne they did profeſſe, but not enioy,
Since *Pallas* they incenſt; and ſhe, the waues
By all the winds powre, that blew ope their graues.
And there they reſted. Onely this poore one,
This Coaſt, both winds and waues haue caſt vpon:
Whom now forthwith he wils thee to diſmiſſe;
Affirming that th'vnalterd deſtinies,
Not onely haue decreed, he ſhall not die
Apart his friends; but of Neceſſitie
Enioy their ſights before thoſe fatall houres,
His countrie earth reach, and erected Towres.
This ſtrook, a loue-checkt horror through her powres;
When (naming him) ſhe this reply did giue:

Inſatiate

Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that liue,
In all things you affect; which still conuerts
Your powres to Enuies. It afflicts your hearts,
That any Goddesse should (as you obtaine
The vse of earthly Dames) enioy the men:
And most in open mariage. So ye far'd,
When the delicious-fingerd *Morning* shar'd
Orions bed: you easie-liuing States,
Could neuer satisfie your emulous hates,
Till in *Ortygia*, the precise-liu'd Dame
(Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,
And with her swift shafts slue him. And such paines,
(When rich-haird *Ceres* pleasd to giue the raines
To her affections; and the grace did yeeld
Of loue and bed amidst a three-crop field,
To her *Iasion*) he paid angrie *Ioue*;
Who lost, no long time, notice of their loue;
But with a glowing lightning, was his death.
And now your enuies labour vnderneath
A mortals choice of mine; whose life, I tooke
To liberall safetie; when his ship, *Ioue* strooke
With red-hote flashes, peece-meale in the seas,
And all his friends and souldiers, succourlesse
Perisht but he. Him, cast vpon this coast
With blasts and billowes; I (in life giuen lost)
Preseru'd alone; lou'd, nourisht, and did vow
To make him deathlesse; and yet neuer grow
Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.
But since no reason may be made so strong,
To striue with *Ioues* will, or to make it vaine;
No not if all the other Gods should straine
Their powres against it; let his will be law;
So he affoord him fit meanes to withdraw,
(As he commands him) to the raging Maine:
But meanes from me, he neuer shall obtaine,
For my meanes yeeld, nor men, nor ship, nor oares,
To set him off, from my so enuied shores.
But if my counsell and goodwill can aide
His safe passe home, my best shall be assaid.
Vouchsafe it so, (said heauens Ambassador)
And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre
T'incense *Ioues* wrath against thee; that with grace
He may hereafter, all thy wish embrace.
Thus tooke the *Argus*-killing God, his wings.
And since the reuerend *Nymph*, these awfull things
Receiu'd from *Ioue*; she to *Vlysses* went:
Whom she ashore found, drownd in discontent;
His eyes kept neuer drie, he did so mourne,

Calypsos displeasd reply to Mercurie.

Mercurie leaues Calypso.

And waſte his deare age, for his wiſht returne.
Which ſtill without the Caue he vſde to do,
Becauſe he could not pleaſe the Goddeſſe ſo.
At night yet (forc't) together tooke their reſt,
The willing Goddeſſe, and th'vnwilling Gueſt.
But he, all day in rockes, and on the ſhore
The vext ſea viewd; and did his Fate deplore.
Him, now, the Goddeſſe (coming neare) beſpake:

Calypſo to Vlyſſes

Vnhappie man; no more diſcomfort take,
For my conſtraint of thee; nor waſte thine age;
I now will paſſing freely diſengage
Thy irkſome ſtay here. Come then, fell thee wood,
And build a ſhip, to ſaue thee from the flood.
Ile furniſh thee with freſh wine; bread and wine,
Ruddie and ſweet, that will the * Piner pine;

Hunger.

Put garments on thee; giue thee winds foreright;
That euery way thy home-bent appetite
May ſafe attaine to it; if ſo it pleaſe
At all parts, all the heauen-houſd Deities!
That more in powre are, more in skill then I;
And more can iudge, what fits humanitie.
He ſtood amaz'd, at this ſtrange change in her;

Vlyſſes to Calypſo

And ſaid: O Goddeſſe! thy intents preferre
Some other proiect, then my parting hence;
Commanding things of too high conſequence
For my performance. That my ſelfe ſhould build
A ſhip of powre, my home aſſaies to ſhield
Againſt the great Sea, of ſuch dread to paſſe;
Which not the beſt-built ſhip that euer was,
Will paſſe exulting; when ſuch winds as *Ioue*
Can thunder vp, their trims and tacklings proue.
But could I build one, I would ne're aboord,
(Thy will oppoſde) nor (won) without thy word,
Giuen in the great oath of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the leaſt degree.
The Goddeſſe ſmilde; held hard his hand, and ſaid:
O y'are a ſhrewd one; and ſo habited
In taking heed; thou knowſt not what it is
To be vnwary; nor vſe words amiſſe.
How haſt thou charmd me, were I ne're ſo ſlie?

Calypſos oath.

Let earth know then; and heauen, ſo broad, ſo hie;
And th'vnder-ſunke waues of th'infernall ſtreame;
(Which is an oath, as terribly ſupreame,
As any God ſweares) that I had no thought,
But ſtood with what I ſpake; nor would haue wrought,
Nor counſeld any act, againſt thy good;
But euer diligently weighd, and ſtood
On thoſe points in perſwading thee; that I

Would

Would vſe my ſelfe in ſuch extremitie.
For my mind ſimple is, and innocent;
Not giuen by cruell ſleights to circumuent;
Nor beare I in my breaſt a heart of ſteele,
But with the Sufferer, willing ſufferance feele.
This ſaid; the *Grace* of Goddeſſes led home;
He tract her ſteps; and (to the Cauerne come)
In that rich Throne, whence *Mercurie* aroſe,
He ſate. The *Nymph* her ſelfe did then appoſe
For food and beuridge to him; all beſt meate
And drinke, that mortals vſe to taſte and eate.
Then ſate ſhe oppoſite; and for her Feaſt,
Was *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* addreſt
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,
Did freely fall to. Hauing fitly far'd,
The *Nymph Calypſo* this diſcourſe began:
Ioue-bred *Vlyſſes*! many-witted man!
Still is thy home ſo wiſht? ſo ſoone, away?
Be ſtill of cheare, for all the worſt I ſay;
But if thy ſoule knew what a ſumme of woes
For thee to caſt vp, thy ſterne Fates impoſe,
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attaine;
Vndoubtedly thy choice would here remaine;
Keepe houſe with me, and be a liuer euer.
Which (me thinkes) ſhould thy houſe and thee diſſeuer;
Though for thy wife there, thou art ſet on fire,
And all thy dayes are ſpent in her deſire;
And though it be no boaſt in me to ſay,
In forme and mind, I match her euery way.
Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,
T'affect thoſe termes with vs, that deathleſſe are.
The great in counſels, made her this reply:
Renowm'd, and to be reuerenc'd Deitie!
Let it not moue thee, that ſo much I vow
My comforts to my wife; though well I know
All cauſe my ſelfe, why wiſe *Penelope*
In wit is farre inferiour to thee;
In feature, ſtature, all the parts of ſhow;
She being a mortall; an Immortall thou;
Old euer growing, and yet neuer old.
Yet her deſire, ſhall all my dayes ſee told;
Adding the ſight of my returning day,
And naturall home. If any God ſhall lay
His hand vpon me, as I paſſe the ſeas;
Ile beare the worſt of what his hand ſhall pleaſe;
As hauing giuen me ſuch a mind, as ſhall
The more ſtill riſe, the more his hand lets fall.
In warres and waues, my ſufferings were not ſmall.

Calypſos promiſe of immortalitie to Vlyſſes.

I now haue ſufferd much; as much before;
Hereafter let as much reſult, and more.
This ſaid; the Sunne ſet; and earth ſhadowes gaue;
When theſe two (in an in-roome of the Caue,
Left to themſelues) left Loue no rites vndone.
The early Morne vp; vp he roſe; put on
His in and out-weed. She, her ſelfe inchaces
Amidſt a white robe, full of all the *Graces*;
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like fiſhie skales.
A golden girdle then, her waſte empales;
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;
And now began *Vlyſſes* to go home.
A great Axe, firſt ſhe gaue, that two wayes cut;
In which a faire wel-poliſht helue was put,
That from an Oliue bough receiu'd his frame:
A plainer then. Then led ſhe till they came
To loftie woods, that did the Ile confine.
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-ſcaling Pine,
Had there their offſpring. Of which, thoſe that were
Of drieſt matter, and grew longeſt there,
He chuſde for lighter ſaile. This place, thus ſhowne,
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to felling downe;
And twentie trees he ſtoopt, in little ſpace;
Plaind, vſde his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.
In meane time did *Calypſo* wimbles bring.
He bor'd, cloſde, naild, and orderd euery thing;
And tooke how much a ſhip-wright will allow
A ſhip of burthen; (one that beſt doth know
What fits his Art) ſo large a Keele he caſt.
Wrought vp her decks, and hatches, ſide-boords, maſt;
With willow watlings armd her, to reſiſt
The billowes outrage; added all ſhe miſt;
Sail-yards, and ſterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought
Linnen for ſailes; which, with diſpatch, he wrought.
Gables, and halſters, tacklings. All the Frame
In foure dayes ſpace, to full perfection came.
The fift day, they diſmiſt him from the ſhore;
Weeds, neate, and odorous gaue him; victles ſtore;
Wine, and ſtrong waters, and a proſperous wind.
To which, *Vlyſſes* (fit to be diuin'd)
His ſailes expoſd, and hoiſed. Off he gat;
And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he ſat,
And ſter'd right artfully. No ſleepe could ſeiſe
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleiades*;
The Beare, ſurnam'd the Waine, that round doth moue
About *Orion*; and keepes ſtill aboue
The billowie Ocean. The ſlow-ſetting ſtarre,
Bootes calld, by ſome, the Waggonar.

This foure dayes worke (you will ſay) is too much for one man: and Plinie affirmes, that Hiero (a king of Sycile) in foure and forty dayes built two hundred and twentie ſhips, rigged them, and put to ſea with them.

Calypſo warnd him, he his courſe ſhould ſtere
Still to his left hand. Seuenteene dayes did cleare
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moiſt way;
And by the eighteenth light, he might diſplay
The ſhadie hils of the *Phæacian* ſhore;
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
The countrie did a pretie figure yeeld,
And lookt from off the darke ſeas, like a ſhield.
Imperious *Neptune* (making his retreate
From th'*Æthiopian* earth; and taking ſeate
Vpon the mountaines of the *Solymi*;
From thence, farre off diſcouering) did deſcrie
Vlyſſes, his fields plowing. All on fire
The ſight ſtrait ſet his heart; and made deſire
Of wreake runne ouer, it did boile ſo hie.
When (his head nodding) O impietie
(He cried out) now, the Gods inconſtancie
Is moſt apparent; altring their deſignes
Since I the *Æthiops* ſaw: and here confines
To this *Vlyſſes* fate, his miſery.
The great marke, on which all his hopes rely,
Lies in *Phæacia*. But I hope he ſhall
Feele woe at height, ere that dead calme befall.
This ſaid; he (begging) gatherd clouds from land;
Frighted the ſeas vp; ſnatcht into his hand,
His horrid Trident; and aloft did toſſe
(Of all the winds) all ſtormes he could engroſſe.
All earth tooke into ſea with clouds; grim *Night*
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.
The Eaſt and Southwinds iuſtled in the aire;
The violent *Zephire*, and *North*-making faire,
Rould vp the waues before them: and then, bent
Vlyſſes knees; then all his ſpirit was ſpent.
In which deſpaire, he thus ſpake: Woe is me!
What was I borne to? man of miſerie?
Feare tels me now, that all the Goddeſſe ſaid,
Truths ſelfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid
Griefes whole ſumme due from me, at ſea, before
I reacht the deare touch of my countries ſhore.
With what clouds *Ioue*, heauens heightned forehead binds?
How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds?
How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepes?
And in the bottomes, all the tops he ſteepes?
Thus dreadfull is the preſence of our death.
Thrice foure times bleſt were they that ſunke beneath
Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend,
But to renowme *Atrides* with their end?
I would to God, my houre of death, and Fate,

συνεχως
Meodicando
colligo.

That day had held the power to terminate;
When ſhowres of darts, my life bore vndepreſſ,
About diuine *Æacides* deceaſt.
Then had I bene allotted to haue died,
By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified;
(Whence *Death*, encouraging good life, had growne)
Where now I die, by no man mourn'd, nor knowne.
This ſpoke, a huge waue tooke him by the head,
And hurld him o're-boord: ſhip and all it laid
Inuerted quite amidſt the waues; but he
Farre off from her ſprawld, ſtrowd about the ſea:
His Sterne ſtill holding, broken off, his Maſt
Burſt in the midſt: ſo horrible a blaſt
Of mixt winds ſtrooke it. Sailes and ſaile-yards fell
Amongſt the billowes, and himſelfe did dwell
A long time vnder water: nor could get
In haſte his head out: waue with waue ſo met
In his depreſſion; and his garments too,
(Giuen by *Calypſo*) gaue him much to do,
Hindring his ſwimming; yet he left not ſo
His drenched veſſell, for the ouerthrow
Of her nor him; but gat at length againe
(Wreſtling with *Neptune*) hold of her; and then
Sate in her Bulke, inſulting ouer Death;
Which (with the ſalt ſtreame, preſt to ſtop his breath)
He ſcap't, and gaue the ſea againe; to giue
To other men. His ſhip ſo ſtriu'd to liue,
Floting at randon, cufft from waue to waue;
As you haue ſeene the *Northwind* when he draue
In *Autumne*, heapes of thorne-fed Graſhoppers,
Hither and thither; one heape this way beares,
Another that; and makes them often meete
In his confuſde gales; ſo *Vlyſſes* fleete,
The winds hurl'd vp and downe: now *Boreas*
Toſt it to *Notus*, *Notus* gaue it paſſe
To *Eurus*; *Eurus*, *Zephire* made it purſue
The horrid Tennis. This ſport calld the view
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele;
(*Ino Leucothea*) that firſt did feele
A mortall Dames deſires; and had a tongue.
But now had th'honor to be nam'd among
The marine Godheads. She, with pitie ſaw
Vlyſſes iuſtl'd thus, from flaw to flaw;
And (like a Cormorand, in forme and flight)
Roſe from a whirl-poole: on the ſhip did light,
Leucothea to Vlyſſes. And thus beſpeake him: Why is *Neptune* thus
In thy purſuite extremely furious,
Oppreſſing thee with ſuch a world of ill,

Euen

Euen to thy death? He muſt not ſerue his will,
Though tis his ſtudie. Let me then aduiſe,
As my thoughts ſerue; thou ſhalt not be vnwiſe
To leaue thy weeds and ſhip, to the commands
Of theſe rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,
Paſſe to *Phæacia*; where thy auſtere *Fate*,
Is to purſue thee with no more ſuch hate.
Take here this Tablet, with this riband ſtrung,
And ſee it ſtill about thy boſome hung;
By whoſe eternall vertue, neuer feare
To ſuffer thus againe, nor periſh here.
But when thou toucheſt with thy hand the ſhore,
Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;
But caſt it farre off from the Continent,
And then thy perſon farre aſhore preſent.
Thus gaue ſhe him the Tablet; and againe
(Turnd to a Cormorand) diu'd paſt ſight the Maine.
Patient *Vlyſſes* ſighd at this; and ſtucke
In the conceit of ſuch faire-ſpoken Lucke:
And ſaid; Alas I muſt ſuſpect euen this;
Leſt any other of the Deities
Adde ſleight to *Neptunes* force; to counſell me
To leaue my veſſell, and ſo farre off ſee
The ſhore I aime at. Not with thoughts too cleare
Will I obey her: but to me appeare
Theſe counſels beſt; as long as I perceiue
My ſhip not quite diſſolu'd, I will not leaue
The helpe ſhe may affoord me; but abide,
And ſuffer all woes, till the worſt be tride.
When ſhe is ſplit, Ile ſwim: no miracle can
Paſt neare and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.
While this diſcourſe emploid him, *Neptune* raiſd
A huge, a high, and horrid ſea, that ſeiſd
Him and his ſhip, and toſt them through the Lake;
As when the violent winds together take
Heapes of drie chaffe, and hurle them euery way;
So his long woodſtacke, *Neptune* ſtrooke aſtray.
Then did *Vlyſſes* mount on rib, perforce,
Like to a rider of a running horſe,
To ſtay himſelfe a time, while he might ſhift
His drenched weeds, that were *Calypſos* gift.
When putting ſtrait, *Leucotheas* Amulet
About his necke; he all his forces ſet
To ſwim; and caſt him proſtrate to the ſeas.
When powrefull *Neptune* ſaw the ruthleſſe preaſe
Of perils ſiege him thus; he mou'd his head,
And this betwixt him and his heart, he ſaid:
So, now feele ils enow, and ſtruggle ſo,

Vlyſſes ſtil ſuſpi-cious of faire fortunes.

Neptuni in Vlyſſem tolerumenta.

Till

Till to your *Ioue*-lou'd Ilanders you row.
But my mind ſayes, you will not ſo auoid
This laſt taske too, but be with ſufferance cloid.
This ſaid; his rich-man'd horſe he mou'd; and reacht
His houſe at *Ægas*. But *Minerua* ſtrecht
The winds from ſea; and all their wayes but one
Bard to their paſſage; the bleake *North* alone
She ſet to blow; the reſt, ſhe charg'd to keepe
Their rages in; and bind themſelues in ſleepe.
But *Boreas* ſtill flew high, to breake the ſeas,
Till *Ioue*-bred *Ithacus*, the more with eaſe,
The nauigation-skild *Phæacian* States
Might make his refuge; *Death*, and angrie *Fates*,
At length eſcaping. Two nights yet, and daies,
He ſpent in wreſtling with the ſable ſeas;
In which ſpace, often did his heart propoſe
Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* roſe,
And threw the third light from her orient haire;
The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;
Not one breath ſtirring. Then he might deſcrie
(Raiſd by the high ſeas) cleare, the land was nie.
Simile. And then, looke how to good ſonnes that eſteeme
Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreame,
Felt in ſome ſickneſſe, that hath held him long
Downe to his bed; and with affections ſtrong,
Waſted his bodie; made his life his lode;
As being inflicted by ſome angrie God)
When on their praires, they ſee deſcend at length
Health from the heauens, clad all in ſpirit and ſtrength;
The ſight is precious: ſo, ſince here ſhould end
Vlyſſes toiles; which therein ſhould extend
Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)
And on which, long for him, *Diſeaſe* did tire.
And then beſides, for his owne ſake to ſee
The ſhores, the woods ſo neare; ſuch ioy had he,
As thoſe good ſonnes for their recouerd Sire.
Then labourd feete and all parts, to aſpire
To that wiſht Continent; which, when as neare
He came, as *Clamor* might informe an eare;
He heard a ſound beate from the ſea-bred rocks,
Againſt which gaue a huge ſea horrid ſhocks,
That belcht vpon the firme land, weeds and ſome;
With which were all things hid there; where no roome
Of fit capacitie was for any port;
Nor (from the ſea) for any mans reſort;
The ſhores, the rocks, and cliffes ſo prominent were.
O (ſaid *Vlyſſes* then) now *Iupiter*
Hath giuen me ſight of an vnhop't for ſhore,

(Though

(Though I haue wrought theſe ſeas ſo long, ſo ſore)
Of reſt yet, no place ſhewes the ſlendreſt prints;
The rugged ſhore ſo briſtl'd is with flints:
Againſt which, euery way the waues ſo flocke;
And all the ſhore ſhewes as one eminent rocke.
So neare which, tis ſo deepe, that not a ſand
Is there, for any tired foote to ſtand:
Nor flie his death-faſt following miſeries,
Leſt if he land, vpon him fore-right flies
A churliſh waue, to cruſh him gainſt a Cliffe;
Worſe then vaine rendring, all his landing ſtriſe.
And ſhould I ſwim to ſeeke a hauen elſewhere,
Or land, leſſe way-beate; I may iuſtly feare
I ſhall be taken with a gale againe,
And caſt a huge way off into the Maine.
And there, the great Earth-ſhaker (hauing ſeene
My ſo neare landing; and againe, his ſpleene
Forcing me to him) will ſome Whale ſend our,
(Of which a horrid number here about,
His *Amphitrite* breeds) to ſwallow me.
I well haue prou'd, with what malignitie
He treds my ſteps. While this diſcourſe he held;
A curſt Surge, gainſt a cutting rocke impeld
His naked bodie, which it gaſht and tore;
And had his bones broke, if but one ſea more
Had caſt him on it. But * ſhe prompted him,
That neuer faild; and bad him no more ſwim
Still off and on; but boldly force the ſhore,
And hug the rocke, that him ſo rudely tore.
Which he, with both hands, ſigh'd and claſpt; till paſt
The billowes rage was; which ſcap'd; backe, ſo faſt
The rocke repulſt it, that it reft his hold,
Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.
And as the *Polypus*, that (forc't from home
Amidſt the ſoft ſea; and neare rough land come
For ſhelter gainſt the ſtormes that beate on her
At open ſea, as ſhe abroad doth erre)
A deale of grauill, and ſharpe little ſtones,
Needfully gathers in her hollow bones:
So he forc't hither, (by the ſharper ill,
Shunning the ſmoother) where he beſt hop't, ſtill
The worſt ſucceeded: for the cruell friend,
To which he clingd for ſuccour, off did rend
From his broad hands, the ſoken fleſh ſo ſore,
That off he fell, and could ſuſtaine no more.
Quite vnder water fell he; and, paſt Fate,
Hapleſſe *Vlyſſes*, there had loſt the ſtate
He held in life; if (ſtill the grey-eyd Maid,

* *Pallas.*

Per aſperiora vitare ſaxa.

His

His wiſedome prompting) he had not aſſaid
Another courſe; and ceaſt t'attempt that ſhore;
Swimming, and caſting round his eye, t'explore
Some other ſhelter. Then, the mouth he found
Of faire *Callicoes* flood; whoſe ſhores were crownd
With moſt apt ſuccors: Rocks ſo ſmooth, they ſeemd
Poliſht of purpoſe: land that quite redeemd
With breathleſſe couerts, th'others blaſted ſhores.
The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:
King of this Riuer! heare; what euer name
Makes thee inuokt: to thee I humbly frame
My flight from *Neptunes* furies; Reuerend is
To all the euer-liuing Deities,
What erring man ſoeuer ſeekes their aid.
To thy both flood and knees, a man diſmaid
With varied ſufferance ſues. Yeeld then ſome reſt
To him that is thy ſuppliant profeſt.
This (though but ſpoke in thought) the Godhead heard;
Her Current ſtrait ſtaid; and her thicke waues cleard
Before him, ſmooth'd her waters; and iuſt where
He praid, balſe drownd; entirely ſau'd him there.
Then forth he came, his both knees faltring; both
His ſtrong hands hanging downe; and all with froth
His cheeks and noſthrils flowing. Voice and breath
Spent to all vſe; and downe he ſunke to Death.
The ſea had ſoakt his heart through: all his vaines,
His toiles had rackt, t'a labouring *womans paines.
Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find
A paſſe reciprocall; and in his mind,
His ſpirit was recollected: vp he roſe,
And from his necke did th'Amulet vnloſe,
That *Ino* gaue him; which he hurld from him
To ſea. It ſounding fell; and backe did ſwim
With th'ebbing waters; till it ſtrait arriu'd,
Where *Inos* faire hand, it againe receiu'd.
Then kiſt he th'humble earth; and on he goes,
Till bulruſhes ſhewd place for his repoſe;
Where laid, he ſigh'd, and thus ſaid to his ſoule:
O me, what ſtrange perplexities controule
The whole skill of thy powres, in this euent?
What feele I? if till Care-nurſe Night be ſpent,
I watch amidſt the flood; the ſeas chill breath,
And vegetant dewes, I feare will be my death:
So low brought with my labours. Towards day,
A paſſing ſharpe aire euer breathes at ſea.
If I the pitch of this next mountaine ſcale,
And ſhadie wood; and in ſome thicket fall
Into the hands of Sleepe: though there the cold

*Ille ego qui quondam
à partu dolco.

May well be check'd; and healthfull ſlumbers hold
Her ſweete hand on my powres; all care allaid,
Yet there will beaſts deuoure me. Beſt appaid
Doth that courſe make me yet; for there, ſome ſtrife,
Strength, and my ſpirit, may make me make for life.
Which, though empaird, may yet be freſh applied,
Where perill, poſſible of eſcape is tried.
But he that fights with heauen, or with the ſea,
To Indiſcretion, addes Impietie.
Thus to the woods he haſted; which he found
Not farre from ſea; but on farre-ſeeing ground;
Where two twin vnder-woods, he enterd on;
With Oliue trees, and oile-trees ouergrowne:
Through which, the moiſt force of the loud-voic'd wind,
Did neuer beate; nor euer *Phœbus* ſhin'd;
Nor ſhowre beate through; they grew ſo one in one;
And had, by turnes, their powre t'exclude the Sunne.
Here entred our *Vlyſſes*, and a bed
Of leaues huge, and of huge abundance ſpred
With all his ſpeed. Large he made it; for there,
For two or three men, ample Couerings were;
Such as might ſhield them from the *Winters* wotſt;
Though * ſteele it breath'd; and blew as it would burſt.
Patient *Vlyſſes* ioyd, that euer day
Shewd ſuch a ſhelter. In the midſt he lay,
Store of leaues heaping high on euery ſide.
And as in ſome out-field, a man doth hide
A kindld brand, to keepe the ſeed of fire;
No neighbour dwelling neare; and his deſire
Seru'd with ſelfe ſtore; he elſe would aske of none;
But of his fore-ſpent ſparks, rakes th'aſhes on:
So this out-place, *Vlyſſes* thus receiues;
And thus nak't vertues ſeed, lies hid in leaues.
Yet *Pallas* made him ſleepe, as ſoone as men
Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatteries daine.
And all that all his labours could compriſe,
Quickly concluded, in his cloſed eies.

* A metaphoricall Hyperbole, expreſſing the Winters extremitie of ſharpneſſe.

Simile.

Finis libri quinti Hom. Odyſſ.

I THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

MInerua *in a viſion ſtands*
Before Nauſicaa; *and commands*
She to the flood her weeds ſhould beare,
For now her Nuptiall day was neare.
Nauſicaa *her charge obayes;*
And then with other virgins playes.
Their ſports make wak't Vlyſſes *riſe;*
Walke to them, and beſeech ſupplies
Of food and clothes. His naked ſight
Puts th'other Maids, afraid, to flight.
Nauſicaa *onely boldly ſtayes,*
And gladly his deſire obayes.
He (furniſht with her fauours ſhowne)
Attends her, and the reſt, to Towne.

Another.

Vlyſ. Here Oliue leaues
T'hide ſhame, began.
The Maide receiues
The naked man.

Σόμνο ὑ κάματο ἀγαμένοιο. Somno & labore afflictus. *Sleep (κεκμηῶτα) for the want of ſleepe.*

THE much-ſuſtaining, patient, heauenly Man,
Whom *Toile* and **Sleepe* had worne ſo weake and wan;
Thus wonne his reſt. In meane ſpace *Pallas* went
To the *Phæacian* citie; and deſcent
That firſt did broad *Hyperias* lands diuide,
Neare the vaſt *Cyclops*, men of monſtrous pride.
That preyd on thoſe *Hyperians*, ſince they were
Of greater powre; and therefore longer there
Diuine *Nauſithous* dwelt not; but aroſe,
And did for *Scheria*, all his powres diſpoſe:
Farre from ingenious Art-inuenting men.
But there did he erect a Citie then.
Firſt, drew a wall round; then he houſes builds;
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields
Laſtly diuiding. But he (ſtoopt by Fate)
Diu'd to th'infernals: and *Alcinous* ſate
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,
Commanding counſels. His houſe held the reach
Of grey *Minerua*s proiect; to prouide,
That great-ſould *Ithacus* might be ſupplide

With

With all things fitting his returne. She went
Vp to the chamber, where the faire *deſcent
Of great *Alcinous* ſlept. A maid, whoſe parts
In wit and beautie, wore diuine deſerts.
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore
Did ſeeme to lighten; ſuch a gloſſe it bore
Betwixt the poſts: and now flew ope, to find
The Goddeſſe entrie. Like a puft of wind
She reacht the Virgin bed. Neare which, there lay
Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did conuay,
Figure, and manners. But aboue the head
Of bright *Nauſicaa*, did *Pallas* tred
The ſubtle aire; and put the perſon on
Of *Dymas* daughter; from compariſon
Exempt in buſineſſe Nauall. Like his ſeed,
Minerua lookt now; * whom one yeare did breed,
With bright *Nauſicaa*; and who had gaind
Grace in her loue; yet on her thus complaind:
Nauſicaa! why bred thy mother one
So negligent, in rites ſo ſtood vpon
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie
Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nie.
When, rich in all attire, both thou ſhouldſt be,
And garments giue to others honoring thee,
That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name
Growes amongſt men for theſe things; they enflame
Father, and reuerend Mother with delight.
Come; when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night*,
Let's to the riuer, and repurifie
Thy wedding garments: my ſocietie
Shall freely ſerue thee, for thy ſpeedier aid,
Becauſe thou ſhalt no more ſtand on the Maid.
The beſt of all *Phæacia* wooe thy *Grace*,
Where thou wert bred, and ow'ſt thy ſelfe a race.
Vp, and ſtirre vp to thee thy honourd Sire,
To giue thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;
Vailes, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,
To beare in ſtate. It ſuites thy high-borne blood;
And farre more fits thee, then to foote ſo farre;
For far from towne thou knowſt the Bath-founts are.
This ſaid; away blue-eyd *Minerua* went
Vp to *Olympus*: the firme Continent,
That beares in endleſſe being, the deified kind;
That's neither ſouc't with ſhowres, nor ſhooke with wind;
Nor chilld with ſnow; but where *Serenitie* flies,
Exempt from clouds; and euer-beamie skies
Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,
Giue the delights of bleſſed *Deitie* praiſe.

Nauſicaa.

Intending Dymas daughter.

Olympus deſcribed.

And hither *Pallas* flew; and left the Maid,
When ſhe had all that might excite her, ſaid.
Strait roſe the louely Morne, that vp did raiſe
Faire-veild *Nauſicaa*; whoſe dreame, her praiſe
To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time ſpent
To giue the rapture of her viſion vent,
To her lou'd parents: whom ſhe found within.
Her mother ſet at fire, who had to ſpin
A Rocke, whoſe tincture with ſea-purple ſhin'd;
Her maids about her. But ſhe chanc't to find
Her Father going abroad: to Counſell calld
By his graue *Senate*. And to him, exhald
Her ſmotherd boſome was. Lou'd Sire (ſaid ſhe)
Will you not now command a Coach for me?
Stately and complete? fit for me to beare
To waſh at flood, the weeds I cannot weare
Before repurified? Your ſelfe it fits
To weare faire weeds; as euery man that ſits
In place of counſell. And fiue ſonnes you haue;
Two wed; three Bachelors; that muſt be braue
In euery dayes ſhift, that they may go dance;
For theſe three laſt, with theſe things muſt aduance
Their ſtates in mariage: and who elſe but I
Their ſiſter, ſhould their dancing rites ſupply?
This generall cauſe ſhe ſhewd; and would not name
Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for ſhame.
He vnderſtood her yet; and thus replide:
Daughter! nor theſe, nor any grace beſide,
I either will denie thee, or deferre,
Mules, nor a Coach, of ſtate and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go; my ſeruants ſhall
Serue thy deſires, and thy command in all.
The ſeruants then (commanded) ſoone obaid;
Fetcht Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't
A maund of victles, varied well in taſte,
And other iunkets. Wine ſhe likewiſe filld
Within a goat-skin bottle, and diſtilld
Sweete and moiſt oile into a golden Cruſe,
Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vſe;
To ſoften their bright bodies, when they roſe
Clenſd from their cold baths. Vp to Coach then goes
Th'obſerued Maid: takes both the ſcourge and raines;
And to her ſide, her handmaid ſtrait attaines.
Nor theſe alone, but other virgins grac't
The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Beuie plac't;
Nauſicaa ſcourgd to make the Coach Mules runne;

This familiar & neare wanton cariage of Nauſicaa to her father, ioyned with that virgin no deſire expreſt in her after, ſo much praiſd by the graueſt of Homers expoſitors, with her fathers louing allowance of it; know-ing her ſhameleſſ nes and iudgement, would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inſerted, not as if this were more worthy the obſeruation then other euery where ſtrewd flowers of precepts; but becauſe this more generally pleaſing ſubiect may perhaps finde more fitneſſe for the ſtay of moſt Readers.

That

That neigh'd, and pac'd their vſuall ſpeed; and ſoone,
Both maids and weeds, brought to the riuer ſide;
Where Baths for all the yeare, their vſe ſupplide.
Whoſe waters were ſo pure, they would not ſtaine;
But ſtill ran faire forth; and did more remaine
Apt to purge ſtaines; for that purg'd ſtaine within,
Which, by the waters pure ſtore, was not ſeen.
These (here arriu'd,) the Mules vncoacht, and draue
Vp to the gulphie riuers ſhore, that gaue
Sweet graſſe to them. The maids from Coach then tooke
Their cloaths, and ſteept them in the ſable brooke.
Then put them into ſprings, and trod them cleane,
With cleanly feet; aduentring wagers then,
Who ſhould haue ſooneſt, and moſt cleanly done.
When hauing throughly cleanſd, they ſpred them on
The floods ſhore, all in order. And then, where
The waues the pibbles waſht, and ground was cleare,
They bath'd themſelues; and all with glittring oile,
Smooth'd their white skins: refreſhing then their toile
With pleaſant dinner, by the riuers ſide.
Yet ſtill watcht when the Sunne, their cloaths had dride.
Till which time (hauing din'd) *Nauſicae*
With other virgins, did at ſtool-ball play;
Their ſhoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
Nauſicae (with the wriſts of Ivory)
The liking ſtroke ſtrooke; ſinging firſt a ſong;
(As cuſtome orderd) and amidſt the throng,
Made ſuch a ſhew; and ſo paſt all was ſeene;
As when the Chaſt-borne, Arrow-louing Queene, *Simile.*
Along the mountaines gliding; either ouer
Spartan Taygetus, whoſe tops farre diſcouer;
Or *Eurymanthus*; in the wilde Bores chace;
Or ſwift-hou'd Hart; and with her, *Ioues* faire race
(The field Nymphs) ſporting. Amongſt whom, to ſee
How farre *Diana* had prioritie
(Though all were faire) for fairneſſe; yet of all,
(As both by head and forhead being more tall)
Latona triumpht; ſince the dulleſt ſight,
Might eaſly iudge, whom her paines brought to light;
Nauſicaa ſo (whom neuer husband tam'd),
Aboue them all, in all the beauties flam'd.
But when they now made homewards, and araid;
Ordring their weeds, diſorderd as they plaid;
Mules and Coach ready; then *Minerua* thought,
What meanes to wake *Vlyſſes*, might be wrought,
That he might ſee this louely ſighted maid,
Whom ſhe intended, ſhould become his aid:
Bring him to Towne; and his returne aduance.

The pietie and wisedome of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the sacred letter) not the least of things he makes come to passe, fine Numinis prouidentia. As Spond well notes of him

Her meane was *this, (though thought a stool-ball chance)
The Queene now (for the vpstroke) strooke the ball
Quite wide off th'other maids; and made it fall
Amidst the whirlpooles. At which, out shriekt all;
And with the shrieke, did wise *Vlysses* wake:
Who, sitting vp, was doubtfull who should make
That sodaine outcrie; and in mind, thus striu'd:
On what a people am I now arriu'd?
At ciuill hospitable men, that feare
The Gods? or dwell iniurious mortals here?
Vniust, and churlish? like the female crie
Of youth it sounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,
On tops of hils? or in the founts of floods?
In herbie marshes? or in leauy woods?
Or are they high-spoke men, I now am neare?
Ile proue, and see. With this, the wary Peere
Crept forth the thicket; and an Oliue bough
Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow
In couert of his nakednesse; and then,
Put hastie head out: Looke how from his den,
Simile. A mountaine Lion lookes, that, all embrewd
With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;
(Bold of his strength) goes on; and in his eye,
A burning fornace glowes; all bent to prey
On sheepe, or oxen; or the vpland Hart;
His belly charging him; and he must part
Stakes with the Heardsman, in his beasts attempt,
Euen where from rape, their strengths are most exempt:
So wet, so weather-beate, so stung with *Need*,
Euen to the home-fields of the countries breed,
Vlysses was to force forth his accesse,
Though meerly naked; and his sight did presse
The eyes of soft-haird virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them: the hard passe
He had at sea, stucke by him. All in flight
The Virgins scatterd, frighted with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but *Nausicaa* fled; but she fast stood:
Pallas had put a boldnesse in her brest;
And in her faire lims, tender *Feare* comprest.
And still she stood him, as resolu'd to know
What man he was; or out of what should grow
His strange repaire to them. And here was he
Put to his wisedome; if her virgin knee,
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
Or keepe aloofe, and tie with words of grace,
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtaine
Some couer for his nakednes; and gaine

Her

Her grace to ſhew and guide him to the Towne.
The laſt, he beſt thought, to be worth his owne,
In weighing both well: to keepe ſtill aloofe,
And giue with ſoft words, his deſires their proofe;
Leſt preſſing ſo neare, as to touch her knee,
He might incenſe her maiden modeſtie.
This faire and fil'd ſpeech then, ſhewd this was he.
Let me beſeech (O Queene) this truth of thee;
Are you of mortall, or the deified race?
If of the Gods, that th'ample heauens embrace; *Myſtice to Homer.*
I can reſemble you to none aboue,
So neare as to the chaſt-borne birth of *Ioue*,
The beamie *Cynthia*. Her you full preſent,
In grace of euery God-like lineament;
Her goodly magnitude; and all th'addreſſe
You promiſe of her very perfectneſſe.
If ſprong of humanes, that inhabite earth;
Thrice bleſt are both the authors of your birth;
Thrice bleſt your brothers, that in your deſerts,
Muſt, euen to rapture, beare delighted hearts;
To ſee ſo like the firſt trim of a tree,
Your forme adorne a dance. But moſt bleſt, he
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage
Your bright necke in the yoke of mariage;
And decke his houſe with your commanding merit.
I haue not ſeene a man of ſo much ſpirit.
Nor man, nor woman, I did euer ſee,
At all parts equall to the parts in thee.
T'enioy your ſight, doth *Admiration* ſeiſe
My eie, and apprehenſiue faculties.
Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men
Arriu'd, that renderd me moſt wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a Palme, whoſe iſſue ſweld
About *Apollos Phane*; and that put on
A grace like thee; for Earth had neuer none
Of all her Syluane iſſue ſo adorn'd:
Into amaze my very ſoule was turnd,
To giue it obſeruation; as now thee
To view (O Virgin) a ſtupiditie
Paſt admiration ſtrikes me; ioynd with feare
To do a ſuppliants due, and preaſe ſo neare,
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it ſtrange;
For one of freſh and firmeſt ſpirit, would change
T'embrace ſo bright an obiect. But, for me,
A cruell habite of calamitie,
Prepar'd the ſtrong impreſſion thou haſt made:
For this laſt Day did flie Nights twentith ſhade

Since I, at length, eſcapt the fable ſeas,
When in the meane time, th'vnrelenting preaſe
Of waues and ſterne ſtormes, toſt me vp and downe,
From th'Ile *Ogygia*: and now God hath throwne
My wracke on this ſhore; that perhaps I may
My miſeries vary here: for yet their ſtay,
I feare, heauen hath not orderd: though before
Theſe late afflictions, it hath lent me ſtore.
O Queene, daine pitie then, ſince firſt to you
My Fate importunes my diſtreſſe to vow.
No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,
And neighbour Citie, I haue ſeene or knowne.
The Towne then ſhew me; giue my nakednes
Some ſhroud to ſhelter it, if to theſe ſeas,
Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to cleanſe.
God giue you, in requitall, all th'amends
Your heart can wiſh: a husband, family,
And good agreement: Nought beneath the skie,
More ſweet, more worthy is, then firme conſent
Of man and wife, in houſhold gouernment.
It ioyes their wiſhers well; their enemies wounds;
But to themſelues, the ſpeciall good redounds.

Nauſicaa to Vlyſſes.

She anſwerd: Stranger! I diſcerne in thee,
Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I ſee,
Th'art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,
That Induſtry nor wiſedome make endude
Men with thoſe gifts, that make them beſt to th'eie;
Ioue onely orders mans felicitie.
To good and bad, his pleaſure faſhions ſtill,
The whole proportion of their good and ill.
And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,
Of which, thou muſt be patient, as he, free.
But after all thy wandrings, ſince thy way,
Both to our Earth, and neare our Citie, lay,
As being expoſde to our cares to relieue;
Weeds, and what elſe, a humane hand ſhould giue,
To one ſo ſuppliant, and tam'd with woe;
Thou ſhalt not want. Our Citie, I will ſhow;
And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,
And all this kingdome, the *Phaacians* owne.
And (ſince thou ſeemdſt ſo faine, to know my birth;
And mad'ſt a queſtion, if of heauen or earth)
This Earth hath bred me; and my Fathers name
Alcinous is; that in the powre and frame
Of this Iles rule, is ſupereminent.
Thus (paſſing him) ſhe to the Virgins went.
And ſaid: Giue ſtay, both to your feet and fright;
Why thus diſperſe ye, for a mans meere ſight?

Eſteem

Eſteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long ſince
Made vſe to prey vpon our Citizens?
This man, no moiſt man is; (nor watriſh thing,
That's euer flitting; euer rauiſhing
All it can compaſſe; and, like it, doth range
In rape of women; neuer ſtaid in change)
This man is truly *manly, wiſe, and ſtaid;
In ſoule more rich; the more to ſenſe decaid.
Who, nor will do, nor ſuffer to be done,
Acts leud and abiect; nor can ſuch a one
Greete the *Phæacians*, with a mind enuious;
Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.
Beſides, diuided from the world we are;
The outpart of it; billowes circulate
The ſea reuoluing, round about our ſhore;
Nor is there any man, that enters more
Then our owne countrimen, with what is brought
From other countries. This man, minding nought
But his reliefe: a poore vnhappie wretch,
Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.
Him now we muſt prouide for; from *Ioue* come
All ſtrangers, and the needie of a home.
Who any gift, though ne're ſo ſmall it be,
Eſteeme as great, and take it gratefully.
And therefore Virgins, giue the ſtranger food,
And wine; and ſee ye bath him in the flood;
Neare to ſome ſhore, to ſhelter moſt enclin'd;
To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.
Not onely rugged making th'outward skin,
But by his thin powres, pierceth parts within.
This ſaid; their flight in a returne they ſet;
And did *Vlyſſes* with all grace entreate:
Shewd him a ſhore, wind-proofe, and full of ſhade:
By him a ſhirt, and vtter mantle laid.
A golden Iugge of liquid oile did adde;
Bad waſh; and all things as *Nauſicaa* bad.
Diuine *Vlyſſes* would not vſe their aid;
But thus beſpake them: Euery louely maid,
Let me entreate to ſtand a litle by;
That I alone the freſh flood may apply,
To cleanſe my boſome of the ſea-wrought brine.
And then vſe oile; which long time did not ſhine
On my poore ſhoulders. Ile not waſh in ſight
Of faire-haird maidens. I ſhould bluſh outright,
To bathe all bare by ſuch a virgin light.
They mou'd, and muſde, a man had ſo much grace;
And told their Miſtris, what a man he was.
He cleanſd his broad-ſoild-ſhoulders; backe and head

ἀνηρ ἀρητὴ. Cui vitalis vel ſenſualis humiditas ineſt. *ἀρητὸς à ῥέω*; vt dicatur quaſi ῥητὸς. i. ὃ ῥεῖται, quod nihil ſit magis fluxum quam homo.

ἀνηρ. virili animo præditus, fortis, magnanimus. Nor are thoſe affirmed to be men, qui ſeruile quidpiam & abiectum faciunt: vel, facere ſuſtinent: according to that of Herodotus in Polymn. πολλοὶ μὲν ἀνδρῶν οὐροι, ὀλίγοι δ' ἄνδρες. Many, mens formes ſuſtaine, but few are men.

According to an other tranſlator: Ab Ioue nam ſupplex pauper, procedit & hoſpes: Res breuis, at chara eſt, Magni quoque muneris inſtar. *Which I cite to ſhew his good when he keepes him to the Originall, and neare in any degree expounds it.*

Vlyſſes modeſtie to the Virgins.

He taught their youths modeſtie, by his aged iudgment. As receiuing the cuſtome of maids then vſed to that entertainment of men: notwithſtanding the modeſtie of that age, could not be

Yet

corrupted inwardly. for thoſe outward kind obſeruations of gueſts and ſtrangers, and was therefore priuiledged. It is eaſie to auoide ſhew: and thoſe that moſt curiouſly auoid the outward conſtruction, are euer moſt tainted with the inward corruption. Smile.

Yet neuer tam'd. But now, had ſome and weed,
Knit in the faire curles. Which diſſolu'd; and he
Slickt all with ſweet oile: the ſweet charitie,
The vntoucht virgin ſhewd in his attire,
He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,
More then before, into his ſparkling eies;
His late ſoile ſet off, with his ſoone freſh guiſe.
His locks (clenſd) curld the more; and matcht (in power
To pleaſe an eye) the *Hyacinthian* flower.
And as a workman, that can well combine
Siluer and gold; and make both ſtriue to ſhine;
As being by *Vulcan*, and *Minerua* too,
Taught how farre either may be vrg'd to go,
In ſtrife of eminence; when worke ſets forth
A worthy ſoule, to bodies of ſuch worth;
No thought reprouing th'act, in any place;
Nor *Art* no debt to *Natures* liueliеſt grace:
So *Pallas* wrought in him, a grace as great,
From head to ſhoulders; and aſhore did ſeate
His goodly preſence. To which, ſuch a guiſe
He ſhewd in going, that it rauiſht eies.
All which (continude) as he ſate apart;

Nauſicaas admiration of Vlyſſes.

Nauſicaas eye ſtrooke wonder through her heart;
Who thus beſpake her conſorts: Heare me, you
Faire-wriſted Virgins; this rare man (I know)
Treds not our country earth, againſt the will
Of ſome God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.
He ſhewd to me, till now, not worth the note;
But now he lookes, as he had Godhead got.
I would to heauen, my husband were no worſe;
And would be calld no better; but the courſe
Of other husbands pleaſd to dwell out here:
Obſerue and ſerue him, with our vtmoſt cheare.
She ſaid; they heard, and did. He drunke and eate
Like to a Harpy; hauing toucht no meate
A long before time. But *Nauſicaa* now
Thought of the more grace, ſhe did lately vow:
Had horſe to Chariot ioynd; and vp ſhe roſe:
Vp chear'd her gueſt, and ſaid: Gueſt, now diſpoſe
Your ſelfe for Towne; that I may let you ſee
My Fathers Court; where all the Peeres will be
Of our *Pheacian* State. At all parts then,
Obſerue to whom, and what place y'are t'attain;
Though I need vſher you with no aduice,
Since I ſuppoſe you abſolutely wiſe.
While we the fields paſſe, and mens labours there;
So long (in theſe maids guides) directly beare
Vpon my Chariot (I muſt go before,

For cauſe that after comes: to which, this more
Be my induction) you ſhall then ſoone end
Your way to Towne; whoſe Towres you ſee aſcend
To ſuch a ſteepneſſe. On whoſe either ſide,
A faire Port ſtands; to which is nothing wide
An enterers paſſage: on whoſe both hands ride
Ships in faire harbors; which, once paſt, you win
The goodly market place, (that circles in
A Phane to *Neptune*, built of curious ſtone,
And paſſing ample) where munition,
Gables, and maſts men make, and poliſht oares;
For the *Phæacians* are not conquerors
By bowes nor quiuers; Oares, maſts, ſhips they are,
With which they plow the ſea, and wage their warre.
And now the cauſe comes, why I leade the way,
Not taking you to Coach. The men that ſway
In worke of thoſe tooles, that ſo fit our State,
Are rude Mechanicals; that rare and late
Worke in the market place; and thoſe are they
Whoſe bitter tongues I ſhun; who ſtrait would ſay,
(For theſe vile vulgars are extreamly proud,
And fouly languag'd) What, is he allowd
To coach it with *Nauſicaa*? ſo large ſet,
And fairely faſhiond? where were theſe two met?
He ſhall be ſure her husband. She hath bene
Gadding in ſome place; and (of forraine men,
Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home
In her owne ſhip. He muſt, of force, be come
From ſome farre region; we haue no ſuch man.
It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran
On ſome wiſht husband) out of heauen, ſome God
Dropt in her lap; and there lies ſhe at rode,
Her complete life time. But, in ſooth, if ſhe
Ranging abroad, a husband ſuch as he,
Whom now we ſaw, laid hand on; ſhe was wiſe,
For none of all our Nobles, are of priſe
Enough for her: he muſt beyond-ſea come,
That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.
Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,
Yet ſhe will none. Thus theſe folks will conferre
Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,
The foule-mouth rout dare put home this diſgrace.
And this would be reproches to my fame;
For euen my ſelfe, iuſt anger would enflame,
If any other virgin I ſhould ſee
(Her parents liuing) keepe the companie
Of any man; to any end of loue,
Till open Nuptials ſhould her act approue.

The Cities deſcription ſo far forth as may in part, induce her prompteſt reaſon, why ſhe tooke not Vlyſſes to coach with her.

And

And therefore heare me gueſt; and take ſuch way,
That you your ſelfe may compaſſe, in your ſtay,
Your quicke deduction, by my Fathers grace;
And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.
We ſhall, not farre out of our way to Towne,
A neuer-felld Groue find, that Poplars crowne;
To *Pallas* ſacred, where a fountaine flowes;
And round about the Groue, a Medow growes;
In which, my Father holds a Mannor houſe;
Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;
As farre from Towne, as one may heare a ſhout.
There ſtay, and reſt your foote paines; till full out
We reach the Citie. Where, when you may gueſſe
We are arriu'd, and enter our acceſſe
Within my Fathers Court: then put you on
For our *Phæacian* State; where, to be ſhowne
My Fathers houſe, deſire. Each infant there
Can bring you to it; and your ſelfe will cleare
Diſtinguiſh it from others: for no ſhowes,
The Citie buildings make; compar'd with thoſe
That King *Alcinous* ſeate doth celebrate.
In whoſe rooſes, and the Court, (where men of ſtate,
And ſuiters ſit and ſtay) when you ſhall hide:
Strait paſſe it, entring further: where abide
My Mother, with her withdrawne houſwiferies;
Who ſtill ſits in the fire-ſhine, and applies
Her Rocke, all purple, and of pompous ſhow:
Her Chaire plac't gainſt a Pillar: all arow
Her maids behind her ſet; and to her here,
My Fathers dining Throne lookes. Seated where
He powres his choice of wine in, like a God.
This view once paſt; for th'end of your abode,
Addreſſe ſuite to my Mother; that her meane,
May make the day of your redition ſcene.
And you may frolicke ſtrait, though farre away
You are in diſtance from your wiſhed ſtay.
For if ſhe once be won to wiſh you well,
Your *Hope* may inſtantly your Paſport ſeale;
And thenceforth ſure abide to ſee your friends,
Faire houſe, and all, to which your heart contends.
This ſaid; ſhe vſde her ſhining ſcourge, and laſht
Her Mules, that ſoone the ſhore left, where ſhe waſht;
And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,
And thicke they gatherd vp their nimble feet.
Which yet * ſhe temperd ſo; and vſde her ſcourge
With ſo much skill; as not to ouer-vrge
The foote behind; and make them ſtraggle ſo,
From cloſe ſocietie. Firme together go

Not without ſome litle note of our vnſufficient Homers generall touch of the leaſt fitneſſe tying in his way, may this courtly diſcretion be deſcribes in Nauſicaa, be obſerud, if you pleaſe.

Vlyſſes and her maids. And now the Sunne
Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne
The neuer-feld, and ſound-exciting wood,
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God-like good
Vlyſſes reſted; and to *Pallas* praid:
Heare me, of Goate-kept *Ioue*, th'vnconquerd Maid;
Now throughly heare me; ſince in all the time
Of all my wracke, my pray'rs could neuer clime
Thy far-off eares; when noiſefull *Neptune* toſt
Vpon his watry briſſels, my imboſt
And rock-torne body: heare yet now, and daine
I may of the *Pheacian* State obtaine
Pitie, and grace. Thus praid he; and ſhe heard:
By no meanes yet (expoſde to ſight) appear'd,
For feare t'offend her Vnkle; the ſupreme
Of all the *Sea-Gods; whoſe wrath ſtill extreme
Stood to *Vlyſſes*; and would neuer ceaſe,
Till with his Country ſhore, he crownd his peace.

More of our Poets curious and ſweet pietie.

Neptune.

Finis libri ſexti Hom. Odyſſ.

K THE

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

NAuſicaa *arriues at Towne;*
And then Vlyſſes. *He makes knowne*
His ſuite to Arete: *who, view*
Takes of his veſture, which ſhe knew;
And aſks him, from whoſe hands it came.
He tels, with all the hapleſſe frame
Of his affaires, in all the while,
Since he forſooke Calypſos *Ile.*

Another.

Hla. *The honord minds,*
And welcome things,
Vlyſſes *finds,*
In Scherias *Kings.*

THus praid the wiſe, and God-obſeruing Man.
The Maid, by free force of her Palfreys, wan
Acceſſe to Towne; and the renowmed Court,
Reacht of her Father; where, within the Port,
She ſtaid her Coach; and round about her came
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)
Who yet diſdaind not, for her loue, meane deeds;
But tooke from *Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.
And ſhe aſcends her chamber; where puruaid
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid
Eurymeduſa, th'*Aperæan* borne;
And brought by ſea, from *Apera*, t'adorne
The Court of great *Alcinous*; becauſe
He gaue to all, the bleſt *Phæacians* lawes;
And, like a heauen-borne Powre in ſpeech, acquir'd
The peoples eares. To one then ſo admir'd,
Eurymeduſa was eſteemd no worſe,
Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurſe
To Ivory-armd *Nauſicaa*; gaue heate
To all her fires, and dreſt her priuie meate.
Then roſe *Vlyſſes*, and made way to Towne;
Which ere he reacht, a mightie miſt was throwne
By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,
Leſt in the ſway of enuies popular,
Some proud *Phæacian* might foule language paſſe,
Juſtle him vp, and aske him what he was.

Hæc fuit illius ſæculi ſimplicitas: nam vel fraternus quoque Amor, tantus fuit, vt libenter hunc redeunti chariſſimæ ſorori, operam præſtiterint. Spond.

Entring

Entring the louely Towne yet: through the cloud
Pallas appeard; and like a yong wench ſhowd
Bearing a pitcher; Stood before him ſo,
As if obiected purpoſely to know
What there he needed; whom he queſtiond thus:
Know you not (daughter) where *Alcinous*,
That rules this Towne, dwels? I, a poore diſtreſt
Meere ſtranger here; know none I may requeſt,
To make this Court knowne to me. She 'replied:
Strange Father; I will ſee you ſatisfied
In that requeſt: my Father dwels, iuſt by
The houſe you ſeeke for; but go ſilently;
Nor aske, nor ſpeake to any other; I
Shall be enough to ſhew your way: the men
That here inhabite, do not entertain
With ready kindneſſe, ſtrangers; of what worth
Or ſtate ſoeuer: nor haue taken forth
Leſſons of ciuill vſage, or reſpect
To men beyond them. They (vpon their powres
Of ſwift ſhips building) top the watry towres:
And *Ioue* hath giuen them ſhips, for ſaile ſo wrought,
They cut a fether, and command a thought.
This ſaid; ſhe vſherd him; and after, he
Trod in the ſwift ſteps of the Deitie.
The free-ſaild ſea-men could not get a ſight
Of our *Vlyſſes*, yet: though he foreright,
Both by their houſes and their perſons paſt:
Pallas about him, ſuch a darkneſſe caſt,
By her diuine powre, and her reuerend care,
She would not giue the Towne-borne, cauſe to ſtare.
He wonderd, as he paſt, to ſee the Ports;
The ſhipping in them; and for all reſorts,
The goodly market ſteds; and Iles beſide
For the *Heroes*; walls ſo large and wide;
Rampires ſo high, and of ſuch ſtrength withall;
It would with wonder, any eye appall.
At laſt they reacht the Court; and *Pallas* ſaid:
Now, honourd ſtranger; I will ſee obaid
Your will, to ſhew our Rulers houſe; tis here;
Where you ſhall find, Kings celebrating cheare;
Enter amongſt them; nor admit a feare;
More bold a man is, he preuailes the more;
Though man nor place, he euer ſaw before.
You firſt ſhall find the Queene in Court, whoſe name
Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the ſame
That was the King her Spouſe: their Pedigree
I can report: the great Earth-ſhaker, he
Of *Peribœa*, (that her ſex out-ſhone,

Vlyſſes. à Minerua in ædes Alcinoi perducitur, ſeptus nebula.

πυκινὴν τινα, naues veloces veluti penna, atque cogitatio.

Arete the wife of Alcinous.

And yongeſt daughter was, t'*Eurymedon*;
Who of th'vnmeaſur'd-minded Giants, ſwaid
Th'Imperiall Scepter; and the pride allaid
Of men ſo impious, with cold death; and died
Himſelfe ſoone after) got the magnified
In mind, *Nauſithous*; who the kingdomes ſtate
Firſt held in ſupreame rule. *Nauſithous* gat
Rhexenor, and *Alcinous*, now King:
Rhexenor (whoſe ſeed did no male fruite ſpring;
And whom the ſiluer-bow-glac't *Phœbus* ſlue
Yong in the Court) his ſhed blood did renew
In onely *Arete*; who now is Spouſe
To him that rules the kingdome, in this houſe,
And is her Vnkle; King *Alcinous*.
Who honors her, paſt equall. She may boaſt
More honor of him, then the honord moſt
Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;
How many more ſocuer, Realmes affoord,
That keepe houſe vnder husbands. Yet no more
Her husband honors her, then her bleſt ſtore
Of gracious children. All the Citie caſt
Eyes on her, as a Goddeſſe; and giue taſte
Of their affections to her, in their praires,
Still as ſhe decks the ſtreets. For all affaires,
Wrapt in contention, ſhe diſſolues to men.
Whom ſhe affects, ſhe wants no mind to deigne
Goodneſſe enough. If her heart ſtand inclin'd
To your diſpatch; hope all you wiſh to find;
Your friends, your longing family, and all,
That can within your moſt affections fall.
This ſaid; away the grey-eyd Goddeſſe flew
Along th'vntamed ſea. Left the louely hew,
Scheria preſented. Out flew *Marathon*,
And ample-ſtreeted *Athens* lighted on.
Where, to the houſe that caſts ſo *thicke a ſhade,
Of *Erectheus*; ſhe ingreſſion made.
Vlyſſes, to the loftie-builded Court
Of King *Alcinous*, made bold reſort;
Yet in his heart caſt many a thought, before
The brazen pauement of the rich Court, bore
His enterd perſon. Like heauens two maine Lights,
The roomes illuſtrated, both daies and nights.
On euery ſide ſtood firme a wall of braſſe,
Euen from the threſhold to the inmoſt paſſe;
Which bore a roofe vp, that all Saphire was;
The brazen threſholds both ſides, did enfold
Siluer Pilaſters, hung with gates of gold;
Whoſe Portall was of ſiluer; ouer which

For the more perſpicuitie of this pedigree, I haue here ſet down the Diagram as Spondanus hath it.
Neptune begat Nauſithous of Periboea
By Nauſithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous, were begot.
By Rhexenor. Arete the wife of her vnkle Alcinous.
The honor of Arete (or vertue) alleg.
vocem ſpiſſus:
The Court of Alcinous.

A golden Cornith did the front enrich.
On each side, Dogs of gold and siluer fram'd,
The houses Guard stood; which the Deitie (*Iam'd)
With knowing inwards had inspir'd; and made, *Vulcan,
That *Death* nor *Age*, should their estates inuade.
Along the wall, stood euery way a throne;
From th'entry to the Lobbie: euery one,
Cast ouer with a rich-wrought cloth of state.
Beneath which, the *Phaacian* Princes sate
At wine and food; and feasted all the yeare.
Youths forg'd of gold, at euery table there,
Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night
Gaue through the house, each honourd Guest, his light.
And (to encounter feast with housewifry)
In one roome fiftie women did apply
Their seuerall tasks. Some, apple-colourd corne
Ground in faire Quernes; and some did spindles turne.
Some worke in loomes: no hand, least rest receiues;
But all had motion, apt, as Aspen leaues.
And from the weeds they woue, (so fast they laid,
And so thicke thrust together, thred by thred)
That th'oile (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)
Did with his moisture, in light dewes distill.
As much as the *Phaacian* men exceld
All other countrimen, in Art to build
A swift-saild ship: so much the women there,
For worke of webs, past other women were.
Past meane, by *Pallas* meanes, they vnderstood
The grace of good works; and had wits as good.
Without the Hall, and close vpon the Gate,
A goodly Orchard ground was situate,
Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led
A loftie Quickset. In it flourished
High and broad fruit trees, that Pomegranats bore;
Sweet Figs, Peares, Oliues, and a number more
Most vsefull Plants, did there produce their store. Hortus Alcinoi memorabilis.
Whose fruits, the hardest Winter could not kill;
Nor hotest Summer wither. There was still
Fruite in his proper season, all the yeare.
Sweet *Zephire* breath'd vpon them, blasts that were
Of varied tempers: these, he made to beare
Ripe fruites: these blossomes: Peare grew after Peare;
Apple succeeded apple; Grape, the Grape;
Fig after Fig came; *Time* made neuer rape,
Of any daintie there. A spritely vine
Spred here his roote; whose fruite, a hote sun-shine
Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.
Here, some were gathering; here, some pressing seene.

A large-allotted ſeuerall, each fruite had;
And all th'adornd grounds, their apparance made,
In flowre and fruite, at which the King did aime,
To the preciſeſt order he could claime.
Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one
Powrd out a winding ſtreame, that ouer-runne
The grounds for their vſe chiefly: th'other went
Cloſe by the loftie Pallace gate; and lent
The Citie his ſweet benefit: and thus
The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.
Patient *Vlyſſes* ſtood a while at gaze;
But (hauing all obſeru'd) made inſtant pace
Into the Court; where all the Peeres he found,
And Captaines of *Phæacia*; with Cups crownd,
Mercurie. Offring to ſharp-eyd *Hermes*: to whom, laſt
They vſde to ſacrifiſe; when *Sleepe* had caſt
His inclination through their thoughts. But theſe,
Vlyſſes paſt; and forth went; nor their eies
Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* ſtopt the light
With miſts about him; that, vnſtaid, he might
Firſt to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,
Preſent his perſon; and, of both them, ſhe
(By *Pallas* counſell) was to haue the grace
Of foremoſt greeting. Therefore his embrace,
He caſt about her knee. And then off flew
The heauenly aire that hid him. When his view,
With ſilence and with *Admiration* ſtrooke
The Court quite through: but thus he ſilence broake:
Areten. Vlyſſes ſupplex orat. Diuine *Rhexenors* ofſpring, *Arete*;
To thy moſt honourd husband, and to thee,
A man whom many labours haue diſtreſt,
Is come for comfort; and to euery gueſt:
To all whom, heauen vouchſafe delightſome liues;
And after, to your iſſue that ſuruiues,
A good reſignement of the Goods ye leaue;
With all the honor that your ſelues receiue
Amongſt your people. Onely this of me,
Is the Ambition; that I may but ſee
(By your vouchſaft meanes; and betimes vouchſaft)
My country earth; ſince I haue long bin left
To labors, and to errors, barrd from end;
And farre from benefit of any friend.
He ſaid no more; but left them dumbe with that;
Went to the harth, and in the aſhes ſat,
Aſide the fire. At laſt their ſilence brake;
And *Echineus*, th'old *Heroe* ſpake.
A man that all *Phæacians* paſt in yeares,
And in perſwaſiue eloquence, all the Peeres;

Knew

Knew much, and vſde it well; and thus ſpake he:
A'cinous! it ſhewes not decently;
Nor doth your honor, what you ſee, admit;
That this your gueſt, ſhould thus abiectly ſit:
His chaire the earth; the harth his cuſhion;
Aſhes, as if appoſde for food: a Throne
Adornd with due rites, ſtands you more in hand
To ſee his perſon plac't in; and command
That inſtantly your Heralds fill in wine;
That to the God that doth in lightnings ſhine,
We may do ſacrifice: for he is there,
Where theſe his reuerend ſuppliants appeare.
Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,
To ſup the ſtranger. All theſe would haue ſhowd
This fit reſpect to him; but that they ſtay
For your precedence, that ſhould grace the way.
When this had added to the well-inclin'd,
And ſacred order of *Alcinous* mind;
Then, of the great in wit, the hand he ſeiſd;
And from the aſhes, his fair perſon raiſd;
Aduanc't him to a well-adorned Throne;
And from his ſeate raiſd his moſt loued ſonne,
(*Laodamas*, that next himſelfe was ſet)
To giue him place. The handmaid then did get
An Ewre of gold, with water fild; which plac't
Vpon a Caldron, all with ſiluer grac't)
She powrd out on their hands. And then was ſpred
A Table, which the Butler ſet with bread;
As others ſeru'd with other food, the boord;
In all the choiſe, the preſent could affoord.
Vlyſſes, meate and wine tooke; and then thus;
The King the Herald calld: *Pontonous*!
Serue wine through all the houſe; that all may pay
Rites to the Lightner, who is ſtill in way
With humble ſuppliants; and them purſues,
With all benigne, and hoſpitable dues.
Pontonous, gaue act to all he willd,
And hony-ſweetneſſe-giuing-minds-*wine filld;
Diſpoſing it in cups for all to drinke.
All hauing drunke, what eithers heart could thinke
Fit for due ſacrifice; *Alcinous* ſaid:
Heare me, ye Dukes, that the *Pheacians* leade;
And you our Counſellors; that I may now
Diſcharge the charge, my mind ſuggeſts to you,
For this our gueſt: Feaſt paſt, and this nights ſleepe;
Next morne (our Senate ſummond) we will keepe
Iuſts, ſacred to the Gods; and this our Gueſt
Receiue in ſolemne Court, with fitting Feaſt:

Echineus to Alcinous.

The word that beares the long Epithete, is tranſlated only dulce: which ſignifies more. μελιηδεα οἰνον ἀειρας: Vinum quod mellea dulcedine, animum perfundit, & oblectat.

Then thinke of his returne; that vnder hand
Of our deduction; his naturall land
(Without more toile or care; and with delight;
And that ſoone giuen him; how farre hence diſſite
Soeuer it can be) he may aſcend;
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,
Aſcent to his Countries ſhore. Or other want; fit meanes to that aſcent.
What, a ſter, auſtere Fates, ſhall make th'euent
Of his lifes thred (now ſpinning, and began
When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)
Euſtathius will haue this comparison of the Phæacians with the Giants and Cyclops to proceede out of the inueterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cauſe (as is before ſaid) of their remoue from their country, & with great endeuour labors the approbation of it: but (vnder his peace) from the purpoſe: for the ſence of the Poet is cleer, that the Cyclops & Giants being in part the iſſue of the Gods, and yet afterward their deſiers, (as Polyp. hereafter dares profeſſe) Antinous (out of bold and manly reaſon, euen to the face of out, that might haue bin a God, for the paſt manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and the reſt in him, that if they graced thoſe Cyclops with their open appearance, that though deſcended from them, durſt yet denie them; they might much more do them the honor of their open preſence that adored them.
He muſt endure in all kinds. If ſome God,
Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;
And other things will thinke vpon then we;
The Gods wils ſtand: who euer yet were free
Of their appearance to vs; when to them
We offerd Hecatombs, of fit eſteem.
And would at feaſt ſit with vs; euen where we
Orderd our Seſſion. They would likewiſe be
Encountrers of vs, when in way, alone
About his fit affaires, went any one.
Nor let them cloke themſelues in any care,
To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,
As are the *Cyclops*; or the impious race,
Of earthy *Giants*, that would heauen outface.
Vlyſſes anſwerd; Let ſome other doubt
Employ your thoughts, then what your words giue out;
Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I
Should ſhadow in this ſhape, a Deitie.
I beare no ſuch leaſt ſemblance; or in wit,
Vertue, or perſon. What may well befit
One of thoſe mortals, whom you chiefly know,
Beares vp and downe, the burthen of the woe
Appropriate to poore man; giue that to me;
Of whoſe mones I ſit, in the moſt degree;
And might ſay more; ſuſtaining griefes that all
The Gods conſent to: no one twixt their fall
And my vnpitied ſhoulders, letting downe
The leaſt diuerſion. Be the grace then ſhowne,
To let me taſte your free-giuen food, in peace:
Through greateſt griefe, the belly muſt haue eaſe.
Worſe then an enuious belly, nothing is.
It will command his ſtrict Neceſſities,
Of men moſt grieu'd in body or in mind,
That are in health, and will not giue their kind,
A deſperate wound. When moſt with cauſe I grieue,
It bids me ſtill, Eare man, and drinke, and liue;
And this makes all forgot. What euer ill
I euer beare; it euer bids me fill.

But

But this eaſe is but forc't, and will not laſt,
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;
And therefore let me wiſh you would partake
In your late purpoſe; when the Morne ſhall make
Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,
(Vnhappie man) that I may once embrace
My country earth: though I be ſtill thruſt at,
By ancient ils; yet make me but ſee that;
And then let life go. When (withall) I ſee
My high-rooft large houſe, lands and family.
This, all approu'd; and each, willd euery one;
Since he hath ſaid ſo faitly; ſet him gone.
Feaſt paſt, and ſacrifice; to ſleepe, all vow
Their eies at eithers houſe. *Vlyſſes* now,
Was left here with *Alcinous*, and his Queene,
The all-lou'd *Arete*. The handmaids then
The veſſell of the Banquet, tooke away.
When *Arete* ſet eye on his array;
Knew both his out, and vnderweed, which ſhe
Made with her maids; and muſde by what meanes he
Obtaind their wearing: which ſhe made requeſt
To know; and wings gaue to theſe ſpeeches: Gueſt!
First let me aske, what, and from whence you are? *Arete to Vlyſſes.*
And then, who grac't you with the weeds you weare?
Said you not lately, you had err'd at ſeas?
And thence arriu'd here? *Laertides*
To this, thus anſwerd: Tis a paine (O Queene) *Vlyſſes to Arete.*
Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and greene;
Of which, the Gods haue opened ſtore in me;
Yet your will muſt be ſeru'd: Farre hence, at ſea,
There lies an Ile, that beares *Ogygias* name;
Where *Atlas* daughter, the ingenious Dame,
Faire-haird *Calypſo* liues: a Goddeſſe graue,
And with whom, men, nor Gods, ſocietie haue.
Yet I (paſt man vnhappie) liu'd alone,
By heau'ns wrath forc't) her houſe companion.
For *Ioue* had with a feruent lightning cleft
My ſhip in twaine; and farre at blacke ſea left
Me and my ſouldiers; all whoſe liues I loſt.
I, in mine armes the keele tooke, and was toſt
Nine dayes together vp from waue to waue.
The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities draue
Me and my wracke, on th'Ile, in which doth dwell
Dreadfull *Calypſo*; who exactly well
Receiu'd and nouriſht me; and promiſe made,
To make me deathleſſe: nor ſhould Age inuade
My powres with his deſerts, through all my dayes.
All mou'd not me; and therefore, on her ſtayes,

Seuen yeares ſhe made me lie: and there ſpent I
The long time; ſteeping in the miſerie
Of ceaſleſſe teares, the Garments I did weare
From her faire hand. The eight reuolued yeare,
(Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Ioue*)
She gaue prouokt way to my wiſht remoue;
And in a many-ioynted ſhip, with wine,
(Daintie in ſauour) bread, and weeds diuine;
Sign'd with a harmleſſe and ſweet wind, my paſſe.
Then, ſeuenteene dayes at ſea, I homeward was;
And by the eighteenth, the darke hils appeard,
That your Earth thruſts vp. Much my heart was cheard;
(Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame;
To ſhew I yet, had agonies extreame,
To put in ſufferance: which th'Earth-ſhaker ſent;
Croſſing my way, with tempeſts violent;
Vnmeaſur'd ſeas vp-lifting: nor would giue
The billowes leaue, to let my veſſell liue
The leaſt time quiet: that euen ſigh'd to beare
Their bitter outrage: which, at laſt, did teare
Her ſides in peeces, ſet on by the winds.
I yet, through-ſwomme the waues, that your ſhore binds,
Till wind and water threw me vp to it;
When, coming forth, a ruthleſſe billow ſmit
Againſt huge rocks, and an acceſleſſe ſhore
My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,
And ſwom till I was ſalne vpon a flood,
Whoſe ſhores, me thought, on good aduantage ſtood,
For my receit: rock-free, and fenc't from wind.
And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.
Then the diuine Night came; and tredding Earth,
Cloſe by the flood, that had from *Ioue* her birth.
Within a thicket I repoſde; when round
I ruffld vp ſalne leaues in heape; and found
(Let fall from heauen) a ſleepe interminate.
And here, my heart (long time excruciate)
Amongſt the leaues I reſted all that night;
Euen till the morning and meridian light.
The Sunne declining then; delightſome ſleepe,
No longer laid my temples in his ſteepe;
But forth I went, and on the ſhore might ſee
Your daughters maids play. Like a Deitie
She ſhin'd aboue them; and I praid to her:
And ſhe, in diſpoſition did prefer
Nobleſſe, and wiſedome, no more low then might
Become the goodneſſe of a Goddeſſe height.
Nor would you therefore hope (ſuppoſde diſtreſt
As I was then, and old) to find the leaſt

Of any *Grace* from her; being yonger farre.
With young folkes, Wiſedome makes her commerce rare.
Yet ſhe in all abundance did beſtow,
Both wine (that makes the *blood in humanes grow)
And food; and bath'd me in the flood; and gaue
The weeds to me, which now ye ſee me haue.
This, through my griefes I tell you; and tis true.
Alcinous anſwerd: Gueſt! my daughter knew
Leaſt of what moſt you giue her; nor became
The courſe ſhe tooke, to let, with euery Dame,
Your perſon lackey; nor hath with them brought
Your ſelfe home to; which firſt you had beſought.
O blame her not (ſaid he) Heroicall Lord;
Nor let me heare, againſt her worth, a word.
She faultleſſe is; and wiſht I would haue gone
With all her women home: but I alone
Would venture my receit here; hauing feare
And reuerend aw of accidents that were
Of likely iſſue: both your wrath to moue,
And to inflame the common peoples loue,
Of ſpeaking ill: to which they ſoone giue place;
We men are all a moſt ſuſpicious race.
My gueſt (ſaid he) I vſe not to be ſtird
To wrath too raſhly; and where are preferd
To mens conceits, things that may both waies faile;
The nobleſt euer ſhould the moſt preuaile.
Would *Ioue* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sunne*,
That (were you ſtill as now, and could but runne
One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,
And be my ſon-in-law; ſtill vowd to leade
Your reſt of life here. I, a houſe would giue,
And houſhold goods; ſo freely you would liue,
Confin'd with vs: but gainſt you will, ſhall none
Containe you here; ſince that were violence done
To *Ioue* our Father. For your paſſage home,
That you may well know, we can ouercome
So great a voyage; thus it ſhall ſucceed:
To morrow ſhall our men take all their heed
(While you ſecurely ſleepe) to ſee the ſeas
In calmeſt temper; and (if that will pleaſe)
Shew you your Country and your houſe ere night;
Though farre beyond *Eubœa* be that ſight.
And this *Eubœa* (as our ſubiects ſay,
That haue bin there, and ſeene) is farre away
Fartheſt from vs, of all the parts they know.
And made the triall, when they helpt to row
The gold-lockt *Rhadamanth*; to giue him view
Of Earth-borne *Tityus*: whom their ſpeeds did ſhew

*αὖον ἐπ' οἶνον,
Vinum calefa-
ciendi vim ha-
bens.*

In

(In that far-off *Eubœa*) the ſame day
They ſet from hence; and home made good their way,
With eaſe againe, and him they did conuay.
Which, I report to you, to let you ſee
How ſwift my ſhips are; and how matchleſly
My yong *Phæacians*, with their oares preuaile,
To beate the ſea through, and aſſiſt a ſaile.
This cheard *Vlyſſes*; who in priuate praid:
I would to *Ioue* our Father, what he ſaid,
He could performe at all parts; he ſhould then
Be glorified for euer; and I gaine
My naturall Country. This diſcourſe they had;
When faire-armd *Arete*, her handmaids bad
A bed make in the *Portico*; and plie
With cloaths; the Couering Tapeſtrie;
The Blankets purple. Wel-napt Waſtcoates too,
To weare for more warmth. What theſe had to do,
They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaid;
They mou'd *Vlyſſes* for his reſt; and ſaid:
Come Gueſt, your Bed is fit; now frame to reſt.
Motion of ſleepe, was gracious to their Gueſt;
Which now he tooke profoundly; being laid
Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaid
The ſounding *Portico*. The King tooke reſt
In a retir'd part of the houſe; where dreſt
The Queene her ſelfe, a Bed, and Trundlebed;
And by her Lord, repoſde her reuerend head.

Finis libri ſeptimi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Peeres of the Phæacian *State,*
A Councell call, to conſolate
Vlyſſes, *with all meanes for Home.*
The Councell to a Banquet come,
Inuited by the king: which done;
Aſſaies for hurling of the ſtone,
The Youths make with the ſtranger king.
Demodecus, *at feaſt, doth ſing*
Th' Adulterie of the God of Armes
With her that rules, in Amorous charmes.
And after, ſings the entercourſe
*Of Acts about th'*Epæan *Horſe.*

Another.

Θεία. *The Councels frame,*
At fleete applied;
In ſtrifes of Game,
Vlyſſes *tried.*

NOw when the Roſie-fingerd morne aroſe;
The ſacred powre *Alcinous* did diſpoſe
Did likewiſe riſe; and like him, left his Eaſe,
The Cittie-racer *Laertiades.*
The Councell at the Nauie was deſign'd;
To which *Alcinous*, with the ſacred mind,
Came firſt of all. On poliſht ſtones they ſate
Neare to the Nauie. To increaſe the ſtate,
Minerua tooke the heralds forme on her
That ſeru'd *Alcinous*; ſtudious to prefer
Vlyſſes Suite for home. About the towne
She made quicke way; and fild with the renowne
Of that deſigne, the eares of euery man:
Proclaiming thus; *Peers Phaacenſian!*
And men of Councell: all haſte to the Court;
To heare the ſtranger that made late reſort
To king *Alcinous*: long time loſt at Sea;
And is in perſon, like a Deitie.
This, all their powres ſet vp; and ſpirit inſtild;
And ſtraight the Court and ſeats, with men were fild.
The whole State wonderd at *Laertes* Son
When they beheld him. *Pallas* put him on

Pallas ἀκ. the Herald.

A ſupernaturall, and heauenly dreſſe;
Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlineſſe
In breaſt, and ſhoulders; that he might appeare
Gracious, and graue, and reuerend; and beare
A perfect hand on his performance there,
In all the trials they reſolu'd t'impoſe.
All met; and gatherd in attention cloſe;
Alcinous exhorts the Phaacians to the beliefe of Vlyſſes. *Alcinous* thus beſpake them: Dukes, and Lords;
Heare me digeſt, my hearty thoughts in words:
This Stranger here whoſe trauels found my Court;
I know not; nor can tell if his reſort
From Eaſt or Weſt comes: But his ſuite is this;
That to his Countrey earth we would diſmis
His hither-forced perſon; and doth beare
The minde to paſſe it vnder euery Peere:
Whom I prepare, and ſtirre vp; making knowne
My free deſire of his deduction.
Nor ſhall there euer, any other man
That tries the goodneſſe *Phaacenſian*,
In me, and my Courts entertainement; ſtay
Mourning for paſſage, vnder leaſt delay.
Come then; A ſhip into the ſacred ſeas,
New-built, now lanch we; and from out our preaſe;
Chuſe two and fiftie Youths; of all, the beſt
To vſe an oare. All which, ſee ſtraight impreſt;
And in their Oare-bound ſeates. Let others hie
Home to our Court; commanding inſtantly
The ſolemne preparation of a feaſt;
In which, prouiſion may for any gueſt
Be made at my charge. Charge of theſe low things,
I giue our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,
Conſort me home; and helpe with grace to vſe
This gueſt of ours: no one man ſhall refuſe.
Some other of you, haſte, and call to vs
The ſacred ſinger, graue *Demodocus*;
To whom hath God giuen, ſong that can excite
The heart of whom he liſteth with delight.
This ſaid, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent
Their free attendance; and with all ſpeede, went
The herald for the ſacred man in ſong.
Youths two and fifties; choſen from the throng
Went, as was willd, to the vntam'd ſeas ſhore;
Where come; they lancht the ſhip: the Maſt it bore
Aduanc't, ſailes hoiſed; euery ſeate, his Ore
Gaue with a lether thong: the deepe moiſt then
They further reacht. The drie ſtreets flowd with men;
That troup't vp to the kings capacious Court.
Whoſe *Portices*, were chok't with the reſort:

Whoſe

Whoſe wals were hung with men: yong, old, thruſt there,
In mighty concourſe; for whoſe promiſt cheere
Alcinous ſlue twelue Sheepe; eight white-toothd Swine:
Two crook-hancht Beeues; which flead, and dreſt, diuine
The ſhow was of ſo many a iocund Gueſt
All ſet together, at ſo ſet a feaſt.
To whoſe accompliſht ſtate, the Herald then
The louely Singer led; Who paſt all mean
The Muſe affected; gaue him good, and ill;
His eies put out; but put in ſoule at will.
His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac't
With ſiluer ſtuds, and gainſt a Pillar plac't;
Where, as the Center to the State, he reſts;
And round about, the circle of the Gueſts.
The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head
His ſoundfull harpe hung: to whoſe height, he led
His hand for taking of it downe at will.
A Boord ſet by, with food; and forth did fill
A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his deſire.
The reſt then, fell to feaſt; and when the fire
Of appetite was quencht: the Muſe inflam'd
The ſacred Singer. Of men highlieſt fam'd,
He ſung the glories; and a Poeme pend,
That in applauſe, did ample heauen aſcend.
Whoſe ſubiect was, the ſterne contention
Betwixt *Vlyſſes*, and Great *Thetis* Sonne;
As, at a banket, ſacred to the Gods
In dreadfull language, they expreſt their ods.
When *Agamemnon*, ſat reioyc't in ſoule
To heare the Greeke Peeres iarre, in termes ſo foule;
For *Augur Phœbus*, in preſage had told
The king of men, (deſirous to vnfold
The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone
In heauenly *Pythia*, to the Porch of ſtone,)
That then the end, of all griefes ſhould begin,
Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with ſtrife to winne
That wiſht concluſion) in her kings ſhould iarre;
And pleade, if force, or wit muſt end the warre.
This braue contention did the Poet ſing;
Expreſſing ſo the ſpleene of either king;
That his large purple weede, *Vlyſſes* held
Before his face, and eies; ſince thence diſtilld
Teares vncontaind; which he obſcur'd, in feare
To let th'obſeruing Preſence, note a teare.
But when his ſacred ſong the meere Diuine
Had giuen an end; a Goblet crownd with wine
Vlyſſes (drying his wet eies) did ſeiſe;
And ſacrifiſde to thoſe Gods that would pleaſe

Demodocus Poeta.

The contention of Achilles and Vlyſſes.

Vlyſſi mœrentis ſenus.

The continued prætie of Vlysses through all places, times, and occasions.

T'inspire the Poet with a song so fit
To do him honour, and renowme his wit.
His teares then staid. But when againe began
(By all the kings desires) the mouing man;
Againe *Vlysses*, could not chuse but yeeld
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld,
He kept so cunningly from sight; that none
(Except *Alcinous* himselfe, alone)
Discern'd him mou'd so much. But he sat next;
And heard him deeply sigh. Which, his pretext
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
His vtterance of it; and would haue it held
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:
Princes, and Peeres! we now are satiate
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try;
In all kinds our approu'd actiuity;
That this our Guest, may giue his friends to know
In his returne: that we, as little owe
To fights, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,
As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace
In all, to all superiour. Foorth he led
The Peeres and people, troup't vp to their head:
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;
Whose harpe, the Herald hung vpon the pinne;
His hand, in his tooke; and abroad he brought
The heauenly Poet: out, the same way wrought
That did the Princes: and what they would see
With admiration, with his companie
They wisht to honour. To the place of Game
These throng'd; and after, routs of other came,
Of all sort, infinite. Of Youths that stroue,
Many, and strong, rose to their trials loue.
Vp rose *Acroneus*, and *Ocyalus*;
Elatreus, *Prymneus*, and *Anchyalus*;
Nauteus, *Eretmeus*, *Thoon*, *Proreus*;
Pontaus, and the strong *Amphialus*,
Sonne to *Tectonides*, *Polinius*.
Vp rose to these, the great *Euryalus*;
In action like the homicide of warre.
Naubolides, that was for person farre
Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;
Nor any thought improue; *Laodamas*.
Vp *Anabesineus* then arose;
And three sonnes of the Scepter state, and those;
Were *Halius*, and fore-praisde *Laodamas*;
And *Clytoneus*, like a God in grace.

Since the Phæacians were not only dwellers by sea, but studious also of sea qualities: their names serue to vrge their faculties therein. All consisting of sea-faring significations, except Laodamas. As Acroneus, summa seu extrema Nauis pars. Ocyalus velox in mari. Elatreus, or Elatus, ore remi. Remex, &c.

These

Theſe firſt the foote-game tride; and from the liſts
Took ſtart together. Vp the duſt, in miſts
They hurld about; as in their ſpeede, they flew;
But *Clytoneus*, firſt, of all the crew
A Stiches length in any fallow field
Made good his pace; when where the Iudges yeeld
The priſe, and praiſe, his glorious ſpeed arriu'd.
Next, for the boiſtrous wreſtling Game they ſtriu'd;
At which, *Euryalus*, the reſt outſhone.
At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow ſtone
Elatreus exceld. At buffets, laſt,
Laodamas, the kings faire ſonne ſurpaſt.
When all had ſtriu'd in theſe aſſaies their fill;
Laodamas ſaid; Come friends; let's proue what skill
This Stranger hath attaind to, in our ſport;
Me thinks, he muſt be of the actiue ſort.
His calues, thighs, hands, and well-knit ſhoulders ſhow,
That *Nature* diſpoſition did beſtow
To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.
But ſowre *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,
Makes *Time* the more ſeene. Nor imagine I,
A worſe thing to enforce debilitie,
Then is the Sea: though nature ne're ſo ſtrong
Knits one together. Nor conceiue you wrong,
(Replied *Euryalus*) but proue his blood
With what you queſtion. In the midſt then ſtood
Renowm'd *Laodamas*, and prou'd him thus;
Come (ſtranger Father) and aſſaie with vs
Your powrs in theſe contentions: If your ſhow
Be anſwerd with your worth, tis fit that you
Should know theſe conflicts: nor doth glorie ſtand
On any worth more, in a mans command,
Then to be ſtrenuous, both of foote and hand:
Come then, make proofe with vs; diſcharge your mind
Of diſcontentments: for not farre behind
Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now;
And men, and all things. Why (ſaid he) doſt thou
Mocke me *Laodamas*! and theſe ſtrifes bind
My powrs to anſwer? I am more inclind
To cares, then conflict. Much ſuſtaind I haue;
And ſtill am ſuffering. I come here to craue
In your aſſemblies, meanes to be diſmiſt,
And pray, both Kings, and ſubiects to aſſiſt.
Euryalus, an open brawle began;
And ſaid: I take you Sir, for no ſuch man
As fits theſe honord ſtrifes. A number more
Strange men there are, that I would chuſe before.
To one that loues to lie a ſhip-boord much;

Laodamas wrgeth Vlyſſes to their ſports.

The word in vſum ſignifying: deductio, qua tranſuehendum curamus eum qui nobiſcum aliquandiu eſt verſatus.

Euryalus vpbraids Vlyſſes.

Or is the Prince of ſailours; or to ſuch
As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde
But freight, and paſſage, and a foreright winde;
Or to a victler of a ſhip: or men
That ſet vp all their powrs for rampant Gaine,
I can compare, or hold you like to be:
But, for a wreſtler, or of qualitie
Fit for contentions noble; you abhor
From worth of any ſuch competitor.
Vlyſſes angry. *Vlyſſes* (frowning) anſwerd; Stranger! farre
Thy words are from the faſhions regular
Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guiſe
Like to a man, that authors iniuries.
ανδρῶν δαιμόνων μεγάθυμων ἀμύμονα. I ſee, the Gods to all men, giue not all
Manly addiction; wiſedome; words that fall
(Like dice) vpon the ſquare ſtill. Some man takes
Ill forme from parents; but God often makes
That fault of forme vp, with obſeru'd repaire
Of pleaſing ſpeech: that makes him held for faire;
That makes him ſpeake ſecurely: makes him ſhine
In an aſſembly, with a grace diuine.
Men take delight, to ſee how euenly lie
His words aſteepe, in honey modeſtie.
Another then, hath faſhion like a God;
But in his language, he is foule, and broad:
And ſuch art thou. A perſon faire is giuen;
But nothing elſe is in thee, ſent from heauen.
For in thee lurkes, a baſe, and earthy ſoule
And t'haſt compelld me, with a ſpeech moſt foule
To be thus bitter. I am not vnſeene
In theſe faire ſtrifes, as thy words ouerweene:
But in the firſt ranke of the beſt I ſtand.
At leaſt, I did, when youth and ſtrength of hand
Made me thus confident: but now am worne
With woes, and labours; as a humane borne
To beare all anguiſh. Sufferd much I haue.
The warre of men, and the inhumane waue
Haue I driuen through at all parts: but with all
My waſte in ſufferance: what yet may fall
In my performance, at theſe ſtrifes Ile trie;
Thy ſpeech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hie.
This ſaid; with robe, and all, he graſpt a ſtone,
A little grauer then was euer throwne
By theſe *Phæacians*, in their wreſtling rout;
More firme, more maſſie; which (turnd round about)
He hurried from him, with a hand ſo ſtrong
It ſung, and flew: and ouer all the throng
(That at the others markes ſtood) quite it went:

Yet

Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing ſpent
The force that draue it flying from his hand,
As it a dart were, or a walking wand.
And, farre paſt all the markes of all the reſt
His wing ſtole way. When *Pallas* ſtraight impreſt
A marke at fall of it; reſembling then
One of the nauy-giuen *Phæacian* men;
And thus aduanc't *Vlyſſes*: One, (though blinde)
(O ſtranger!) groping, may thy ſtones fall finde;
For not amidſt the rout of markes it fell,
But farre before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;
And ſtand in all ſtrifes: no *Phæacian* here,
This bound, can either better or come nere.
Vlyſſes ioyd, to heare that one man yet
Vſde him benignly; and would Truth abet
In thoſe contentions. And then, thus ſmooth
He tooke his ſpeech downe: Reach me that now Youth,
You ſhall (and ſtraight I thinke) haue one ſuch more;
And one beyond it too. And now, whoſe Core
Stands ſound, and great within him (ſince ye haue
Thus put my ſplene vp) come againe and braue
The Gueſt ye tempted, with ſuch groſſe diſgrace:
At wreſtling, buffets, whirlbat, ſpeed of race.
At all, or either, I except at none,
But vrge the whole State of you; onely one
I will not challenge, in my forced boaſt,
And that's *Laodamas*; for hee's mine Hoſt.
And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?
Vnwiſe he is, and baſe, that will contend
With him that feedes him, in a forreigne place;
And takes all edge off, from his owne ſought grace.
None elſe except I here; nor none deſpiſe;
But wiſh to know, and proue his faculties,
That dares appeare now. No ſtrife ye can name
Am I vnskilld in; (reckon any game
Of all that are, as many as there are
In vſe with men) for Archerie I dare
Affirme my ſelfe not meane. Of all a troupe
Ile make the firſt foe with mine arrow ſtoupe;
Though, with me ne're ſo many fellowes bend
Their bowes at markt men, and affect their end;
Onely was *Philoctetes* with his bow
Still my ſuperiour; when we Greekes would ſhow
Our Archerie againſt our foes of *Troy*:
But all that now by bread, fraile life enioy,
I farre hold my inferiours. Men of old
None now aliue, ſhall witneſſe me ſo bold
To vant equality with ſuch men as theſe;

He names Laodamas onely for all the other brothers, ſince in his exception, the others enuies were curbd: for brothers, either are or ſhould be of one acceptation in all ſit things. And Laodamas, he calls his hoſt, being eldeſt ſon to Alcinous: the heire being euer the yong maſters; nor might he conueniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, ſince he ſtood not in competition at theſe contentions.

Oechalian, *Eurytus*, *Hercules*;
Who with their bowes, durſt with the Gods contend.
And therefore caught *Eurytus* ſoone his end.
Nor di d at home, in age, a reuerend man;
Apollo. But by the Great incenſed *Delphian*
Was ſhot to death, for daring competence
With him, in all an Archers excellence.
A Speare Ile hurle as farre, as any man
Shall ſhoote a ſhaft. How at a race I can
Beſtirre my feete; I onely yeeld to Feare,
And doubt to meete with my ſuperiour here.
So many ſeas, ſo too much haue miſuſde
My lims for race; and therefore haue diffuſde
A diſſolution through my loued knees.
The ingenuous and reuall ſpeech of Alcinous to Vlyſſes. This ſaid, he ſtilld all talking properties;
Alcinous onely anſwerd: O my Gueſt
In good part take we, what you haue bene preſt
With ſpeech to anſwer. You would make appeare
Your vertues therefore, that will ſtill ſhine where
Your onely looke is. Yet muſt this man giue
Your worth ill language; when, he does not liue
In ſort of mortals (whence ſo ere he ſprings
That iudgement hath to ſpeake becoming things)
That will depraue your vertues. Note then now
My ſpeech, and what, my loue preſents to you;
That you may tell *Heroes*, when you come
To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,
(Mindfull of our worth) what deſeruings *Ione*
Hath put on our parts likewiſe; in remoue
From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace
Kinde, and perpetuall. We muſt needs giue place
To other Countreymen; and freely yeeld
We are not blameleſſe, in our fights of field;
Buffets, nor wreſtlings: but in ſpeede of feete;
And all the Equipage that fits a fleete,
We boaſt vs beſt. For table euer ſpred
With neighbour feaſts, for garments varied;
For *Poeſie*, *Muſique*, *Dancing*, *Baths*, and *Beds*.
And now, *Phæacians*, you that beare your heads
And feete with beſt grace, in enamouring dance;
Enflame our gueſt here; that he may aduance
Our worth paſt all the worlds, to his home friends;
As well for the vnmatcht grace, that commends
Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs
That flie a race beſt. And ſo, all affaires,
At which we boaſt vs beſt; he beſt may trie;
As Sea-race, Land-race, Dance, and Poeſie.
Some one, with inſtant ſpeede to Court retire,

And

And fetch *Demodocus*, his ſoundfull lyre.
This ſaid, the God-grac't king, and quicke reſort
Pontonous made, for that faire harpe, to Court.
Nine of the lot-chuſde publique Rulers roſe,
That all in thoſe contentions did diſpoſe;
Commanding a moſt ſmooth ground, and a wide,
And all the people, in faire game, aſide.
Then with the rich harpe, came *Pontonous*;
And in the midſt, tooke place *Demodocus*.
About him then ſtood foorth, the choiſe yong men,
That on mans firſt youth, made freſh entrie then:
Had Art to make their naturall motion ſweete
And ſhooke a moſt diuine dance from their feete;
That twinckld Star-like; mou'd as ſwift, and fine,
And beate the aire ſo thinne, they made it ſhine.
Vlyſſes wonderd at it; but amazd
He ſtood in minde, to heare the dance ſo phras'd.
For, as they danc't; *Demodocus* did ſing,
The bright-crownd *Venus* loue, with Battailes king;
As firſt they cloſely mixt, in t'houſe of fire.
What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his deſire;
Who then, the night-and-day-bed did defile
Of good king *Vulcan*. But in little while
The Sunne their mixture ſaw; and came, and told.
The bitter newes, did by his eares take hold
Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went;
And in his ſhrewd mind, deepe ſtuffe did inuent.
His mightie Anuile, in the ſtocke he put;
And forg'd a net, that none could looſe, or cut;
That when it had them, it might hold them faſt.
Which, hauing finiſht, he made vtmoſt haſte
Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he wowd:
And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all beſtrowd
The bed, and bed poſts: all the beame aboue
That croſt the chamber; and a circle ſtroue,
Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.
And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,
The woofe before tis wouen. No man nor God
Could ſet his eie on it: a ſleight ſo odde,
His Art ſhewd in it. All his craft beſpent
About the bed: he faind, as if he went
To well-built *Lemnos*; his moſt loued towne,
Of all townes earthly. Nor left this vnknowne
To golden-bridle-vſing *Mars*; who kept
No blinde watch ouer him: but, ſeeing ſtept
His riuall ſo aſide, he haſted home
With faire-wreath'd *Venus* loue ſtung; who was come
New from the Court of her moſt mightie Sire.

μαιμωωαι τιδ.
μαιμωωαι ſignifies ſplendor vibrans.
twinckld ſplendor: μαρμαρυσσω Vibrare velut radios ſolares.

Ayre rarefied turns ſ. ſt.

The matter whereof mon can ſee.

χρυσεοιο ἄρρ.

Mars

Mars enterd; wrung her hand; and the retire
Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and ſaid;
Now (*Loue*) is *Vulcan* gone; let vs to bed,
Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Well appaid
Was *Venus* with it; and afreſh aſſaid
Their old encounter. Downe they went; and ſtraight
About them 'clingd, the artificiall ſleight
Of moſt wiſe *Vulcan*; and were ſo enſnar'd,
That neither they could ſtirre their courſe prepar'd,
In any lim about them; nor ariſe.
And then they knew, they could no more diſguiſe
Their cloſe conueiance; but lay, fore't, ſtone ſtill.
Backe ruſht the Both foote cook't; but ſtraight in skill,
From his neare skout-hole turnd; nor euer went
To any *Lemnos*; but the ſure euent
Left *Phœbus* to diſcouer, who told all.
Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of griefe, and gall;
Stood in the Portall, and cried out ſo hie;
That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie
Vulcan complains. And euery other deathleſſe God (ſaid he)
Come all, and a ridiculous obiect ſee;
And yet not ſufferable neither; Come,
And witneſſe, how when ſtill I ſtep from home,
(Lame that I am) *Ioues* daughter doth profeſſe
To do me all the ſhamefull offices;
Indignities, deſpites, that can be thought;
And loues this all-things-making-come to nought
Since he is faire forſooth; foote-ſound, and I
Tooke in my braine a little; leg'd awrie;
And no fault mine; but all my parents fault,
Who ſhould not get, if mocke me, with my halt.
But ſee how faſt they ſleepe, while I, in mone,
Am onely made, an idle looker on.
One bed their turne ſerues; and it muſt be mine;
I thinke yet, I haue made their ſelfe-loues ſhine.
They ſhall no more wrong me, and none perceiue:
Nor will they ſleepe together, I beleeue
With too hote haſte againe. Thus both ſhall lie
In craft, and force; till the extremitie
Of all the dowre, I gaue her Sire (to gaine
A dogged fet-fac't Girle, that will not ſtaine
Her face with bluſhing, though ſhe ſhame her head)
He paies me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.
While this long ſpeech was making, all were come
To *Vulcans* wholie-brazen-founded home.
Earth-ſhaking *Neptune*; vſefull *Mercurie*,
And far-ſhot *Phœbus*. No She Deitie
For ſhame, would ſhow there: all the giue-good Gods

Stood

ſtood in the Portall; and paſt periods
Gaue length to laughters; all reioyc't to ſee
That which they ſaid; that no impietie
Finds good ſucceſſe at th'end. And now (ſaid one)
The ſlow outgoes the ſwift. Lame *Vulcan*, knowne
To be the ſloweſt of the Gods; outgoes
Mars the moſt ſwift; And this is that, which growes
To greateſt iuſtice; that Adulteries ſport
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other ſort,
(And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieues the more,
That ſound limbs turning lame; the lame, * reſtore.
This ſpeech amongſt themſelues they entertaind
When *Phabus*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus enchaind
Would'ſt thou be *Hermes*, to be thus diſcloſde?
Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were repos'de?
He ſoone gaue that an anſwer: O (ſaid he
Thou king of Archers) would twere thus with me.
Though thrice ſo much ſhame; nay, though infinite
Were powrd about me; and that euery light
In great heauen ſhining, witneſt all my harmes,
So golden *Venus* ſlumberd in mine Armes.
The Gods againe laught; euen the watry ſtate
Wrung out a laughter: But propitiate
Was ſtill for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire
He would diſſolue him; offering the deſire
He made to *Ioue*, to pay himſelfe; and ſaid,
All due debts, ſhould be, by the Gods repaid.
Pay me, no words (ſaid he) where deeds lend paine;
Wretched the words are, giuen for wretched men.
How ſhall I binde you in th'Immortals ſight
If *Mars* be once loos'd; nor will pay his right?
Vulcan (ſaid he) if *Mars* ſhould flie, nor ſee
Thy right repaid, it ſhould be paid by me:
Your word, ſo giuen, I muſt accept (ſaid he)
Which ſaid; he looſd them: *Mars* then ruſht from skie
And ſtoop't cold *Thrace*. The laughing Deity
For *Cyprus* was, and tooke her *Paphian* ſtate
Where, She a *Grone*, ne're cut, hath conſecrate:
All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath
An Altar there, at which the *Graces* bathe,
And with immortall Balms beſmooth her skin;
Fit for the bliſſe, Immortals ſolace in;
Deckt her in to-be-ſtudied attire,
And apt to ſet beholders hearts on fire.
This ſung the ſacred Muſe, whoſe notes and words
The dancers feete kept; as his hands his cords.
Vlyſſes, much was pleaſed, and all the crew:
This would the king haue varied with a new

* *Intending the ſound of feete when they outgo the ſoundeſt.*

This is Πολυμισγος, μεγαλητωρ &c. Patua magne dicetes, *graue ſentence out of lighteſt matter.*

And

And pleaſing meaſure; and performed by
Two, with whom none would ſtriue in dancerie.
And thoſe, his ſonnes were; that muſt therefore dance
Alone; and onely to the harp aduance,
Without the words; And this ſweete couple, was
Yong *Halius*, and diuine *Laodamas*:
Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,
(That *Polybus* had made, of purple all)
They tooke to hand: one threw it to the skie,
And then danc't backe; the other (capring hie)
Would ſurely catch it, ere his foote toucht ground;
And vp againe aduanc't it; and ſo found
The other, cauſe of dance; and then did he
Dance lofty trickes; till next it came to be
His turne to catch; and ſerue the other ſtill.
When they had kept it vp to eithers will;
They then danc't ground tricks; oft mixt hand in hand;
And did ſo gracefully their change command;
That all the other Youth that ſtood at pauſe,
With deafning ſhouts, gaue them the great applauſe.

Vlyſſes to Alcinous.

Then ſaid *Vlyſſes*; O paſt all men here
Cleare, not in powre, but in deſert as clere,
You ſaid your dancers, did the world ſurpaſſe;
And they performe it, cleare, and to amaze.
This wonne *Alcinous* heart; and equall priſe
He gaue *Vlyſſes*; ſaying; Matchleſſe wiſe
(Princes, and Rulers) I perceiue our gueſt;
And therefore let our hoſpitable beſt
In fitting gifts be giuen him: twelue chiefe kings
There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdome; and the thirteenth, I
Exiſt, as Crowne to all: let inſtantly
Be thirteene garments giuen him: and, of gold
Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold
This our aſſembly; be all fetcht, and giuen;
That to our feaſt prepar'd, as to his heauen
One gueſt may enter. And that nothing be
Left vnperformd, that fits his dignity;
Euryalus ſhall here conciliate
Himſelfe, with words and gifts; ſince paſt our rate
He gaue bad language. This did all commend
And giue in charge; and euery king did ſend
His Herald for his gift. *Euryalus*
(Anſwering for his part) ſaid; *Alcinous*!
Our chiefe of all; ſince you command, *I* will
To this our gueſt, by all meanes reconcile;
And giue him this entirely mettald ſword:
The handle maſſie ſiluer; and the bord

That

That giues it couer, all of Ivorie,
New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitie.
This put he ſtrait into his hand, and ſaid:
Frolicke, O Gueſt and Father; if words, ſled,
Haue bene offenſiue; let ſwift whirlwinds take,
And rauiſh them from thought. May all Gods make
Thy wifes ſight good to thee; in quicke retreate
To all thy friends, and beſt-lou'd breeding ſeate;
Their long miſſe quitting with the greater ioy;
In whoſe ſweet, vaniſh all thy worſt annoy.
And frolicke thou, to all height, Friend (ſaid he)
Which heauen confirme, with wiſht felicitie.
Nor euer giue againe deſire to thee,
Of this ſwords vſe, which with affects ſo free,
In my reclaime, thou haſt beſtowd on me.
This ſaid; athwart his ſhoulders he put on
The right faire ſword; and then did ſet the Sunne.
When all the gifts were brought; which backe againe
(With King *Alcinous*, in all the traine)
Were by the honourd Heralds borne to Court;
Which his faire ſonnes tooke; and from the reſort
Laid by their reuerend Mother. Each his throne,
Of all the Peeres (which yet were ouerſhone
In King *Alcinous* command) aſcended:
Whom he, to paſſe as much in gifts contended;
And to his Queene, ſaid: Wife! ſee brought me here
The faireſt Cabinet I haue; and there
Impoſe a well-cleanſd, in, and vtter weed;
A Caldron heate with water, that with ſpeed
Our Gueſt well bath'd, and all his gifts made ſure,
It may a ioyfull appetite procure
To his ſucceeding Feaſt; and make him heare
The Poets *Hymne*, with the ſecurer eare.
To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,
In all frame curious, to make him hold
My memory alwaies deare; and ſacrifiſe
With it at home, to all the Deities.
Then *Arete*, her maids charg'd to ſet on
A well-ſiz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;
Cleare water powr'd in, flame made ſo entire,
It gilt the braſſe, and made the water fire.
In meane ſpace, from her chamber brought the Queene
A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)
She put the garments, and the gold beſtowd
By that free State: and then, the other vowd
By her *Alcinous*, and ſaid: Now Gueſt
Make cloſe and faſt your gifts, leſt when you reſt
A ſhip-boord ſweetly, in your way you meet

Some loſſe, that leſſe may make your next ſleepe ſweet.
This when *Vlyſſes* heard; all ſure he made;
Encloſde and bound ſafe; for the ſauing trade,
The Reuerend for her wiſedome (*Circe*) had
In foreyeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad
His worth to bathing; which reioyc't his heart.
For ſince he did with his *Calypſo* part,
He had no hote baths. None had fauourd him;
Nor bin ſo tender of his kingly lim.
But all the time he ſpent in her abode,
He liu'd reſpected, as he were a God.
Cleanſd then and balmd; faire ſhirt, and robe put on;
Freſh come from bath, and to the Feaſters gone;
Nauſicaa, that from the Gods hands tooke
The ſoueraigne beautie of her bleſſed looke,
Stood by a well-caru'd Columne of the roome,
And through her eye, her heart was ouercome
Nauſicaa enflamed with Vlyſſes. With admiration of the Port impreſt
In his aſpect; and ſaid: God ſaue you Gueſt!
Be chearfull, as in all the future ſtate,
Your home will ſhew you, in your better Fate.!
But yet, euen then, let this remembderd be,
Your lifes price, I lent, and you owe it me.
The varied in all counſels gaue reply:
Nauſicaa! flowre of all this Empery!
So *Iunos* husband, that the ſtrife for noiſe
Makes in the clouds, bleſſe me with ſtrife of Ioyes,
In the deſir'd day, that my houſe ſhall ſhow,
As I, as I to a Goddeſſe, there ſhall vow,
To thy faire hand, that did my Being giue;
Which Ile acknowledge euery houre I liue.
This ſaid; *Alcinous* plac't him by his ſide;
Then tooke they feaſt, and did in parts diuide
The ſeuerall diſhes; filld out wine, and then
τις γὰρ οὕτω, Poetam cuius hominibus digna eſt ſocietas. The ſtriu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,
And reuerenc't of the State; *Demodocus*
Was brought in by the good *Pontanous*.
In midſt of all the gueſts, they gaue him place,
Againſt a loftie Pillar; when, this grace
The grac't with wiſedome did him. From the Chine
That ſtood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,
(Being farre the daintieſt ioynt) mixt through with fat,
He caru'd to him, and ſent it where he ſat,
By his old friend, the Herald; willing thus:
Herald! reach this to graue *Demodocus*;
Say, I ſalute him; and his worth embrace.
Poets deſerue paſt all the humane race,
Reuerend reſpect and honor; ſince the Queene

Of

Of knowledge, and the ſupreme worth in men
(*The Muſe*) informes them; and loues all their race.
This, reacht the Herald to him; who, the grace
Receiu'd encourag'd: which, when feaſt was ſpent,
Vlyſſes amplified to this aſcent:
Demodocus! I muſt preferre you farre,
Paſt all your ſort; if, or the *Muſe* of warre,
Ioues daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks reſpects)
Or if the Sunne, that thoſe of *Troy* affects.
For I haue heard you, ſince my coming, ſing
The Fate of *Greece*, to an admired ſtring.
How much our ſufferance was; how much we wrought;
How much the actions roſe to, when we fought.
So liuely forming, as you had bin there;
Or to ſome free relator, lent your eare.
Forth then, and ſing the woodden horſes frame,
Built by *Epeus*; by the martiall Dame,
Taught the whole Fabricke; which, by force of ſleight,
Vlyſſes brought into the Cities height;
When he had ſtuft it with as many men,
As leueld loftie *Ilion* with the Plaine.
With all which, if you can as well enchant,
As with expreſſion quicke and elegant,
You ſung the reſt; I will pronounce you cleare,
Inſpir'd by God, paſt all that euer were.
This ſaid; euen ſtird by God vp, he began;
And to his Song fell, paſt the forme of man;
Beginning where, the Greeks a ſhip-boord went,
And euery Chiefe, had ſet on fire his Tent.
When th'other Kings, in great *Vlyſſes* guide,
In *Troys* vaſt market place, the horſe did hide:
From whence, the *Troians*, vp to *Ilion* drew
The dreadfull Engine. Where (fate all arew)
Their Kings about it: many counſels giuen,
How to diſpoſe it. In three waies were driuen
Their whole diſtractions: firſt, if they ſhould feele
The hollow woods heart, (ſearcht with piercing ſteele)
Or from the battlements (drawne higher yet)
Deiect it headlong; or, that counterfet,
So vaſt and nouell, ſet on ſacred fire;
Vowd to appeaſe each angerd Godheads ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, ſaw,
They then ſhould haue reſolu'd: th'vnalterd law
Of Fate preſaging; that *Troy* then ſhould end,
When th'hoſtile horſe, ſhe ſhould receiue to friend;
For therein ſhould the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,
To bring the Fate and death, they after did.
He ſung beſides, the Greeks eruption

From thoſe their hollow crafts; and horſe forgone;
And how they made *Depopulation* tred
Beneath her ſeete, ſo high a Cities head.
In which affaire, he ſung in other place,
Vlyſſes. That of that ambuſh, ſome man elſe did race
As by the diuine fury directly inſpired ſo, for Vlyſſes glory. The *Ilion* Towres, then **Laertiades*;
But here he *ſung, that he alone did ſeiſe
(With *Menelaus*) the aſcended roofe
Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and *Mars*-like proofe
Made of his valour: a moſt dreadfull fight,
Daring againſt him. And there vanquiſht quite,
In litle time (by great *Minervas* aid)
All *Ilions* remnant, and *Troy* leuell laid.
This the diuine Expreſſor, did ſo giue
Both act and paſſion, that he made it liue;
And to *Vlyſſes* facts did breathe a fire,
In that the ſlaughters he made, were expreſt ſo liuely. So *deadly quickning, that it did inſpire
Old death with life; and rendred life ſo ſweet,
And paſſionate, that all there felt it fleet;
Which made him pitie his owne crueltie,
And put into that ruth, ſo pure an eie
Of humane frailtie; that to ſee a man
Could ſo reuiue from Death; yet no way can
Defend from death; his owne quicke powres it made
Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade
**Lacrymæ. Ouum. Metaph. Egmſyng, contumo, tabefco.* In *teares, his feeling braine ſwet: for in things
That moue paſt vtterance, teares ope all their ſprings.
Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,
More true interpreters of all, then teares.
Simile. And as a Ladie mournes her ſole-lou'd Lord,
That ſalne before his Citie, by the ſword,
Fighting to reſcue from a cruell Fate,
His towne and children; and, in dead eſtate
Yet panting, ſeeing him; wraps him in her armes,
Weeps, ſhrieks, and powres her health into his armes;
Lies on him, ſtriuing to become his ſhield
From foes that ſtill aſſaile him; ſpeares impeld
Through backe and ſhoulders; by whoſe points embrude,
They raiſe and leade him into ſeruitude,
Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame
Eates downe her cheekes with teares, and feeds lifes flame
With miſerable ſufferance: So this King,
Of teare-ſwet anguiſh, op't a boundleſſe ſpring:
Nor yet was ſeene to any one man there,
But King *Alcinous*, who ſate ſo neare,
He could not ſcape him: ſighs (ſo chok't) ſo brake
From all his tempers, which the King d d take
Both note, and graue reſpect of, and thus ſpake:

Heare

Heare me, *Phæacian* Counſellers and Peeres;
And ceaſſe, *Demodocus*; perhaps all eares
Are not delighted with his ſong; for, euer
Since the diuine Muſe ſung, our Gueſt hath neuer
Containd from ſecret mournings. It may fall,
That ſomething ſung, he hath bin grieu'd withall,
As touching his particular. Forbeare;
That *Feaſt* may ioyntly comfort all hearts here;
And we may cheare our Gueſt vp; tis our beſt,
In all due honor. For our reuerend Gueſt,
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
His loue hath added to our Feſtiuall.
A Gueſt, and ſuppliant too; we ſhould eſteeme
Deare as our brother; one that doth but dreame
He hath a ſoule; or touch but at a mind
Deathleſſe and manly; ſhould ſtand ſo enclin'd.
Nor cloke you, longer, with your curious wit,
(Lou'd Gueſt) what euer we ſhall aske of it.
It now ſtands on your honeſt ſtate to tell;
And therefore giue your name; nor more conceale,
What of your parents, and the Towne that beares
Name of your natiue; or of forreiners
That neare vs border, you are calld in fame.
There's no man liuing, walkes without a name;
Noble nor baſe; but had one from his birth;
Impoſde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,
People, and citie, owne you? Giue to know:
Tell but our ſhips all, that your way muſt ſhow;
For our *ſhips know th'expreſſed minds of men;
And will ſo moſt intentiuely retaine
Their ſcopes appointed, that they neuer erre;
And yet vſe neuer any man to ſtere:
Nor any Rudders haue, as others need.
They know mens thoughts; and whither tends their ſpeed.
And there will ſet them. For you cannot name
A Citie to them; nor fat Soile, that *Fame*
Hath any notice giuen; but well they know,
And will flie to them, though they ebbe and flow,
In blackeſt clouds and nights; and neuer beare
Of any wracke or rocke, the ſlendreſt feare.
But this I heard my Sire *Nauſithous* ſay
Long ſince, that *Neptune* ſeeing vs conuay
So ſafely paſſengers of all degrees,
Was angry with vs; and vpon our ſeas,
A well-built ſhip we had (neare habor come,
From ſafe deduction of ſome ſtranger home)
Made in his flitting billowes, ſticke ſtone ſtill;
And dimm'd our Citie, like a mightie hill,

This vsurpation or affirmation of miracles, how impoſſible ſoeuer in theſe times aſſured, yet in thoſe ages they were neither abſurd nor ſtrãge. Thoſe inanimate things hauing (it ſeemd) certain Genij, in whoſe powers, they ſuppoſed, their ſhips faculties. As others haue affirmed Okes to haue ſence of hearing: and ſo the ſhip of Argos was ſaid to haue a Maſt made of Dodonean Oke, that was vocall, and could ſpeake.

With ſhade caſt round about it. This report,
Intending his father Nauſithous. The old *King made; in which miraculous ſort,
If God had done ſuch things, or left vndone;
At his good pleaſure be it. But now, on,
And truth relate vs; both whence you erre;
And to what Clime of men would be transferr'd;
With all their faire Townes; be they, as they are;
If rude, vniuſt, and all irregular;
Or hoſpitable, bearing minds that pleaſe
The mightie Deitie. Which one of theſe
You would be ſet at, ſay; and you are there;
And therefore what afflicts you? why, to heare
The Fate of *Greece* and *Ilion*, mourne you ſo?
The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do
Deſtine deſtruction; that from thence may riſe
A Poeme to inſtruct poſterities.
Fell any kinſman before *Ilion*?
Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare ſonne?
Whom next our owne blood, and ſelfe-race we loue?
Or any friend perhaps, in whom did mone
A knowing ſoule, and no vnpleaſing thing?
Since ſuch a good one, is no vnderling
To any brother: for, what fits true friends,
True wiſedome fits true friends. True wiſedome is, that blood and birth tranſcends.

Finis libri octaui Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes *here,is firſt made knowne;*
Who tels the ſterne contention,
His powres did gainſt the Cicons *trie;*
And thence to the Lotophagie
Extends his conqueſt: and from them,
Aſſayes the Cyclop Polypheme;
And by the crafts,his wits apply,
He puts him out his onely eye.

Another.

Iſla. *The ſtrangely fed*
Lotophagie.
The Cicons *fled.*
The Cyclops *eye.*

Lyſſes thus reſolu'd the Kings demands.
Alcinous! (in whom this Empire ſtands)
You ſhould not of ſo naturall right diſherit
Your princely feaſt,as take from it the ſpirit.
To heare a Poet,that in accent brings
The Gods breſts downe; and breathes them as he ſings, *He begins where Alcinous commanded Demodocus to end.*
Is ſweet,and ſacred; nor can I conceiue,
In any common weale,what more doth giue
Note of the iuſt and bleſſed Empery,
Then to ſee *Comfort* vniuerſally
Cheare vp the people. When in euery roofe,
She giues obſeruers a moſt humane proofe
Of mens contents. To ſee a neighbours Feaſt
Adorne it through; and thereat, heare the breaſt
Of the diuine Muſe; men in order ſet;
A *wine-page waiting. Tables crownd with meate; *οἰνοχόοι.
Set cloſe to gueſts, that are to vſe it skilld;
The Cup-boords furniſht; and the cups ſtill filld.
This ſhewes (to my mind) moſt humanely faire.
Nor ſhould you,for me, ſtill the heauenly aire,
That ſtirrd my ſoule ſo; for I loue ſuch teares,
As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,
With repetitions of what heauen hath done;
And breake from heartie apprehenſion
Of God and goodneſſe, though they ſhew my ill.
And therefore doth my mind excite me ſtill,

To tell my bleeding mone; but much more now,
To ſerue your pleaſure; that, to ouer-flow
My teares with ſuch cauſe, may by ſighs be driuen;
Though ne're ſo much plagu'd, I may ſeeme by heauen.
And now my name; which, way ſhall leade to all
My miſeries after: that their ſounds may fall
Through your eares alſo; and ſhew (hauing fled
So much affliction) firſt, who reſts his head
In your embraces; when (ſo farre from home)
I knew not where t'obtaine it reſting roome.
I am *Vlyſſes Laertiades*;
The feare of all the world for policies;
For which, my facts as high as heauen reſound.
I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths moſt renownd:
All ouer-ſhadow'd with the * Shake-leafe hill
Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whoſe neare confines fill
Ilands a number, well inhabited,
That vnder my obſeruance taſte their bread.
Dulichius, *Samos*, and the-full-of-*food
Zacynthus, likewiſe grac't with ſtore of wood.
But *Ithaca*, (though in the ſeas it lie)
Yet lies ſhe ſo aloft, ſhe caſts her eye
Quite ouer all the neighbour Continent.
Farre Norward ſituate; and (being lent
But litle fauour of the Morne, and Sunne)
With barren rocks and cliffes is ouer-runne.
And yet of hardie youths, a Nurſe of Name.
Nor could I ſee a Soile, where ere I came,
More ſweete and wiſhfull. Yet, from hence was I
Withheld with horror, by the Deitie
Diuine *Calypſo*, in her cauie houſe;
Enflam'd to make me her ſole Lord and Spouſe.
Circe Æea too, (that knowing Dame,
Whoſe veines, the like affections did inflame)
Detaind me like wiſe. But to neithers loue,
Could I be tempted; which doth well approue;
Nothing ſo ſweete is as our countries earth,
And ioy of thoſe, from whom we claime our birth.
Though roofes farre richer, we farre off poſſeſſe,
Yet (from our natiue) all our more, is leſſe.
To which, as I contended, I will tell
The much-diſtreſt-conferring-facts, that fell
By *Ioues* diuine preuention; ſince I ſet,
From ruin'd *Troy*, my firſt foote in retreat.
From *Ilion*, ill winds caſt me on the Coaſt
The *Cicons* hold; where I emploid mine hoaſt
For *Iſmarus*, a Citie, built iuſt by
My place of landing; of which, *Victory*

Made

* ἀνεμοεσσάμ. quatientem ſeu agitantem frondes.

* quædam quibus corpus alitur & vita ſuſtentatur ὄλα appellantur.

Amor patriæ.

Made me expugner. I depeopl'd it,
Slue all the men, and did their wiues remit,
With much ſpoile taken; which we did diuide,
That none might need his part. I then applide
All ſpeed for flight: but my command therein,
(Fooles that they were) could no obſeruance win
Of many ſouldiers, who with ſpoile fed hie,
Would yet fill higher; and exceſſiuely
Fell to their wine; gaue ſlaughter on the ſhore,
Clouen-footed beeues and ſheepe, in mightie ſtore.
In meane ſpace, *Cicons* did to *Cicons* crie;
When, of their neareſt dwellers, inſtantly
Many and better ſouldiers made ſtrong head,
That held the Continent, and managed
Their horſe with high skill: on which they would fight,
When hiteſt cauſe ſeru'd; and againe alight,
(With ſoone ſeene vantage) and on foote contend.
Their concourſe ſwift was, and had neuer end;
As thicke and ſodaine twas, as flowres and leaues
Darke Spring diſcouers, when ſhe *Light receaues.
And then began the bitter Fate of *Ioue*
To alter vs vnhappie; which, euen ſtroue
To giue vs ſuffrance. At our Fleet we made
Enforced ſtand; and there did they inuade
Our thruſt-vp Forces: darts encountred darts,
With blowes on both ſides: either making parts
Good vpon either, while the Morning ſhone,
And ſacred *Day* her bright increaſe held on;
Though much out-matcht in number. But as ſoone
As *Phœbus* Weſtward fell, the *Cicons* wonne
Much hand of vs; ſixe proued ſouldiers fell
(Of euery ſhip) the reſt they did compell
To ſeeke of *Flight* eſcape from *Death* and *Fate*.
Thence (ſad in heart) we ſaild: and yet our State
Was ſomething chear'd; that (being ouer-matcht ſo much
In violent number) our retreate was ſuch,
As ſau'd ſo many. Our deare loſſe the leſſe,
That they ſuruiu'd; ſo like for like ſucceſſe.
Yet left we not the Coaſt, before we calld
Home to our country earth, the ſoules exhald,
Of all the friends, the *Cicons* ouercame.
Thrice calld we on them, by their ſeuerall name,
And then tooke leaue. Then from the angry *North*,
Cloud-gathering *Ioue*, a dreadfull ſtorme calld forth
Againſt our Nauie; couerd ſhore and all,
With gloomie vapors. *Night* did headlong fall
From frowning *Heauen*. And then hurld here and there
Was all our Nauie; the rude winds did teare,

* *After Night, in the firſt of the Morning.*

The ancient cuſtome of calling home the dead.

In

In three, in foure parts, all their ſailes; and downe
Driuen vnder hatches were we, preſt to drowne.
Vp ruſht we yet againe; and with tough hand
(Two daies, two nights entoild) we gat nere land;
Labours and ſorrowes, eating vp our minds.
The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds
We maſts aduanc't, we white ſailes ſpred, and ſate.
Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,
Our eaſe and home-hopes; which we cleare had reacht;
Had not, by chance, a ſodaine North-wind fetcht,
With an extreame ſea, quite about againe,
Our whole endeuours; and our courſe conſtraine
To giddie round; and with our bowd ſailes greete
Dreadfull *Maleis*; calling backe our fleete,
As farre forth as *Cythera*. Nine dayes more,
Aduerſe winds toſt me; and the tenth, the ſhore,
Where dwell the bloſſome-fed *Lotophagie*,
I fetcht: freſh water tooke in; inſtantly
Fell to our food aſhip-boord; and then ſent
Two of my choice men to the Continent,
(Adding a third, a Herald) to diſcouer,
What ſort of people were the Rulers ouer
The Lotophagis. The land next to vs. Where, the firſt they met,
Were the *Lotophagie*, that made them eate
Their Country diet; and no ill intent,
Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th'euent,
To ill conuerted it; for, hauing eate
Their daintie viands; they did quite forget
(As all men elſe, that did but taſte their feaſt)
Both country-men and country; nor addreſt
Any returne, t'informe what ſort of men
Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,
Abode themſelues there; and eate that food euer.
I made out after; and was faine to ſeuer
Th'enchanted knot; by forcing their retreate;
That ſtriu'd, and wept, and would not leaue their meate
For heauen it ſelfe. But, dragging them to fleete;
I wrapt in ſure bands, both their hands and feete,
And caſt them vnder hatches; and away
Commanded all the reſt, without leaſt ſtay;
Leſt they ſhould taſte the *Lote* too; and forget
With ſuch ſtrange raptures, their deſpiſde retreate.
All then aboord, we beate the ſea with Ores;
And ſtill with ſad hearts ſaild by out-way ſhores;
Till th'out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race
The idle Cyclops. Of proud-liu'd loiterers, that neuer ſow,
Nor put a plant in earth, nor vſe a Plow;
But truſt in God for all things; and their earth,

(Vn-

(Vnſowne, vnplowd) giues euery of-ſpring birth,
That other lands haue. Wheate, and Barley; Vines
That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;
And *Ioue* ſends ſhowres for all: no counſels there,
Nor counſellers, nor lawes; but all men beare
Their heads aloft on mountaines, and thoſe ſteepe,
And on their tops too: and there, houſes keepe
In vaultie Caues; their houſholds gouernd all
By each mans law, impoſde in ſeuerall;
Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good.
None for another caring. But there ſtood
Another litle Ile, well ſtor'd with wood,
Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie
The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.
Mens want it ſufferd; but the mens ſupplies,
The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.
Goates beyond number, this ſmall Iland breeds,
So tame, that no acceſſe diſturbs their feeds.
No hunters (that the tops of mountaines ſcale,
And rub through woods with toile) ſeeke them at all.
Nor is the ſoile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;
Nor euer in it any ſeed was ſowd.
Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights,
In braue Vermilion prow-deckt ſhips; nor wrights
Vſefull and skilfull, in ſuch works, as need
Perfection to thoſe trafficks, that exceed
Their naturall confines: to flie out and ſee
Cities of men; and take in, mutually
The preaſe of others; To themſelues they liue,
And to their Iland, that enough would giue
A good inhabitant; and time of yeare
Obſerue to all things Art could order there.
There, cloſe vpon the ſea, ſweet medowes ſpring,
That yet of freſh ſtreames want no watering
To their ſoft burthens: but of ſpeciall yeeld,
Your vines would be there; and your common field,
But gentle worke make for your plow; yet beare
A loftie harueſt when you came to ſheare.
For paſſing fat the ſoile is. In it lies
A harbor ſo opportune, that no ties,
Halſers, or gables need; nor anchors caſt.
Whom ſtormes *put in there, are with ſtay embrac't;
Or to their full wils ſafe; or winds aſpire
To Pilots vſes their more quicke deſire.
At entry of the hauen, a ſiluer foord
Is from a rock-impreſſing fountaine powr'd,
All ſet with ſable Poplars; and this Port
Were we arriu'd at, by the ſweet reſort

The deſcriptions of all theſe countries, haue admirable allegories, beſides their arch and pleaſing relation.

Of

Of ſome God guiding vs: for twas a night
So gaſtly darke, all Port was paſt our ſight,
Clouds hid our ſhips, and would not let the Moone
Affoord a beame to vs; the whole Ile wonne,
By not an eye of ours. None thought the Blore
That then was vp, ſhou'd waues againſt the ſhore,
That then to an vnmeaſur'd height put on.
We ſtill at ſea eſteemd vs, till alone
Our fleet put in it ſelfe. And then were ſtrooke
Our gatherd ſailes: our reſt aſhore we tooke,
And day expected. When the Morne gaue fire,
We roſe, and walkt, and did the Ile admire.
The *Nymphs*, *Ioues* daughters, putting vp a heard
Of mountaine Goates to vs, to render cheard
My fellow ſouldiers. To our Fleet we flew;
Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew
Our ſelues in three parts out; when, by the grace
That God vouch-ſaft, we made a gainfull chace.
Twelue ſhips we had, and euery ſhip had nine
Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.
Thus all that day, euen till the Sunne was ſet,
We ſate and feaſted; pleaſant wine and meate,
Plenteouſly taking; for we had not ſpent
Our ruddie wine aſhip-boord: ſupplement
Of large ſort, each man to his veſſell drew,
When we the ſacred Citie ouerthrew,
That held the *Cicons*. Now then ſaw we neare,
The *Cyclops* late-praiſd Iland; and might heare
The murmure of their ſheepe and goates; and ſee
Their ſmokes aſcend. The Sunne then ſet, and we
(When Night ſucceeded) tooke our reſt aſhore.
And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,
I calld my friends to councell; charging them
To make ſtay there, while I tooke ſhip and ſtreame,
With ſome aſſociates; and explor'd what men
The neighbour Ile held: if of rude diſdaine,
Churliſh and tyrannous, or minds bewraid
Pious and hoſpitable. Thus much ſaid,
I boorded, and commanded to aſcend
My friends and ſouldiers, to put off, and lend
Way to our ſhip. They boorded, ſate, and beate
The old ſea forth, till we might ſee the ſeate,
The greateſt *Cyclop* held for his abode;
Which was a deepe Caue, neare the common rode
Of ſhips that toucht there; thicke with Lawrels ſpred,
Where many ſheepe and goates lay ſhadowed:
And neare to this, a Hall of torne-vp ſtone,
High built with Pines, that heauen and earth attone;

And

And loftie-fronted Okes: in which kept houſe,
A man in ſhape, inmane, and monſterous,
Fed all his flocks alone; nor would affoord
Commerce with men; but had a wit abhord;
His mind, his body anſwering. Nor was he
Like any man, that food could poſſibly
Enhance ſo hugely; but (beheld alone)
Shewd like a ſteepe hils top, all ouergrowne
With trees and brambles; litle thought had I
Of ſuch vaſt obiects. When, arriu'd ſo nie;
Some of my lou'd friends, I made ſtay aboord,
To guard my ſhip; and twelue with me I ſhor'd,
The choice of all. I tooke beſides along,
A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blacke and ſtrong,
That *Maro* did preſent; *Euanthes* ſonne,
And Prieſt to *Phœbus*; who had manſion
In *Thracian Iſmarus* (the Towne I tooke)
He gaue it me; ſince I (with reuerence ſtrooke,
Of his graue place, his wife and childrens good)
Freed all of violence. Amidſt a wood
Sacred to *Phœbus*, ſtood his houſe; from whence
He fetcht me gifts of varied excellence;
Seuen talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd
Of maſſie ſiluer. But his gift, moſt fam'd,
Was twelue great veſſels, filld with ſuch rich wine,
As was incorruptible, and diuine.
He kept it as his iewell, which none knew
But he himſelfe, his wife, and he that drew.
It was ſo ſtrong, that neuer any filld
A cup, where that was but by drops inſtilld,
And drunke it off; but twas before allaid
With twentie parts in water; yet ſo ſwaid
The ſpirit of that litle, that the whole,
A ſacred odour breath'd about the boll.
Had you the odour ſmelt, and ſent it caſt,
It would haue vext you to forbeare the taſte.
But then (the taſte gaind too) the ſpirit it wrought,
To dare things high, ſet vp an end my thought.
Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,
And in a good large knapſacke, victles ſtore;
And longd to ſee this heape of fortitude,
That ſo illiterate was, and vpland rude,
That lawes diuine nor humane he had learnd.
With ſpeed we reacht the Cauerne, nor diſcernd
His preſence there. His flocks he fed at field.
Entring his den; each thing beheld, did yeeld
Our admiration: ſhelues with cheeſes heapt;
Sheds ſtuft with Lambs and Goates, diſtinctly kept;

Vinum Maroneum memorabile.

Diſtinct the biggeſt; the more meane diſtinct;
Diſtinct the yongeſt. And in their precinct
(Proper and placefull) ſtood the troughs and pailes,
In which he milkt; and what was giuen at meales,
Set vp a creaming: in the Euening ſtill,
All ſcouring bright, as deaw vpon the hill.
Then were my fellowes inſtant to conuay
Kids, cheeſes, lambs, aſhip-boord; and away
Saile the ſalt billow. I thought beſt, not ſo,
But better otherwiſe; and firſt would know,
What gueſt-gifts he would ſpare me. Little knew
My friends, on whom they would haue preyd: his view
Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough
For ſuch bold vſage: we were bold enough,
In what I ſufferd; which was there to ſtay;
Make fire and feed there, though beare none away.
There ſate we, till we ſaw him feeding come,
And on his necke a burthen lugging home,
Moſt highly huge of Sere-wood; which the pile
That fed his fire, ſupplide all ſupper while.
Downe by his den he threw it; and vp roſe
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we cloſe
Withdrew our ſelues, while he into a Caue
Of huge receit, his high-fed cattell draue,
All that he milkt; the males he left without
His loftie roofes, that all beſtrowd about
With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke
He lift aloft, that damd vp to his flocke,
The doore they enterd: twas ſo hard to wield,
That two and twentie Waggons, all foure-wheeld,
(Could they be loaded, and haue teames that were
Proportion'd to them) could not ſtirre it there.
Thus, making ſure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,
And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues.
Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dreſſe,
His halfe milke vp for cheeſe, and in a preſſe
Of wicker preſt it; put in bolls the reſt,
To drinke, and eate, and ſerue his ſupping feaſt.
All works diſpatcht thus; he began his fire;
Which blowne, he ſaw vs; and did thus enquire:
Ho! Gueſts! what are ye? whence ſaile ye theſe ſeas?
Trafficke, or roue ye? and like theeues oppreſſe
Poore ſtrange aduenturers; expoſing ſo
Your ſoules to danger, and your liues to wo?
This vttered he; when Feare from our hearts tooke
The very life; to be ſo thunder-ſtrooke
With ſuch a voice, and ſuch a monſter ſee.
But thus I anſwerd: Erring *Grecians* we,

From

From *Troy* were turning homewards; but by force
Of aduerſe winds, in far-diuerted courſe,
Such vnknowne waies tooke, and on rude ſeas toſt,
(As *Ioue* decreed) are caſt vpon this Coaſt.
Of *Agamemnon* (famous *Atreus* ſonne)
We boaſt our ſelues the ſouldiers; who hath wonne
Renowme that reacheth heauen; to ouerthrow
So great a Citie, and to ruine ſo,
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
Our proſtrate boſomes; forc't with praires to trie,
If any hoſpitable right, or Boone
Of other nature, (ſuch as haue bin wonne
By lawes of other houſes) thou wilt giue.
Reuerence the Gods, thou greatſt of all that liue.
We ſuppliants are; and hoſpitable *Ioue*
Poures wreake on all, whom praires want powre to moue:
And with their plagues, together will prouide,
That humble Gueſts ſhall haue their wants ſupplide.
He cruelly anſwerd: O thou foole (ſaid he)
To come ſo farre, and to importune me
With any Gods feare, or obſerued loue;
We *Cyclops* care not for your Goat-fed *Ioue*;
Nor other Bleſt ones; we are better farre.
To *Ioue* himſelfe, dare I bid open warre;
To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I pleaſe.
But tell me: where's the ſhip, that by the ſeas
Hath brought thee hither? If farre off, or neare;
Informe me quickly. Theſe his temptings were.
But I, too much knew, not to know his mind;
And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind
(Thruſt vp from Sea, by him that ſhakes the Shore)
Had daſht our ſhips againſt his rocks, and tore
Her ribs in peeces, cloſe vpon his Coaſt;
And we from high wracke ſau'd; the reſt were loſt.
He anſwerd nothing; but ruſht in, and tooke
Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and ſtrooke
Their braines againſt it. Like two whelps they flew
About his ſhoulders; and did all embrew
The bluſhing earth. No mountaine Lion tore
Two Lambs ſo ſternly; lapt vp all their gore,
Guſht from their torne-vp bodies; lim by lim,
(Trembling with life yet) rauiſht into him.
Both fleſh and marrow-ſtuffed bones he eate,
And euen th'vncleanſed entrails made his meate.
We weeping, caſt our hands to heauen, to view,
A ſight ſo horrid. Deſperation flew
With all our after liues, to inſtant death,
In our beleeu'd deſtruction. But when breath,

This his relation of Agamemnon, and his glory & theirs for Troyes ſacke, with the pietie of ſuppliants receit, to him that was ſo barbarous and impious, muſt be intended ſpoken by Vlyſſes, with ſuppoſition that his hearers wold note, ſtill as he ſpake, how vaine they would ſhow to the Cyclops: who reſpected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit againſt Troy, or the Gods themſelues. For otherwiſe, the ſerious obſeruatiõ of the words (though good & graue, if ſpoken to another) want their intentional ſharpneſſe and life.

The fury of his appetite had got,
Becauſe the gulfe his belly, reacht his throte;
Mans fleſh, and Goates milke, laying laire on laire,
Till neare chokt vp, was all the paſſe for aire.
Along his den, amongſt his cattell, downe
He ruſht, and ſtreakt him. When my mind was growne
Deſperate, to ſtep in; draw my ſword, and part
His boſome, where the ſtrings about the heart
Circle the Liuer, and adde ſtrength of hand.
But that raſh thought, More ſtaid, did countermand;
For there we all had periſht, ſince it paſt
Our powres to lift aſide a log ſo vaſt,
As barrd all outſcape; and ſo figh'd away
The thought all Night, expecting actiue Day.
Which come, he firſt of all, his fire enflames,
Then milks his Goates and Ewes; then to their dams
Lets in their yong; and wondrous orderly,
With manly haſte, diſpatcht his houſwifery.
Then to his Breakfaſt, to which, other two
Of my poore friends went: which eate; out then go
His heards and fat flocks; lightly putting by
The churliſh barre, and cloſde it inſtantly;
For both thoſe works, with eaſe, as much he did,
As you would ope and ſhut your Quiuer lid.
With ſtormes of whiſtlings then, his flocks he draue
Vp to the mountaines; and occaſion gaue
For me to vſe my wits; which to their height,
I ſtriu'd to skrew vp; that a vengeance might
By ſome meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now
Affoord a full eare to my neediеſt vow.
This then, my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay
Cloſe by his milk-houſe, which was now in way
To drie, and ſeaſon; being an Oliue tree
Which late he feld; and being greene, muſt be
Made lighter for his manage. T'was ſo vaſt,
That we reſembl'd it to ſome fit Maſt,
To ſerue a ſhip of burthen, that was driuen
With twentie Ores; and had a bigneſſe giuen,
To beare a huge ſea. Full ſo thicke, ſo tall
We iudg'd this club; which I, in part, hewd ſmall,
And cut a fathome off. The peece I gaue
Amongſt my ſouldiers, to take downe, and ſhaue;
Which done, I ſharpn'd it at top, and then
(Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,
Within a naſtie dunghill reeking there,
Thicke, and ſo moiſt, it iſſude euery where.
Then made I lots caſt, by my friends to trie,
Whoſe fortune ſeru'd to dare the bor'd out eie

Of

Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall
On foure I wisht to make my aid, of all;
And I, the fift made, chosen like the rest.
Then came the Euen; and he came from the feast
Of his fat cattell; draue in all, nor kept
One male abroad: if, or his memory slept
By Gods direct will; or of purpose was
His driuing in of all then, doth surpasse
My comprehension. But he closde againe
The mightie barre; milkt, and did still maintaine
All other obseruation, as before.
His worke, all done; two of my souldiers more,
At once he snatcht vp; and to supper went.
Then dar'd I words to him, and did present
A boll of wine, with these words: *Cyclop!* take
A boll of wine from my hand, that may make
Way for the mans flesh thou hast eate; and show
What drinke our ship held; which in sacred vow,
I offer to thee; to take ruth on me
In my dismission home. Thy rages be
Now no more sufferable. How shall men
(Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
If thus thou ragest, and eatst vp their race.
He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently loyd
To taste the sweet cup; and againe employd
My flagons powre; entreating more, and said:
Good Guest, againe affoord my taste thy aid;
And let me know thy name; and quickly now;
That in thy recompence I may bestow
A hospitable gift on thy desert;
And such a one as shall reioyce thy heart;
For to the *Cylops* too, the gentle Earth
Beares generous wine; and *Ioue* augments her birth,
In store of such, with showres. But this rich wine,
Fell from the riuer that is meere diuine,
Of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. This againe
I gaue him; and againe; nor could the foole abstaine,
But drunke as often. When the noble Iuyce
Had wrought vpon his spirit; I then gaue vse
To fairer language; saying: *Cylop!* now
As thou demandst, Ile tell thee my name; do thou
Make good thy hospitable gift to me;
My name is *No-Man*; *No-Man*, each degree
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.
He answerd, as his cruell soule became:
No-Man! Ile eate thee last of all thy friends;
And this is that, in which so much amends

I vowd to thy deſernings; thus ſhall be
My hoſpitable gift, made good to thee.
This ſaid; he vpwards fell; but then bent round
His fleſhie necke; and *Sleepe* (with all crownes, crownd)
Subdude the Sauage. From his throte brake out
My wine, with mans fleſh gobbets, like a ſpout;
When loded with his cups, he lay and ſnor'd.
And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and gor'd
The burning cole-heape, that the point might heate.
Confirmd my fellowes minds, leſt *Feare* ſhould let
Their vowd aſſay, and make them flie my aid.
Strait was the Oliue Leuer, I had laid
Amidſt the huge fire, to get hardning, hot;
And glowd extremely, though twas greene; (which got
From forth the cinders) cloſe about me ſtood
My hardie friends: but that which did the good,
Was Gods good inſpiration, that gaue
A ſpirit beyond the ſpirit they vſde to haue:
Who tooke the Oliue ſparre, made keene before,
And plung'd it in his eye: and vp I bore,
Bent to the top cloſe; and helpt poure it in,
Simile. With all my forces: And as you haue ſeene
A ſhip-wright bore a nauall beame; he oft
Thruſts at the *Augurs* Froſe; works ſtill aloft;
And at the ſhanke, helpe others; with a cord
Wound round about, to make it ſooner bor'd;
All plying the round ſtill: So into his eye,
The firie ſtake, we labourd to imply.
Out guſht the blood that ſcalded; his eye-ball
Thruſt out a flaming vapour, that ſcorcht all
His browes and eye-lids; his eye-ſtrings did cracke,
As in, the ſharpe and burning rafter brake.
Simile. And as a Smith to harden any toole,
(Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole
The red-hote ſubſtance, that ſo feruent is,
It makes the cold waue ſtrait to ſeethe and hiſſe:
So ſod, and hizd his eye about the ſtake.
He roar'd withall; and all his Cauerne brake
In claps like thunder. We, did frighted flie,
Diſperſt in corners. He from forth his eie,
The fixed ſtake pluckt: after which, the blood
Flowd freſhly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
About his houill. Out he then did crie
For other *Cyclops*, that in Cauernes by,
Vpon a windie Promontorie dwelld;
Who hearing how impetuouſly he yelld,
Ruſht euery way about him; and enquir'd,
What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd

Such

Such horrid clamors; and in ſacred Night,
To breake their ſleepes ſo? Aske him, if his fright
Came from ſome mortall, that his flocks had driuen?
Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?
He anſwerd from his den; By craft, nor might,
No man hath giuen me death. They then ſaid right;
If no man hurt thee, and thy ſelfe alone;
That which is done to thee, by *Ioue* is done.
And what great *Ioue* inflicts, no man can flie;
Pray to thy Father yet, *a Deitie; *Neptune.
And proue, from him, if thou canſt helpe acquire.
Thus ſpake they, leauing him. When all on fire,
My heart with ioy was; that ſo well my wit,
And name deceiu'd him; whom now paine did ſplit;
And groning vp and downe, he groping tride,
To find the ſtone, which found, he put aſide;
But in the doore ſate, feeling if he could
(As his ſheepe iſſude) on ſome man lay hold;
Eſteeming me a foole, that could deuiſe
No ſtratageme to ſcape his groſſe ſurpriſe.
But I, contending what I could inuent,
My friends and me, from death ſo imminent,
To get deliuerd: all my wiles I woue,
(Life being the ſubiect) and did this approue;
Fat fleecie Rams, moſt faire, and great, lay there, *Wooll of a violet colour.
That did a *burthen like a Violet beare.
Theſe (while this learn'd in villanie did ſleepe),
I yokt with Oſiers cut there, ſheepe to ſheepe;
Three in a ranke; and ſtill the mid ſheepe bore
A man about his belly: the two more,
Marcht on his each ſide for defence. I then,
Chuſing my ſelfe the faireſt of the den,
His fleecie belly vnder-crept; embrac't
His backe, and in his rich wooll wrapt me faſt
With both my hands, arm'd with as faſt a mind.
And thus each man hung, till the Morning ſhin'd;
Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad
His male-flocks firſt: the females, vnmilkt ſtood
Bleating and braying; their full bags ſo ſore,
With being vnemptied; but their ſhepheard more,
With being vnſighted; which was cauſe, his mind
Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclin'd)
The backs felt as they paſt, of thoſe male dams:
(Groſſe foole) beleeuing, we would ride his Rams.
Nor euer knew, that any of them bore
Vpon his belly, any man before.
The laſt Ram came to paſſe him, with his wooll,
And me together, loded to the full:

For there did I hang: and that Ram he ſtaid;
And me withall had in his hands, my head
Troubl'd the while, not cauſtlefly, nor leaſt.
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Lazie beaſt!
Why laſt art thou now? thou haſt neuer vſde
To lag thus hindmoſt: but ſtill firſt haſt bruſde
The tender bloſſome of a flowre; and held
State in thy ſteps, both to the flood and field:
Firſt ſtill at Fold, at Euen; now laſt remaine?
Doeſt thou not wiſh I had mine eye againe,
Which that abhord man *No-Man* did put out,
Aſſiſted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me downe with wine? but he
Muſt not eſcape my wreake ſo cunningly.
I would to heauen thou knewſt, and could but ſpeake,
To tell me where he lurks now; I would breake
His braine about my Caue, ſtrewd here and there,
To eaſe my heart of thoſe foule ils, that were
Th'inflictions of a man, I priſde at nought.
Thus let he him abroad; when I (once brought
A litle from his hold) my ſelfe firſt loſde,
And next, my friends. Then drane we, and diſpoſde,
His ſtrait-leggd fat fleece-bearers ouer land,
Euen till they all were in my ſhips command;
And to our lou'd friends, ſhewd our praid-for fight,
Eſcap't from death. But for our loſſe, outright
They brake in teares; which with a looke I ſtaid,
And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;
And vp we all went; ſate, and vſde our Ores,
But hauing left as farre the ſauage ſhores,
As one might heare a voice; we then might ſee
The *Cyclop* at the hauen; when inſtantly
I ſtaid our Ores, and this inſultance vſde:

Vlyſſes inſults ouer the Cyclop.

Cyclop! thou ſhouldſt not haue ſo much abuſde
Thy monſtrous forces, to oppoſe their leaſt,
Againſt a man immartiall, and a gueſt;
And eate his fellowes: thou mightſt know there were
Some ils behind (rude ſwaine) for thee to beare;
That feard not to deuoure thy gueſts, and breake
All lawes of humanes: *Ioue* ſends therefore wreake,
And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more
His burning furie; when the top he tore
From off a huge Rocke; and ſo right a throw
Made at our ſhip, that iuſt before the Prow,
It ouerflew and fell: miſt Maſt and all
Exceeding litle; but about the fall,
So fierce a waue it raiſd, that backe it bore
Our ſhip ſo farre, it almoſt toucht the ſhore.

A bead-hooke then (a far-extended one)
I ſnatcht vp, thruſt hard, and ſo ſet vs gone
Some litle way; and ſtrait commanded all
To helpe me with their Ores; on paine to fall
Againe on our confuſion. But a ſigne,
I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,
In all performance. When we off were ſet,
(Then firſt, twice further) my heart was ſo great,
It would againe prouoke him: but my men
On all ſides ruſht about me, to containe;
And ſaid: Vnhappie! why will you prouoke
A man ſo rude; that with ſo dead a ſtroke,
Giuen with his Rock-dart, made the ſea thruſt backe
Our ſhip ſo farre; and neare hand forc't our wracke?
Should he againe, but heare your voice reſound,
And any word reach; thereby would be found
His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,
Cruſh peece-meale vs, quite ſplit our ſhip and all;
So much dart weilds the monſter. Thus vrg'd they
Impoſſible things, in feare; but I gaue way
To that wrath, which ſo long I held depreſt,
(By great *Neceſsitie* conquerd) in my breſt.
Cyclop! if any aske thee, who impoſde
Th'vnſightly blemiſh that thine eye encloſde;
Say that *Vlyſſes* (old *Laertes* ſonne,
Whoſe ſeate is *Ithaca*; and who hath wonne
Surname of Citie-racer) bor'd it out.
At this, he braid ſo loud, that round about
He draue affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;
And ſaid: O beaſt! I was premoniſht faire,
By aged Prophecie, in one that was
A great, and good man; this ſhould come to paſſe;
And how tis prou'd now? *Augur Telemus*,
Surnam'd *Eurymedes* (that ſpent with vs
His age in *Augurie*; and did exceed
In all preſage of *Truth*) ſaid all this deed,
Should this euent take; author'd by the hand
Of one *Vlyſſes*; who I thought was mand
With great and goodly perſonage; and bore
A vertue anſwerable: and this ſhore
Should ſhake with weight of ſuch a conqueror,
When now a weakling came, a dwarfie thing,
A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,
That brought ſupply to all; and with his wine,
Put out the flame, where all my light did ſhine.
Come, land againe *Vlyſſes*! that my hand,
May Gueſt-rites giue thee; and the great command,
That *Neptune* hath at ſea, I may conuert

Vlyſſes continued inſolice, no more to repeate what he ſaid to the Cyclop, then to let his hearers know Epitheter, and eſtimation in the world.

To

To the deduction, where abides thy heart,
With my ſollicitings; whoſe Sonne I am;
And whoſe fame boaſts to beare my Fathers name.
Nor thinke my hurt offends me; for my Sire
Can ſoone repoſe in it the viſuall fire,
At his free pleaſure; which no powre beſide
Can boaſt: of men, or of the Deifide.
I anſwerd: Would to God I could compell
Both life and ſoule from thee; and ſend to hell
Thoſe ſpoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then
Could cure thy hurt, and giue thee all again.
Polyphems imprecation againſt Vlyſſes.
Then flew fierce vowes to *Neptune*; both his hands
To ſtarre-borne heauen caſt: O thou that all lands
Girdſt in thy ambient Circle; and in aire
Shak'ſt the curld Treſſes of thy Saphire haire;
If I be thine, or thou maiſt iuſtly vant,
Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant
That this *Vlyſſes* (old *Laertes* ſonne,
That dwels in *Ithaca*; and name hath wonne
Of Citie-ruiner) may neuer reach
His naturall region. Or if to fetch,
That, and the ſight of his faire roofes and friends,
Be fatall to him; let him that Amends
For all his miſeries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and faile of: nor that Fate fulfill,
Till all his ſouldiers quite are caſt away
In others ſhips. And when, at laſt, the day
Of his ſole-landing, ſhall his dwelling ſhow,
Let *Detriment* prepare him wrongs enow.
Thus praid he *Neptune*; who, his Sire appeard;
And all his praire, to euery ſyllable heard.
But then a Rocke, in ſize more amplified
Then firſt, he rauiſht to him; and implied
A diſmall ſtrength in it; when (wheeld about)
He ſent it after vs; nor flew it out
From any blind aime; for a litle paſſe
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:
With which the ſea, our ſhip gaue backe vpon,
And ſhrunke vp into billowes from the ſtone;
Our ſhip againe repelling, neare as neare
The ſhore as firſt. But then our Rowers were
(Being warnd, more armd) and ſtronglier ſtemd the flood
That bore backe on vs, till our ſhip made good
The other Iland, where our whole Fleet lay;
In which our friends lay mourning for our ſtay;
And euery minute lookt when we ſhould land.
Where (now arriu'd) we drew vp to the ſand;
The *Cyclops* ſheepe diuiding, that none there

(Of

(Of all our priuates) might be wrung, and beare
Too much on powre. The Ram yet was alone,
By all my friends, made all my portion,
Aboue all others; and I made him then,
A *sacrifice for me, and all my men,
To cloud-compelling *Ioue*, that all commands.
To whom I burnd the Thighs: but my sad hands,
Receiu'd no grace from him; who studied how
To offer, men and fleete to *Ouerthrow*.
All day, till Sun-set yet, we sate and eate;
And liberall store tooke in, of wine and meate.
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept; Morne came, my men I raisd, and made
All go aboord; weigh Anker, and away.
They boorded, sate and beate the aged sea;
And forth we made saile; sad for losse before,
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more.

No occasion let passe to Vlysses praise in our Poets singular wit and wisdome.

Finis libri noni Hom. Odyss.

THE

THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses *now relates to vs,*
The grace he had with AEolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gines Vlysses; *all but one,*
Which Zephyre *was; who filld alone*
Vlysses *sailes. The Bag once seene*
(While he slept) by Vlysses *men;*
They thinking it did gold inclose;
To find it all the winds did lose.
Who backe flew to their guard againe.
Forth saild he; and did next attaine
To where the Læstrigonians *dwell.*
Where he eleuen ships lost; and fell
On the AEæan *coast; whose shore*
He sends Eurylochus *t'explore,*
Diuiding with him halfe his men:
Who go, and turne no more againe;
(All saue Eurylochus, *to swine*
By Circe *turnd.) Their stayes encline*
Vlysses *to their search; who got*
Of Mercurie *an Antidote,*
(Which Moly *was) gainst* Circes *charmes,*
And so auoids his souldiers harmes.
A yeare with Circe *all remaine,*
And then their native formes regaine.
On vtter shores, a time they dwell,
While Ithacus *descends to hell.*

Another.

Κατα. *Great* AEolus
And Circe, *friends,*
Finds Ithacus;
And Hell descends.

TO the *Æolian* Iland we attaind,
That swumme about still on the sea; where raign'd
The God-lou'd *Æolus Hippotydes.*
A wall of steele it had; and in the seas,
A waue-beat-smooth-rocke, mou'd about the wall.
Twelue children, in his house imperiall,
Were borne to him: of which, sixe daughters were,
And sixe were sonnes, that youths sweet flowre did beare.

His

His daughters, to his ſonnes he gaue, as wiues;
Who ſpent in feaſtfull comforts all their liues;
Cloſe ſeated by their Sire, and his graue Spouſe.
Paſt number were the diſhes, that the houſe
Made euer ſauour; and ſtill full the Hall;
As long as day ſhin'd; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaſte wiues. Each his faire caru'd bed
Moſt richly furniſht; and this life they led.
We reacht the Cittie, and faire roofes of theſe;
Where, a whole moneths time; all things that might pleaſe
The King vouchſaf't vs. Of great *Troy* enquir'd,
The *Grecian* fleete, and how the *Greekes* retir'd:
To all which, I gaue anſwer, as behou'd.
The fit time come; when I diſmiſſion mou'd;
He nothing would denie me, but addreſt
My paſſe with ſuch a bountie, as might beſt
Teach me contentment. For he did enfold
Within an Oxe hide, flead at nine yeares old,
All th'airie blaſts, that were of ſtormie kinds.
Saturnius made him Steward of his winds; *Iupiter.*
And gaue him powre, to raiſe and to aſſwage;
And theſe he gaue me, curbd thus of their rage.
Which in a glittering ſiluer band I bound
And hung vp in my ſhip: encloſd ſo round,
That no egreſſion, any breath could find.
Onely he left abroad the Weſterne wind;
To ſpeede our ſhips and vs, with blaſts ſecure.
But our ſecurities, made all vnſure:
Nor could he conſummate our courſe alone,
When all the reſt had got egreſſion.
Which thus ſucceeded. Nine whole daies and nights
We ſaild in ſafetie; and the tenth, the lights
Borne on our Countrey earth, we might deſcrie:
So neere we drew, and yet euen then fell I
(Being ouerwatcht) into a fatall ſleepe:
For I would ſuffer no man elſe to keepe
The foote that rul'd my veſſels courſe; to leade
The faſter home. My friends then Enuy fed, *πρῶρα νηὸς He calles the Sterne, the foote of the ſhip.*
About the bag I hung vp; and ſuppoſde,
That gold, and ſiluer, I had there encloſde,
As gift from *Æolus*. And ſaid, O heauen!
What grace, and graue price, is by all men giuen
To our Commander? Whatſoeuer coaſt
Or towne, he comes to, how much he engroſt
Of faire and precious prey, and brought from *Troy*?
We the ſame voiage went; and yet enioy
In our returne, theſe emptie hands for all.
This bag now, *Æolus* was ſo liberall

To make a Gueſt-gift to him. Let vs trie
Of what conſiſts, the faire-bound Treaſurie;
And how much gold, and ſiluer it containes.
Ill counſaile, preſent approbation gaines.
" They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;
When inſtant tempeſt did our veſſell take,
That bore vs backe to Sea; to mourne anew
Our abſent Countrey. Vp amazd I flew,
And deſperate things diſcourſt; if I ſhould caſt
My ſelfe to ruine in the ſeas; or taſte
Amongſt the liuing more mone, and ſuſtaine?
Silent, I did ſo; and lay hid againe
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke
My ſhips, backe to *Æolia*: my men ſtrooke
With woe enough. We pumpt and landed then;
Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)
I tooke a Herald to me, and away
Went to the Court of *Æolus*; Where they
Were feaſting ſtill: he, wife and children ſet
Together cloſe. We would not (at their meate)
Thruſt in; but humbly on the threſhold ſat.
He then, amazd, my preſence wonderd at;
And calld to me: *Vlyſſes*! how, thus backe
Art thou arriu'd here? what foule ſpirit brake
Into thy boſome to retire thee thus?
We thought we had deduction, curious
Giuen thee before; to reach thy ſhore and home:
Did it not like thee? I (euen ouercome
With worthy ſorrow) anſwerd: My ill men
Haue done me miſchiefe; and to them hath bene
My ſleepe th'vnhappie motiue. But do you
(Deareſt of friends) daigne ſuccour to my vow:
Your powres command it. Thus endeuord I
With ſoft ſpeech to repaire my miſery.
The reſt, with ruth, ſat dumbe: but thus ſpake he;
Auant; and quickly quit my land of thee,
Thou worſt of all that breathe; it fits not me
To conuoy, and take in, whom heauens expoſe.
Away, and with thee go, the worſt of woes,
That ſeek'ſt my friendſhip, and the Gods thy foes.
Thus he diſmiſt me, ſighing; foorth we ſaild,
At heart afflicted: and now wholy faild
The minds my men ſuſtaind: ſo ſpent they were
With toiling at their oares; and worſe did beare
Their growing labours; that they cauſd their grought,
By ſelfe-willd follies; nor now, euer thought
To ſee their Countrey more. Six nights and daies
We ſaild; the ſeuenth, we ſaw faire *Lamos* raiſe

Her

Her loftie Towres (The *Laſtrigonian* State)
That beares her Ports, ſo farre diſterminate.
Where * Shepheard, Shepheard calls out; he at home
Is calld out by the other that doth come
From charge abroad; and then goes he to ſleepe,
The other iſſuing. He whoſe turne doth keepe
The Night obſeruance, hath his double hire;
Since Day and Night, in equall length expire,
About that Region; and the Nights watch weigh'd
At twice the Daies ward; ſince the charge thats laid
Vpon the Nights-man (beſides breach of ſleepe)
Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, oxen keepe,
The other ſheepe. But when the hauen we found,
(Exceeding famous; and enuirond round
With one continuate rocke: which, ſo much bent,
That both ends almoſt met; ſo prominent
They were; and made, the hauens mouth paſſing ſtreight)
Our whole fleete, in we got; in whole receipt
Our Ships lay anchord cloſe: nor needed we
Feare harme on any * ſtaies; *Tranquillitie*
So purely ſate there: that waues great, nor ſmall
Did euer riſe to any height at all.
And yet would I, no entrie make; but ſtaid
Alone without the hauen; and thence ſuruaid
From out a loftie watch-towre raiſed there,
The Countrie round about: nor any where
The worke of man or beaſt, appeard to me;
Onely a ſmoke from earth breake, I might ſee.
I then made choice of two; and added more,
A Herald for aſſociate, to explore
What ſort of men liu'd there. They went, and ſaw
A beaten way, through which, carts vſde to draw
Wood from the high hils, to the Towne; and met
A maid without the Port; about to get
Some neare ſpring-water. She, the daughter was
Of mightie *Laſtrigonian*, *Antiphas*:
And to the cleare ſpring, cald *Artacia*, went;
To which the whole Towne, for their water ſent.
To her they came, and askt who gouernd there?
And what the people, whom he orderd were?
She anſwerd not, but led them through the Port,
As making haſte, to ſhew her fathers Court.
Where, enterd; they beheld (to their affright)
A woman like a mountaine top, in height.
Who ruſht abroad; and from the Counſaile place
Cald home her horrid husband *Antiphas*.
Who (deadly minded) ſtraight he ſnatcht vp one,
And fell to ſupper. Both the reſt were gone;

This place ſuffers different conſtruction, in all the Commentors, (in which all arre from the mind of the Poet: as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approue) eſpecially about ὡς τότε νυκτὸς ἔην καὶ ἐπὶ νύκτα μέλαιναν. *Prope enim noctis & diei iunt vias, (or ſimiliter which ὁμοίως ſignifies) which they will haue to be vnderſtood, that the daies in that region are long and the nights ſhort; where Hom. intends, that the Equinoctiall is there: (for how elſe is the courſe of day and night neare or equall?) But therefore the nights-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other: and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were ſo long, why ſhould the night-man, be preferr'd in wages?*

* *For being caſt on the ſtaies, as ſhips are by weather.*

Antiphas was king there.

And to the fleete came. *Antiphas*, a crie
Draue through the Citie; (which heard,) instantly
This way, and that, innumerable sorts,
Not men, but Gyants, issued through the Ports;
And mightie flints from rocks tore; which they threw
Amongst our ships; through which, an ill noise flew,
Of shiuerd ships, and life-expiring men,
That were, like fishes, by the monsters slaine,
And borne to sad feast. While they slaughterd these,
That were engag'd in all th'aduantages,
The close-mouth'd, and most dead-calme hauen could giue;
I (that without lay) made some meanes to liue;
My sword drew; cut my gables; and to oares
Set all my men; and, from the plagues, those shores
Let flie amongst vs, we made haste to flie;
My men, close working, as men loth to die.
My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay
On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way
Through these sterne fates, that had engag'd them there.
Forth our sad remnant saild; yet still retaind,
The ioyes of men, that our poore few remaind,
Then to the Ile *Æa* we attaind;
Where faire-haird, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd;
Æætes sister, both by Dame and Sire;
Both daughters to heauens man-enlightning fire;
And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.
The ship-fit Port here, soone we landed at:
Some God directing vs. Two daies; two nights,
We lay here pining in the fatall spights
Of toile and sorrow. But the next third day
When faire *Aurora* had informd; quicke way
I made out of my ship; my sword and lance
Tooke for my surer guide; and made aduance
Vp to a prospect, I assay to see
The works of men; or heare mortalitie
Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height
Rough and right hardly accessible; I might
Behold from *Circes* house (that in a groue
Set thicke with trees, stood; a bright vapor moue.
I then grew * curious in my thought to trie
Some fit enquirie; when so spritely flie
I saw the yeallow smoke. But my discourse,
A first retiring to my ship gaue force
To giue my men their dinner, and to send,
(Before th'aduenture of my selfe) some friend.
Being neare my ship; of one so desolate
Some God had pittie, and would recreate
My woes a little, putting vp to me

* περιφρων Curiosè cogito. * αὐθων ἀυτον. also signifying rutilus: by reason of the fire mixt with it. Fumus qui fit dum aliquid accenditur.

A great and high-palmd Hart; that (fatallie,
Iuſt in my way it ſelfe, to taſte a flood)
Was then deſcending: the Sunne heate had ſure
Importun'd him, beſides the temperature
His naturall heate gaue. Howſoeuer, I
Made vp to him, and let my Iauelin flie,
That ſtrooke him through the mid-part of his chine;
And made him (braying) in the duſt confine
His flying forces. Forth his ſpirit flew;
When I ſtept in, and from the deaths wound drew
My ſhrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie
Till I, of cut-vp Oſiers, did imply,
A With; a fathome long, with which, his feete
I made together, in a ſure league meete;
Stoop't vnder him, and to my necke, I heau'd
The mightie burthen; of which, I receau'd
A good part on my lance: for elſe I could
By no meanes, with one hand alone, vphould
(Ioynd with one ſhoulder) ſuch a deathfull lode.
And ſo, to both my ſhoulders, both hands ſtood
Needfull aſſiſtents: for it was a Deare
Goodly-wel-growne: when (coming ſomething neare
Where rode my ſhips) I caſt it downe, and rer'd
My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cheer'd,
In note particular, and ſaid; See friends,
We will not yet to *Plutos* houſe, our ends
Shall not be haſtend, though we be declind
In cauſe of comfort; till the day deſign'd
By Fates fixt finger. Come, as long as food
Or wine laſts in our ſhip; lets ſpirit our blood
And quit our care and hunger, both in one.
This ſaid; they frolikt, came, and lookt vpon
With admiration, the huge bodied beaſt;
And when their firſt-ſeru'd eyes, had done their feaſt;
They waſht, and made a to-be-ſtriu'd-for meale,
In * point of honour. On which all did dwell
The whole day long. And, to our venzons ſtore,
We added wine till we could wiſh no more.
Sunne ſet, and darkneſſe vp; we ſlept, till light
Put darkneſſe downe: and then did I excite
My friends to * counſaile, vttering this: Now, friends,
Affoord vnpaſſionate eare; though ill Fate lends,
So good cauſe to your paſſion; no man knowes
The reaſon whence, and how, the darkneſſe growes;
The reaſon, how the Morne is thus begunne:
The reaſon, how the Man-enlightning Sunne
Diues vnder earth: the reaſon how againe
He reres his golden head. Thoſe counſailes then

ἀρχὴν δὲ πάντων. The whole end of this counſaile was to perſwade his ſouldiers to explore thoſe parts: which he knew would proue a moſt vnpleaſing motion to them: for their fellowes terrible entertainement with Antiphas, and Polyph, and therefore he prepares the little he hath to ſay, with this long circumſtance: implying a neceſſitie of that ſeruice, and neceſſary reſolution to adde the triall of the event, to their other aduentures,

That paſſe our comprehenſion, we muſt leaue
To him that knowes their cauſes; and receaue
Direction from him, in our acts, as farre
As he ſhall pleaſe to make them regular;
And ſtoope them to our reaſon. In our ſtate,
What then behoues vs? Can we eſtimate
With all our counſailes, where we are? or know
(Without inſtruction, paſt our owne skils) how
(Put off from hence) to ſtere our courſe the more?
I thinke we can not. We muſt then explore
Theſe parts for information; in which way
We thus farre are: laſt Morne I might diſplay
(From off a high-raiſd cliffe) an Iland lie
Girt with th'vnmeaſur'd Sea; and is ſo nie
That in the midſt I ſaw the ſmoke ariſe
Through tufts of trees. This reſts then to aduiſe,
Who ſhall explore this. This ſtrooke dead their hearts,
Remembring the moſt execrable parts
That *Laſtrigonian Antiphas* had plaid:
And that foule *Cyclop*, that their fellowes braid
Betwixt his iawes; which mou'd them ſo; they cried.
But idle teares, had neuer wants ſupplied.
I, in two parts diuided all; and gaue
To either part his Captaine: I muſt haue
The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,
Eurylochus, the other. Lots we ſhooke,
(Put in a caske together,) which of vs
Should leade th'attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.
He freely went; with two and twenty more:
All which, tooke leaue with teares; and our eyes wore
The ſame wet badge, of weake humanity.
Circes houſe. Theſe, in a dale, did *Circes* houſe deſcrie;
Of bright ſtone built, in a conſpicuous way:
Before her gates; hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;
Which with her virtuous drugs, ſo tame ſhe made;
That Wolfe, nor Lyon, would one man inuade
With any violence; but all aroſe;
Their huge long tailes wagd; and in fawnes would cloſe,
Simile. As louing dogs, when maſters bring them home
Relicks of feaſt; in all obſeruance, come
And ſooth their entries, with their fawnes and bounds;
All gueſts, ſtill bringing, ſome ſcraps for their hounds:
So, on theſe men, the Wolues, and Lyons rampt;
Their horrid paws ſet vp. Their ſpirits were dampt
To ſee ſuch monſtrous kindneſſe; ſtaid at gate,
And heard within, the Goddeſſe eleuate
A voice diuine, as at her web, ſhe wrought,
Subtle, and glorious, and paſt earthly thought;

As

As all the houſwiferies of Deities are.
To heare a voice, ſo rauiſhingly rare;
Polites (one exceeding deare to me,
A Prince of men; and of no meane degree
In knowing vertue; in all Acts, whoſe mind
Diſcreete cares all wayes, vſde to turne, and wind)
Was yet ſurpriſd with it; and ſaid; O friends,
Some one abides within here, that commends
The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;
As ſhe ſome web wrought; or her ſpindles twine
She cheriſht with her ſong: the pauement rings
With imitation of the tunes ſhe ſings;
Some woman, or ſome Goddeſſe tis; Aſſay
To ſee with knocking. Thus ſaid he; and they
Both knockt, and calld; and ſtraight her ſhining gates
She opened, iſſuing: bade them in, to cates.
Led, and (vnwiſe) they follow'd; all, but one
Which was *Eurylochus*; who ſtood alone
Without the gates; ſuſpicious of a ſleight;
They enterd, ſhe made ſit; and her deceit
She cloakt with Thrones; and goodly chaires of State;
Set hearby honey, and the delicate
Wine brought from *Smyrna*, to them; meale and cheeſe;
But harmefull venoms, ſhe commixt with theſe;
That made their Countrey vaniſh from their thought.
Which, eate; ſhe toucht them, with a rod that wrought
Their transformation, farre paſt humane wunts;
Swines ſnowts, ſwines bodies, tooke they, briſtles, grunts;
But ſtill retaind the ſoules they had before;
Which made them mourne their bodies change the more.
She ſhut them ſtraight in ſties; and gaue them meate
Oke-maſt, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eate,
Groueling like ſwine on earth, in fowleſt ſort.
Eurylochus, ſtraight haſted the report
Of this his fellowes moſt remorcefull fate.
Came to the ſhips; but ſo excruciate
Was with his woe; he could not ſpeake a word:
His eyes ſtood full of teares; which ſhew'd how ſtor'd,
His mind with mone remaind. We all admir'd;
Askt what had chanc't him, earneſtly deſir'd
He would reſolue vs. At the laſt, our eyes,
Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:
And out his griefe burſt thus; You willd; we went
Through thoſe thicke woods you ſaw; when, a deſcent
Shew'd vs a faire houſe, in a lightſome ground,
Where (at ſome worke) we heard a heauenly ſound
Breath'd from a Goddeſſe, or a womans breſt:
They knockt, ſhe op't her bright gates; each, her gueſt

ααὐτὰ
Cuius animum curas prudentes verſat.

Seeing them, he thought of his fellowes.

Her faire inuitement made: nor would they ſtay,
(Fooles that they were) when ſhe once led the way.
I enterd not, ſuſpecting ſome deceit.
When all together vaniſht; nor the ſight
Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye
Could any way diſcouer. Inſtantly,
Vlyſſes mou'd for his ſouldiers. Eurylochus. (My ſword, and bow reacht) I bad ſhew the place,
When, downe he fell; did both my knees embrace,
And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,
Do not thy ſelfe loſe; nor to that aboad
Leade others raſhly; both thy ſelfe, and all
Thou ventur'ſt thither, I know well, muſt fall
In one ſure ruine: with theſe few then flie;
We yet may ſhunne the others deſtinie.
I anſwerd him: *Eurylochus*! ſtay thou
And keepe the ſhip then; eate and drinke: I now
Will vndertake th'aduenture; there is cauſe
In great *Neceſsities* vnalterd lawes.
This ſaid, I left both ſhip and ſeas; and on
Along the ſacred vallies all alone
Went in diſcouery: till at laſt I came
Where, of the maine-medcine-making Dame
I ſaw the great houſe: where, encounterd me,
Vlyſſes encounters Mercurie. The golden-rod-ſuſtaining *Mercurie*,
Euen entring *Circes* doores. He met me in
A yong mans likeneſſe, of the firſt-flowr'd chin,
Whoſe forme hath all the grace, of one ſo yong:
He firſt cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,
And ſaid; Thou no-place-finding-for repoſe;
Whither, alone, by theſe hill-confines, goes
Thy erring foote? Th'art entring *Circes* houſe,
Where, (by her medcines, blacke, and ſorcerous)
Thy ſouldiers all are ſhut, in well-armd ſties,
And turnd to ſwine. Art thou arriu'd with priſe
Fit for their ranſomes? Thou com'ſt out no more
If once thou enterſt. Like thy men before
Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee free;
And ſaue thee in her ſpire: receiue of me
This faire and good receipt; with which, once arm'd;
Enter her roofes; for th'art to all proofe charm'd
Againſt the ill day: I will tell thee all
Her banefull counſaile. With a feſtiuall
Sheele firſt receiue thee; but will ſpice thy bread
With flowrie poyſons: yet vnaltered
Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy
Stands moſt approu'd, gainſt all her Sorcery.
Which, thus particularly ſhunne: When ſhe
Shall with her long rod ſtrike thee; inſtantly

Draw

Draw from thy thigh thy ſword; and flie on her
As to her ſlaughter. She, (ſurpriſde with feare
And loue) at firſt, will bid thee to her bed;
Nor ſay the Goddeſſe nay; that welcomed
Thou maiſt with all reſpect be; and procure
Thy fellowes freedomes. But before, make ſure
Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take
With which the bleſſed Gods, aſſurance make
Of all they promiſe: that no preiudice
(By ſtripping thee of forme, and faculties)
She may ſo much as once attempt on thee.
This ſaid, he gaue his Antidote to me;
Which from the earth he pluckt; and told me all
The vertue of it: With what Deities call
The name it beares. And *Moly* they impoſe
For name to it. The roote is hard to looſe
From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre
Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre
As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*
Vp to immenſe *Olympus*, gliding by
The ſyluan Iland. I, made backe my way
To *Circes* houſe: my mind, of my aſſay
Much thought reuoluing. At her gates I ſtaid
And cald: ſhe heard, and her bright doores diſplaid;
Inuited, led; I followed in: but tract
With ſome diſtraction. In a Throne ſhe plac't
My welcome perſon. Of a curious frame
Twas, and ſo bright; I ſate as in a flame.
A foote-ſtoole added. In a golden boule
She then ſubornd a potion: in her ſoule,
Deformd things thinking: for amidſt the wine
She mixt her man-transforming medicine:
Which when ſhe ſaw I had deuourd; ſhe then,
No more obſeru'd me with her ſoothing vaine;
But ſtrooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,
Bad; out, away, and with thy fellowes lie.
I drew my ſword, and charg'd her, as I ment
To take her life. When out ſhe cri'd, and bent
Beneath my ſword, her knees; embracing mine;
And (full of teares) ſaid, Who? of what high line
Art thou the iſſue? whence? what ſhores ſuſtaine
Thy natiue Citie? I amaz'd remaine
That drinking theſe my venomes, th'art not turnd.
Neuer drunke any this cup; but he mournd
In other likeneſſe; if it once had paſt
The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taſte.
All but thy ſelfe, are brutiſhly declind:
Thy breaſt holds firme yet, and vnchang'd thy mind:

The herbe Moly which with Vyſſes whole Narration, hath in chiefe an Allegoricall expoſition. Notwithſtanding I ſay with our Spondanus. *Credo in hoc vaſto mundi ambitu extare res innumeras mirandæ facultatis; adeo, vt ne quidē iſta quæ ad tranſformanda corpora pertinet, ſure e mundo eximi poſſit, &c*

Thou

Thou canſt be therefore, none elſe but the man
Of many virtues: *Ithacenſian*,
Deepe-ſoul'd *Vlyſſes*: who, I oft was told,
By that ſlie God, that beares the rod of gold,
Was to arriue here, in retreat from *Troy*.
Sheath then thy ſword, and let my bed enioy
So much a man; that when the bed we proue,
We may 'beleeue in one anothers loue.
I then: O *Circe*, why entreat'ſt thou me
To mixe in any humane league with thee;
When thou, my friends haſt beaſts turnd: and thy bed
Tenderſt to me; that I might likewiſe leade
A beaſts life with thee; ſoftn'd, naked ſtripe;
That in my blood, thy banes, may more be ſteept.
I neuer will aſcend thy bed, before
I may affirme; that in heauens ſight you ſwore
The great oath of the Gods; that all attempt
To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.
I ſaid; ſhe ſwore: when, all the oath-rites ſaid,
I then aſcended her adorned bed;
But thus prepar'd: foure handmaids ſeru'd her there;
That daughters to her ſiluer fountaines were,
To her bright-ſea-obſeruing ſacred floods;
And to her vncut conſecrated woods.
One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of ſtate;
And did, with ſilkes, the foote-pace, conſecrate.
Another, ſiluer tables ſet before
The pompous Throne; and golden diſhes ſtore
Seru'd in with ſeuerall feaſt. A third fild wine;
The fourth brought water, and made fewell ſhine
In ruddy fires; beneath a wombe of braſſe.
Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was
Diſperpled lightly, on my head, and necke;
That might my late, heart-hurting ſorrowes checke
With the refreſhing ſweetneſſe; and, for that,
Men ſometimes, may be ſomething delicate.
Bath'd, and adorn'd; ſhe led me to a Throne
Of maſſie ſiluer; and of faſhion
Exceeding curious. A faire foote-ſtoole ſet;
Water appoſde, and euery ſort of meate
Set on th'elaborately poliſht boord.
She wiſht my taſte emploid; but not a word
Would my eares taſte, of taſte: my mind had food
That muſt digeſt; eye meate would do me good.
Circe (obſeruing, that I put no hand
To any banquet; hauing countermand
From weightier cares; the light cates could excuſe)
Bowing her neare me; theſe wing'd words did vſe:

Why

Why ſits *Vlyſſes*, like one dumbe? his mind
Leſſening with languors? Nor to food enclind;
Nor wine? Whence comes it? out of any feare
Of more illuſion? You muſt needs forbeare
That wrongfull doubt, ſince you haue heard me ſweare.
O *Circe*! (I replied) what man is he,
Awd with the rights of true humanitie,
That dares taſte food or wine; before he ſees
His friends redeem'd from their deformities?
If you be gentle, and indeed incline
To let me taſte the comfort of your wine;
Diſſolue the charmes, that their forc't formes encheine
And ſhew me here, my honord friends, like men.
This ſaid, ſhe left her Throne, and tooke her rod;
Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad,
Like ſwine of nine yeares old. They oppoſite ſtood;
Obſeru'd their brutiſh forme; and look't for food;
When, with another medicine, (euery one
All ouer ſmeer'd) their briſtles all were gone,
Produc't by malice of the other bane;
And euery one, afreſh, lookt vp a man.
Both yonger then they were; of ſtature more;
And all their formes, much goodlier then before.
All knew me; clingd about me, and a cry
Of pleaſing mourning, flew about ſo hie,
The horrid roofe reſounded; and the Queene
Her ſelfe, was mou'd, to ſee our kinde ſo keene.
Who bad me now; bring ſhip and men aſhore;
Our armes, and goods, in caues hid; and reſtore
My ſelfe to her, with all my other men.
I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine
In all my men; whoſe violent ioy to ſee
My ſafe returne, was paſſing kindly free
Of friendly teares, and miſerably wept.
You haue not ſeene yong Heiffers (highly kept;
Filld full of daiſies at the field, and driuen
Home to their houels; all ſo ſpritely giuen
That no roome can containe them; but about,
Bace by the Dams, and let their ſpirits out
In ceaſſeleſſe bleating) of more iocund plight
Then my kind friends, euen crying out with ſight
Of my returne ſo doubted. Circl'd me
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
Diſpoſde their rapt minds, as if there they ſaw
Their naturall Countrie, cliffie *Ithaca*;
And euen the roofes where they were bred and borne.
And vowd as much, with teares: O your returne
As much delights vs; as in you had come

Our

Our Countrie to vs, and our naturall home.
But what vnhappie fate hath reft our friends?
I gaue vnlookt for anſwer; That amends
Made for their mourning, bad them firſt of all,
Our ſhip aſhore draw; then in Cauerns ſtall
Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall priſe;
And then (ſaid I) attend me, that your eies,
In *Circes* ſacred houſe, may ſee each friend,
Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.
They ſoone obeid; all but *Eurylochus*;
Who needes would ſtay them all; and counſelld thus;
O wretches! whither will ye? why are you
Fond of your miſchiefs? and ſuch gladneſſe ſhow
For *Circes* houſe; that will tranſforme ye all
To Swine, or Wolues, or Lions? Neuer ſhall
Our heads get out; if once within we be,
But ſtay compelld by ſtrong *Neceſſitie*.
So wrought the *Cyclop*, when t'his caue, our friends
This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends
By his one indiſcretion. I, for this
Thought with my ſword (that deſperate head of his
Hewne from his necke) to gaſh vpon the ground
His mangld bodie, though my blood was bound
In neare alliance to him. But the reſt
With humble ſuite containd me, and requeſt,
That I would leaue him, with my ſhip alone;
And to the ſacred Pallace leade them on.
I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would ſtay,
From their attendance on me: Our late fray
Strooke to his heart ſo. But meane time, my men,
In *Circes* houſe, were all, in ſeuerall baine
Studiouſly ſweetn'd, ſmugd with oile, and deckt
With, in, and outweeds: and a feaſt ſecret
Seru'd in before them: at which, cloſe we found
They all were ſet, cheer'd, and carouſing round.
When (mutuall ſight had, and all thought on) then
Feaſt was forgotten; and the mone againe
About the houſe flew, driuen with wings of ioy.
But then ſpake *Circe*; Now, no more annoy:
I know my ſelfe, what woes by ſea, and ſhore,
And men vniuſt, haue plagu'd enough before
Your iniur'd vertues: here then, feaſt as long;
And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as ſtrong,
As when ye firſt forſooke your Countrie earth.
Ye now fare all, like exiles; nor a mirth
Flaſht in amongſt ye, but is quencht againe
With ſtill-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine
Of your diſtreſſes, ſhould (me thinke) be now

Commemorabantque omnia. Intending all their miſeries, eſcapes, and meetings:

Be-

Benumb with ſufferance. We did well allow
Her kind perſwaſions; and the whole yeare ſtaid
In varied feaſt with her. When, now arraid
The world was with the Spring; and orbie houres
Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,
The moneths abſolu'd in order; till the daies
Had runne their full race, in *Apollos* raies;
My friends rememberd me of home; and ſaid,
If euer Fate would ſigne my paſſe; delaid
It ſhould be now no more. I heard them well;
Yet that day, ſpent in feaſt, till darkneſſe fell;
And ſleepe, his virtues, through our vapours ſhed.
When I aſcended, ſacred *Circes* bed;
Implor'd my paſſe; and her performed vow
Which now, my ſoule vrg'd; and my ſouldiers now
Afflicted me with teares to get them gone.
All theſe I told her; and ſhe anſwerd theſe;
Much-skilld *Vlyſſes Laertiades*!
Remaine no more, againſt your wils with me:
But take your free way: onely this muſt be
Perform'd before you ſtere your courſe for home;
You muſt the way to *Pluto* ouercome;
And ſterne *Perſephone*, to forme your paſſe,
By th'aged *Theban* Soule *Tireſias*;
The dark-browd Prophet: whoſe ſoule yet can ſee
Clearely, and firmely: graue *Perſephone*,
(Euen dead) gaue him a mind; that he alone
Might ſing *Truths* ſolide wiſedome, and not one
Proue more then ſhade, in his compariſon.
This broke my heart; I ſunke into my bed;
Mourn'd, and would neuer more be comforted
With light, nor life. But hauing now expreſt
My paines enough to her, in my vnreſt,
That ſo I might prepare her ruth; and get
All I held fit, for an affaire ſo great;
I ſaid; O *Circe*, who ſhall ſtere my courſe
To *Plutos* kingdome? Neuer ſhip had force
To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,
Said, Seeke no guide, raiſe you your Maſt, and hoice
Your ſhips white ſailes; and then, ſit you at peace;
The freſh North ſpirit, ſhall waft ye through the ſeas.
But, hauing paſt th'*Ocean*, you ſhall ſee;
A little ſhore, that to *Perſephone*
Puts vp a conſecrated wood; where growes,
Tall Firres, and Sallowes, that their fruits ſoone looſe:
Caſt anchor in the gulphes: and go, alone
To *Plutos* darke houſe, where, to *Acheron*
Cocytus runnes, and *Pyriphlegiton:*

Cocytus borne of *Styx*, and where a Rocke
Of both the met floods, beares the roring ſhocke,
The darke *Heroe*, (great *Tireſias*)
Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious paſſe)
Dig (of a cubit euery way) a pit;
And powre (to all that are deceaſt) in it
A ſolemne ſacrifice. For which; firſt take
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:
Then ſweete wine, neate; and thirdly; water powre;
And laſtly, adde to theſe, the whiteſt flowre:
Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,
Offerings a number: and when thou ſhalt tread
The *Ithacenſian* ſhore; to ſacrifice
A Heifer neuer tam'd, and moſt of priſe;
A pyle of all thy moſt-eſteemed goods
Enflaming to the deare ſtreames of their bloods:
And, in ſecret Rites, to *Tireſias* vow
A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow
With fat, and fleece; and all thy flockes doth leade:
When the all-calling nation of the dead
Thou thus haſt praid to; offer on the place,
A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face
To dreadfull *Erebus*; thy ſelfe aſide
The floods ſhore walking. And then, gratified
With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceaſt,
Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, addreſt
See then the offering that thy fellowes ſlew;
Flayd, and impoſde in fire; and all thy Crew,
Pray to the ſtate of either Deitie,
Graue Pluto, and ſeuere *Perſephone*.
Then draw thy ſword, ſtand firme; nor ſuffer one
Of all the faint ſhades, of the dead and gone,
T'approch the blood, till thou haſt heard their king,
The wiſe *Tireſias*: who, thy offering
Will inſtantly do honour: thy home wayes,
And all the meaſure of them, by the ſeas
Amply vnfolding. This the Goddeſſe told;
And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,
Suruaid the vaſt world; by whoſe orient light,
The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright;
Her owne hands putting on, both ſhirt and weede,
Robes fine, and curious; and vpon my head,
An ornament that glitterd like a flame:
Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came
Amongſt my ſouldiers; rouſd them all from ſleepe;
And bad them now; no more obſeruance keepe
Of eaſe, and feaſt; but ſtraight, a ſhipboard fall,
For now the Goddeſſe had inform'd me all:

Why thou makeſt Which is expounded Inclyta examina mortuorum. *But why to the Epithete of Pluto, and by Analogie belongs to the dead,* quod ad ſe omnes adiuocet.

Their

Their noble ſpirits agree'd; nor yet ſo cleare
Could I bring all off; but *Elpenor* there
His heedleſſe life left: he was yongeſt man
Of all my company, and one that wanne
Leaſt fame for armes; as little for his braine;
Who (too much ſteept in wine, and ſo made faine;
To get refreſhing by the coole of ſleepe;
Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;
And they as high in tumult of their way)
Sodainly wak't, and (quite out of the ſtay
A ſober mind had giuen him) would deſcend
A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end
Fell from the very roofe; full pitching on
The deareſt ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;
Which (quite diſſolu'd,) let looſe his ſoule to hell.
I, to the reſt; and *Circes* meanes did tell
Of our returne (as croſſing cleane the hope
I gaue them firſt) and ſaid; You thinke the ſcope
Of our endeuours now, is ſtraight for home,
No: *Circe* otherwiſe deſign'd; whoſe doome
Enioynd vs firſt, to greet the dreadfull houſe
Of *Auſtere Pluto*, and his glorious ſpouſe;
To take the counſaile of *Tireſias*
(The reuerend *Theban*) to direct our paſſe.
This brake their hearts, and griefe made teare their haire
But griefe was neuer good, at great affaire.
It would haue way yet. We went wofull on
To ſhip and ſhore, where, was arriu'd as ſoone
Circe vnſeene; a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,
Binding for ſacrifice; and as ſhe came
Vaniſht againe, vnwitneſt by our eyes;
Which grieu'd not vs, nor checkt our ſacrifice;
For who would ſee God, loath to let vs ſee?
This way, or that bent; ſtill his waies are free.

Finis decimi libri Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses way to Hell appeares;
Where he, the graue Tireſias heares;
Enquires his owne, and others fates.
His mother ſees, and th'after ſtates,
In which, were held, by ſad Deceaſe
Heroes, and Heroeſſes;
A number, that at Troy wag'd warre;
As Aiax that was ſtill at iarre
With Ithacus, for th'armes he loſt;
And with the great Achilles Ghoſt.

Another.

Λαμβδα. Vlyſſes here
Inuokes the dead;
The lines appeare,
Hereafter led.

ARriu'd now at our ſhip, we lancht, and ſet
Our Maſt vp, put forth ſaile; and in did get
Our late-got Cattell. Vp our ſailes, we went;
My wayward fellowes mourning now th'euent.
A good companion yet, a forenight wind;
Circe, (the excellent vtterer of her mind)
Supplied our murmuring conſorts with, that was
Both ſpeed, and guide to our aduenturous paſſe.
All day our ſailes ſtood to the winds; and made
Our voiage proſprous. Sunne then ſet, and ſhade
All wayes obſcuring: on the bounds we fell
Of deepe *Oceanus*; where people dwell
Whom a perpetuall cloud obſcures outright:
To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends neuer light;
Nor when he mounts the ſtar-ſuſtaining heauen;
Nor when he ſtoopes earth, and ſets vp the Euen:
But Night holds fixt wings, fetherd all with Banes,
Aboue thoſe moſt vnbleſt *Cimmerianes*.
Here drew we vp our ſhip: our ſheepe with-drew;
And walkt the ſhore till we attaind the view
Of that ſad region *Circe* had foreſhow'd;
And then the ſacred offerings, to be vow'd,
Eurylochus, and *Perſimedes* bore.
When I, my ſword drew, and earths wombe did gore

They mourn'd the euent before they knew it.

Till

Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round;
Which with the liquid ſacrifice, we crown'd
Firſt, honey mixt with wine; then, ſweete wine neate;
Then water powr'd in; laſt the flowre of wheate.
Much I importun'd then, the weake-neckt dead,
And vowd, when I the barren ſoile ſhould tread
Of cliffie *Ithaca*; amidſt my hall
To kill a Heifer, my cleare beſt of all,
And giue in offering: on a Pile compoſd
Of all the choiſe goods, my whole houſe encloſd.
And to *Tireſias*, himſelfe, alone
A ſheepe cole-blacke, and the ſelecteſt one
Of all my flockes. When to the powrers beneath,
The ſacred nation, that ſuruiue with Death,
My prayrs, and vowes, had done deuotions fit;
I tooke the offrings, and vpon the pit
Bereft their liues. Out guſht the ſable blood;
And round about me, fled out of the flood,
The Soules of the deceaſt. There cluſter'd then,
Youths, and their wiues, much ſuffering aged men,
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,
By timeleſſe death, and greene their ſorrowes were.
There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd:
In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did ſtalke;
And threw vnmeaſur'd cries, about their walke;
So horrid that a bloodleſſe feare ſurpriſde,
My daunted ſpirits. Straight then, I aduiſde
My friends to flay the ſlaughter'd ſacrifice;
Put them in fire, and to the Deities;
Sterne *Pluto*, and *Perſephone*, apply
Excitefull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,
My well-edg'd ſword; ſtept in, and firmely ſtood
Betwixt the preaſe of ſhadowes, and the blood;
And would not ſuffer any one to dip
Within our offring, his vnſolide lip;
Before *Tireſias*, that did all controule.
The firſt that preaſt in, was *Elpenors* ſoule;
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet
Vnmournd, vnburied by vs; ſince we ſwet
With other vrgent labours. Yet his ſmart,
I wept to ſee; and ru'd it from my heart;
Enquiring how, he could before me be,
That came by ſhip? He mourning, anſwerd me:
In *Circes* houſe; the ſpite ſome Spirit did beare;
And the vnſpeakable good licour there
Hath bene my bane. For being to deſcend
A ladder much in height; I did not tend

My way well downe; but forwards made a proofe
To tread the rounds; and from the very roofe
Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made
My ſoule thus viſite this infernall ſhade.
And here, by them that next thy ſelfe are deare,
Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one
Gaue food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne
At home behind thee left, (*Telemachus*)
Do not depart by ſtealth, and leaue me thus,
Vnmourn'd, vnburied: leſt neglected I
Bring on thy ſelfe, th'incenſed Deitie.
I know, that ſaild from hence, thy ſhip muſt touch
On th Ile *Æaa*; where vouchſafe thus much
(Good king) that, landed, thou wilt inſtantly,
Beſtow on me, thy royall memory;
To this grace; that my body, armes and all,
May reſt conſum'd in firie funerall.
And on the fomie ſhore, a Sepulchre
Erect to me; that after times may heare
Of one ſo hapleſſe. Let me theſe implore;
Miſenus apud Virgilium, ingenii mole, &c. And fixe vpon my Sepulcher, the Ore
With which aliue, I ſhooke the aged ſeas;
And had, of friends, the deare ſocieties.
I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill
And execute to th'vtmoſt point, his will;
And, all the time, we ſadly talkt; I ſtill
My ſword aboue the blood held; when aſide
The Idoll of my friend, ſtill amplified
His plaint, as vp and downe, the ſhades he err'd.
Then, my deceaſed mothers Soule appeard;
Faire daughter of *Antolicus*, the Great;
Graue *Anticlea*, Whom, when forth I ſet
For ſacred *Ilion*, I had left aliue.
Her ſight, much mou'd me; and to teares did driue
My note of her deceaſſe: and yet, not ſhe
(Though in my ruth, ſhe held the higheſt degree)
Would I admit to touch the ſacred blood;
Till from *Tireſias*, I had vnderſtood
What *Circes* told me. At the length did land,
Tireſias to Vlyſſes. *Theban Tireſias* ſoule; and in his hand
Suſtaind a golden Scepter, knew me well;
And ſaid; O man vnhappy, why to hell
Admitſt thou darke arriuall; and the light
The Sunne giues, leau'ſt; to haue the horrid ſight
Of this blacke region, and the ſhadowes here?
Now ſheath thy ſharpe ſword; and the pit forbeare.
That I the blood may taſte; and then relate
The truth of thoſe acts, that affect thy Fate.

I ſheath'd my ſword; and left the pit, till he
The blacke blood taſting, thus inſtructed me;
Renoum'd *Vlyſſes*! all vnaskt, I know
That all the cauſe of thy arriuall now,
Is to enquire thy wiſht retreate, for home:
Which hardly God will let thee ouercome;
Since *Neptune* ſtill will his oppoſure trie,
With all his laid vp anger, for the eye
His lou'd Sonne loſt to thee. And yet through all
Thy ſuffring courſe, (which muſt be capitall)
If both thine owne affections, and thy friends
Thou wilt containe; when thy acceſſe aſcends
The three-forckt Iland, hauing ſcap't the ſeas;
(Where ye ſhall find fed, on the flowrie leas,
Fat flocks, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne;
To whom are all things, as well heard as ſhowne:
And neuer dare, one head of thoſe to ſlay;
But hold, vnharmefull on, your wiſhed way)
Though through enough affliction; yet ſecure
Your Fates ſhall land ye. But *Preſage* ſaies ſure,
If once ye ſpoile them; ſpoile to all thy friends;
Spoile to thy Fleete; and if the iuſtice ends
Short of thy ſelfe; it ſhall be long before,
And that length, forc't out, with inflictions ſtore:
When, loſing all thy fellowes, in a ſaile
Of forreigne built (when moſt thy Fates preuaile
In thy deliuerance) thus th'euent ſhall ſort;
Thou ſhalt find ſhipwracke, raging in thy Port:
Proud men, thy goods conſuming; and thy Wife
Vrging with gifts; giue charge vpon thy life.
But all theſe wrongs, *Reuenge* ſhall end to thee;
And force, or cunning, ſet with ſlaughter, free
Thy houſe of all thy ſpoilers. Yet againe,
Thou ſhalt a voyage make; and come to men
That know no Sea; nor ſhips, nor oares, that are
Wings to a ſhip; nor mixe with any fare,
Salts ſauorie vapor. Where thou firſt ſhalt land,
This cleare-giuen ſigne, ſhall let thee vnderſtand,
That there thoſe men remaine: aſſume aſhore,
Vp to thy roiall ſhoulder, a ſhip oare;
With which, when thou ſhalt meete one on the way,
That will, in Countey admiration, ſay
What doſt thou with that wanne, vpon thy necke?
There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that ſhore decke
With ſacred Rites to *Neptune*: ſlaughter there
A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for ſtrength doth beare
The name of husband to a herd) a Bore.
And, coming home, vpon thy naturall ſhore,

Men that neuer eate ſalt with their meate.

Giue pious *Hecatombs*, to all the Gods
(Degrees obſeru'd). And then the *Periods*
Of all thy labors, in the peace ſhall end
Of eaſie death; which ſhall the leſſe extend
His paſſion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea
Shall not enforce it, but *Deaths* victory,
Shall chance in onely-earneſt-pray-vow'd age:
Obtaind at home, quite emptied of his rage;
Thy ſubiects round about thee, rich and bleſt:
And here hath *Truth* ſumm'd vp, thy vitall reſt.
I anſwerd him; We will ſuppoſe all theſe
Decreed in Deity; let it likewiſe pleaſe
Tireſias to reſolue me, why ſo neare
The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth beare;
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchſafe her Sonnet
Doth ſhe not know me? No (ſaid he) nor none
Of all theſe ſpirits, but my ſelfe alone;
Knowes any thing, till he ſhall taſte the blood;
But whomſoeuer, you ſhall do that good,
He will the truth, of all you wiſh, vnfold;
Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.
Thus ſaid the kingly ſoule, and made retreate,
Amidſt the inner parts of *Plutos* Seate,
When he had ſpoke thus, by diuine inſtinct:
Still I ſtood firme, till to the bloods precinct
My mother came, and drunke; and then ſhe knew,
I was her Sonne; had paſſion to renew
Her naturall plaints; which thus ſhe did purſew:
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you aliue,
This deadly-darkſome region vnderdiue?
Twixt which, and earth, ſo many mighty ſeas,
And horrid currents, interpoſe their preaſe?
Oceanus, in chiefe; which none (vnleſſe
More helpt then you) on foote now can tranſgreſſe.
A well built ſhip he needs, that ventures there:
Com'ſt thou from *Troy* but now? enforc't to erre
All this time with thy ſouldiers? Nor haſt ſeene,
Ere this long day, thy Countrey, and thy Queene?
I anſwerd; That a neceſſary end
To this infernall ſtate, made me contend;
That from the wiſe *Tireſias Theban* Soule,
I might, an Oracle, inuolu'd, vnrowle:
For I came nothing neare *Achaia* yet;
Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had ſet;
But (miſhaps ſuffering) err'd from Coaſt to Coaſt;
Euer ſince firſt, the mighty *Gracian* hoaſt
Diuine *Atrides*, led to *Ilion*;
And I, his follower, to ſet warre vpon

ψυχὴ δὲν λέγεται. Which all tranſlate [illegible] *ſub molli. The Epithete* [illegible] *not of* [illegible] *viz. pinguis, or* [illegible], *pinguiter. But* [illegible] *ſignifying flagitanter o-rando. To which, pious age is ne-uer altogether addicted.*

The rapefull *Troyans*: and ſo praid ſhe would
The Fate of that vngentle death vnfould,
That forc't her thither: if ſome long diſeaſe;
Or that the Splene, of her that arrowes pleaſe,
(*Diana*, enuious of moſt eminent Dames)
Had made her th'obiect of her deadly aimes:
My Fathers ſtate, and ſonnes, I ſought; if they
Kept ſtill my goods: or they became the prey
Of any other, holding me no more
In powre of ſafe returne, or if my ſtore
My wife had kept together, with her Sonne:
If ſhe, her firſt mind held; or had bene wonne
By ſome chiefe *Grecian*, from my loue, and bed:
All this ſhe anſwerd; that *Affliction* fed
On her blood ſtill at home; and that to griefe,
She all the dayes, and darkneſſe, of her life,
In teares, had conſecrate. That none poſſeſt
My famous kingdomes Throne; but th'intereſt
My ſonne had in it; ſtill he held in peace.
A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increaſe
Spent in his ſubiects good; adminiſtring lawes
With iuſtice, and the generall applauſe
A king ſhould merit; and all calld him king.
My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;
And ſhun'd the Citie: vſde no ſumptuous beds;
Wonderd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;
But, in the Winter, ſtrew'd about the fire
Lay with his ſlaues in aſhes; his attire
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came;
And Autumne all fruits ripend with his flame;
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made ſhadows moſt abound,
His couch with falne leaues, made vpon the ground:
And here lay he; his Sorrowes fruitfull ſtate,
Increaſing, as he faded, for my Fate.
And now, the part of age, that irkſome is
Lay ſadly on him. And that life of his,
She led, and periſht in; not ſlaughterd by
The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archerie;
Nor, by diſeaſe inuaded, vaſt, and foule
That waſts the body, and ſends out the ſoule
With ſhame and horror: onely in her mone,
For me, and my life; ſhe conſum'd her owne.
She thus; when I, had great deſire to proue
My armes, the circle, where her ſoule did moue;
Thriee prou'd I, thrice ſhe vaniſht, like a ſleepe;
Or fleeting ſhadow, which ſtrooke much more deepe
The wounds, my woes made; and made, aske her why
She would my Loue to her embraces flie;

And not vouchſafe, that euen in hell we might,
Pay pious Nature, her vnalterd right,
And giue *Vexation* here, her cruell fill?
Proſerpina or Perſephone. Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill
Of euery ſufferance (which her office is)
Enforce thy idoll, to affoord me this?
O Sonne (ſhe anſwerd) of the race of men
The moſt vnhappy; our moſt equall Queene,
Will mocke no ſolide armes, with empty ſhade;
Nor ſuffer empty ſhades, againe t'inuade
Fleſh, bones, and nerues: nor will defraud the fire
Of his laſt dues; that, ſoone as ſpirits expire,
And leaue the white bone, are his natiue right;
When, like a dreame, the ſoule aſſumes her flight.
The light then, of the liuing, with moſt haſte
(O Sonne) contend to: this thy little taſte
Of this ſtate is enough; and all this life,
Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.
The old Heroeſſes appeare to Vlyſſes. This ſpeech we had; when now repair'd to me
More female ſpirits, by *Perſephone*,
Driuen on before her. All t'heroes wiues
And daughters, that, led there their ſecond liues,
About the blacke blood throngd. Of whom, yet more
My mind impell'd me to enquire, before
I let them altogether taſte the gore;
For then would all haue bene diſperſt, and gone,
Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one
Let taſte the pit: my ſword drawne from my Thy
And ſtand betwixt them made; when, ſeuerally
All told their ſtockes. The firſt that quenchd her fire,
Tyro, Was *Tyro*, iſſu'd of a noble Sire.
She ſaid ſhe ſprong from pure, *Salmoneus* bed;
And *Cretheus*, Sonne of *Æolus* did wed.
Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,
Who much the moſt faire ſtreame, of all floods mou'd.
Neare whoſe ſtreames, *Tyro* walking: *Neptune* came,
Like *Enipeus*, and enioyd the Dame:
Like to a hill; the blew, and Snakie flood
Aboue th'immortall, and the mortall ſtood;
And hid them both; as both together lay,
Iuſt where his current, falles into the Sea.
Her virgine waſt, diſſolu'd, ſhe ſlumberd then;
But when the God had done the worke of men,
Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he ſaid;
Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;
For when the yeare hath runne his circle, round
(Becauſe the Gods loues, muſt in fruite abound)
My loue ſhall make (to cheere thy teeming mones)

Thy

Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;
Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and ſee
That, though of more ioy yet, I ſhall be free;
Thou doſt not tell, to glorifie thy birth:
Thy Loue is *Neptune* ſhaker of the earth.
This ſaid; he plung'd into the ſea, and ſhe
(Begot with child by him) the light let ſee
Great *Pelias*, and *Neleus*; that became
In *Ioues* great miniſtrie, of mighty fame.
Pelias, in broad *Iolcus* held his Throne,
Wealthy in cattell; th'other roiall Sonne
Rul'd ſandy *Pylos*. To theſe, iſſue more
This Queene of women to her husband bore:
Aeſon, and *Pheres*, and *Amythaon*,
That for his fight on horſebacke, ſtoopt to none.
Next her, I ſaw admir'd *Antiope* — *Antiope like Tyro.*
Aſopus daughter; who (as much as ſhe
Boaſted attraction, of great *Neptunes* loue)
Boaſted to ſlumber in the armes of *Ioue*:
And two Sonnes likewiſe, at one burthen bore,
To that, her all-controlling Paramore:
Amphion, and faire *Zethus*; that firſt laid
Great *Thebes* foundations; and ſtrong wals conuaid
About her turrets, that ſeuen Ports encloſde.
For though the *Thebans*, much in ſtrength repoſde,
Yet had not they, the ſtrength to hold their owne,
Without the added aides, of wood, and ſtone.
Alcmena, next I ſaw; that famous wife — *Alcmena.*
Was to *Amphytrio*; and honor'd life
Gaue to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,
That was, of *Ioues* embrace, the great increaſe.
I ſaw beſides, proud *Creons* daughter there, — *Megara.*
Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yoke did weare
With *Ioues* great Sonne; who neuer field did try,
But bore to him, the flowre of victory.
The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I ſaw, — *Epicaſta the mother of Oedipus.*
Faire *Epicaſta*; that beyond all law,
Her owne Sonne maried, ignorant of kind;
And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)
His mother wedded, and his father ſlew;
Whoſe blind act, heauen expoſde at length to view:
And he, in all-lou'd *Thebes*, the ſupreame ſtate
With much mone manag'd; for the heauy Fate
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
To *Plutos* darke houſe, from the lothed light;
Beneath a ſteepe beame, ſtrangl'd with a cord;
And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhord,
As all the furies powr'd on her in hell.

Then

Chloris. Then ſaw I *Chloris*, that did ſo excell
In anſwering beauties, that each part had all;
Great *Neleus* married her, when gifts not ſmall,
Had wonne her fauour; term'd by name of dowre.
She was of all *Amphions* ſeed, the flowre:
(*Amphion*, calld *Iaſides*, that then
Ruld ſtrongly, *Myneian Orchomen*)
And now his daughter rul'd the *Pylean* Throne;
Becauſe her beauties Empire ouerſhone.
She brought her wiſe-awd husband, *Neleus*,
Neſtor, much honord; *Periclimenus*,
And *Chromius*; Sonnes, with ſoueraigne vertues grac't;
But after, brought a daughter that ſurpaſt;
Rare-beautied *Pero*, ſo for forme exact;
That *Nature*, to a miracle, was rackt,
In her perfections, blaz'd with th'eyes of men.
That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,
And drew them ſuiters to her. Which her Sire
Tooke vantage of; and (ſince he did aſpire
To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd
Of Oxen, which the common fame ſo rer'd,
Own'd by *Iphiclus*) not a man ſhould be
His *Peres* husband, that from *Phylace*,
Thoſe neuer-yet-driuen Oxen, could not driue:
Yet theſe; a ſtrong hope held him to atchieue;
Becauſe a Prophet that had neuer err'd,
Had ſaid, that onely he ſhould be prefer'd
To their poſſeſſion. But the equall Fate
Of God, withſtood his ſtealth: inextricate
Impriſoning Bands; and ſturdy churliſh Swaines
That were the Heardſmen; who withheld with chaines
The ſtealth attempter: which was onely he
That durſt abet the Act with Prophecie;
None elſe would vndertake it; and he muſt:
The king would needs, a Prophet ſhould be iuſt;
But when ſome daies and moneths, expired were,
And all the *Howres* had brought about the yeare,
The Prophet, did ſo ſatisfie the king
(*Iphiclus*; all his cunning queſtioning)
That he enfranchiſde him; and (all worſt done)
Ioues counſaile made, th'all-ſafe concluſion.

Leda. Then ſaw I *Leda*; (linkt in nuptiall chaine
With *Tyndarus*) to whom, ſhe did ſuſtaine
Sonnes much renown'd for wiſedome; *Caſtor* one,
That paſt, for vſe of horſe, compariſon;
And *Pollux*, that exceld, in whirlbat fight;
Both theſe, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light
Of life inſpir'd them; After which, they found

Such

Such grace with *Ioue*, that both liu'd vnder ground,
By change of daies: life ſtill did one ſuſtaine,
While th'other died; the dead then, liu'd againe,
The liuing dying; both, of one ſelfe date,
Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.
Iphemedia, after *Leda* came, *Iphemedia.*
That did deriue from *Neptune* too, the name
Of Father to two admirable Sonnes:
Life yet made ſhort their admirations;
Who God-oppoſed *Otus* had to name,
And *Ephialtes*, farre in ſound of Fame.
The prodigall Earth ſo fed them, that they grew
To moſt huge ſtature; and had faireſt hew
Of all men, but *Orion*, vnder heauen;
At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driuen
Abroad in breadth, and ſprung nine fathomes hie.
They threatn'd to giue battell to the skie,
And all th'Immortals. They were ſetting on
Oſſa vpon *Olympus*; and vpon
Steepe *Oſſa*, leauie *Pelion*, that euen
They might a high-way make, with loftie heauen.
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liu'd
Till they were Striplings. But *Ioues* Sonne depriu'd
Their lims of life; before th'age that begins
The flowre of youth; and ſhould adorne their chins.
Phædra and *Procris*, with wiſe *Minos* flame, *Phædra and Procris.*
(Bright *Ariadne*) to the offring came.
Whom whilom *Theſeus* made his priſe from *Crete*;
That *Athens* ſacred ſoile, might kiſſe her feete.
But neuer could obtaine her virgin Flowre;
Till, in the Sea-girt *Dia*, *Dians* powre
Detain'd his homeward haſte; where (in her Phane,
By *Bacchus* witneſt) was the fatall wane
Of her prime Glorie. *Mera*, *Clymene*, *Mera and Clymene.*
I witneſt there; and loth'd *Eryphile*;
That honour'd *gold more, then ſhe lou'd her Spouſe. *Amphiaraus was her husband: whō ſhe betrayd to his ruine at Thebes, for gold taken of Adraſtus her brother.*
But all th'*Heroeſſes* in *Plutos* houſe,
That then encounterd me, exceeds my might
To name or number; and *Ambroſian* Night
Would quite be ſpent; when now the formall houres,
Preſent to *Sleepe*, our all-diſpoſed powres.
If at my ſhip, or here, my home-made vow,
I leaue for fit grace, to the Gods and you.
This ſaid; the ſilence his diſcourſe had made,
With pleaſure held ſtill, through the houſes ſhade.
When, white-arm'd *Arete* this ſpeech began:
Pheacians! how appeares to you this man?
So goodly perſon'd, and ſo matcht with mind?

My guest he is; but all you stand combin'd,
In the renowne he doth vs. Do not then
With careleſſe haſte diſmiſſe him: nor the maine
Of his diſpatch, to one ſo needie, maime;
The Gods free bountie, giues vs all iuſt claime
To goods enow. This ſpeech, the oldeſt man
Of any other *Phaacenſian*,
The graue *Heroe*, *Echineus* gaue
All approbation; ſaying: Friends! ye haue
The motion of the wiſe Queene; in ſuch words,
As haue not miſt the marke; with which, accords
My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,
In word and worke, muſt be our rule. He thus;
And then *Alcinous* ſaid: This then muſt ſtand,
If while I liue, I rule in the command
Of this well-skild-in-Nauigation State.
Endure then (Gueſt) though moſt importunate
Be your affects for home. A litle ſtay
If your expectance beare; perhaps it may
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,
Your due deduction asks; but Principall
I am therein, the ruler. He replied:
Alcinous! the moſt duly glorified,
With rule of all; of all men; if you lay
Commandment on me, of a whole yeares ſtay;
So all the while, your preparations riſe,
Venuſtè & falsè dictum. As well in gifts, as *time: ye can deuiſe
No better wiſh for me; for I ſhall come
Much fuller handed, and more honourd home;
And dearer to my people: in whoſe loues,
The richer euermore the better proues.
He anſwerd: There is argude in your ſight,
A worth that works not men for benefit,
Like Prollers or Impoſtors; of which crew,
The gentle blacke Earth feeds not vp a few;
Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,
Of neither praiſe, nor vſe: you moue our eies
With forme; our minds with matter, and our eares
With elegant oration; ſuch as beares,
A muſicke in the orderd hiſtorie
It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,
With ſweeter ſtraines hath vſde to ſing to vs,
All the *Greeke* ſorrowes, wept out in your owne.
But ſay; of all your worthy friends, were none
Obiected to your eyes; that *Conſorts* were
To *Ilion* with you: and ſeru'd deſtinie there?
This Night is paſſing long, vnmeaſur'd: none
Of all my houſhold would to bed yet: On,

Relate

Relate theſe wondrous things. Were I with you;
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
Till the diuine *Aurora* ſhewd her head,
I ſhould in no night reliſh thought of bed.
Moſt eminent King, (ſaid he) *Times*, all muſt keepe;
There's time to ſpeake much, time as much to ſleepe.
But would you heare ſtill, I will tell you ſtill,
And vtter more, more miſerable ill,
Of Friends then yet, that ſcap't the diſmall warres,
And periſht homewards, and in houſhold iarres.
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaſte *Queene,
No ſooner made theſe Ladie-ghoſts vnſeene,
(Here and there flitting) but mine eie-ſight wonne
The Soule of *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* ſonne)
Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,
That in *Ægyſthus* houſe, endur'd their ends,
With his ſterne Fortune. Hauing drunke the blood,
He knew me inſtantly; and forth a flood
Of ſpringing teares guſht. Out he thruſt his hands,
With will t'embrace me; but their old commands,
Flowd not about him; nor their weakeſt part.
I wept to ſee; and mon'd him from my heart.
And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!
What ſort of cruell death, hath renderd ſlaine
Thy royall perſon? *Neptune*, in thy Fleete?
Heauen, and his helliſh billowes making meete,
Rowſing the winds? Or haue thy men by land
Done thee this ill; for vſing thy command,
Paſt their conſents, in diminution
Of thoſe full ſhares, their worths by lot had wonne,
Of ſheepe or oxen? or of any towne?
In couetous ſtrife, to make their rights, thine owne,
In men or women priſoners? He replied:
By none of theſe, in any right, I died;
But by *Ægyſthus*, and my murtherous wife,
(Bid to a banquet at his houſe) my life
Hath thus bene reft me: to my ſlaughter led,
Like to an Oxe, pretended to be fed.
So miſerably fell I; and with me,
My friends lay maſſacred: As when you ſee
At any rich mans nuptials, ſhot, or feaſt,
About his kitchin, white-tooth'd ſwine lie dreſt.
The ſlaughters of a world of men, thine eies,
Both priuate, and in preaſe of enemies,
Haue perſonally witneſt; but this one,
Would all thy parts haue broken into mone:
To ſee how ſtrewd about our Cups and Cates,
As Tables ſet with Feaſt, ſo we with Fates,

Here he begins his other relatiõ. Proſerpina.

All gaſht and ſlaine, lay; all the floore embrude
With blood and braine. But that which moſt I ru'd,
Flew from the heauie voice, that *Priams* ſeed,
Caſſandra breath'd; whom, ſhe that wit doth feed
With banefull crafts, falſe *Clytemneſtra* ſlew,
Cloſe ſitting by me; vp my hands I threw
From earth to heauen; and tumbling on my ſword,
Gaue wretched life vp. When the moſt abhord,
By all her ſexes ſhame, forſooke the roome;
Nor daind (though then ſo neare this heauie home)
To ſhut my lips, or cloſe my broken eies.
Nothing ſo heapt is with impieties,
As ſuch a woman, that would kill her Spouſe,
That maried her a maid. When to my houſe
I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,
To children, maids, and ſlaues. But ſhe (in th'Art
Of onely miſchiefe heartie) not alone
Caſt on her ſelfe, this foule aſperſion;
But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords
Will beare, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.
Alas (ſaid I) that *Ioue* ſhould hate the liues
Of *Atreus* ſeed, ſo highly for their wiues.
For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell;
For dangerous abſence, thine ſent thee to hell.
For this, (he anſwerd) Be not thou more kind
Then wiſe to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind
Let words expreſſe to her. Of all ſhe knowes,
Curbs for the worſt ſtill, in thy ſelfe repoſe.
But thou by thy wifes wiles, ſhalt loſe no blood;
Exceeding wiſe ſhe is, and wiſe in good.
Icarius daughter, chaſte *Penelope*,
We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we
Forſooke the Nuptiall peace; and at her breſt,
Her firſt child ſucking. Who, by this houre, bleſt,
Sits in the number of ſuruiuing men.
And his bliſſe, ſhe hath, that ſhe can containe;
And her bliſſe, thou haſt, that ſhe is ſo wiſe;
For, by her wiſedome, thy returned eies
Shall ſee thy ſonne; and he ſhall greete his Sire,
With fitting welcomes. When in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes, my ſonnes deare ſight;
And, as from me, will take from him the light;
Before ſhe addes one iuſt delight to life;
Or her falſe wit, one truth that fits a wife.
For her ſake therefore, let my harmes aduiſe;
That though thy wife be neuer ſo chaſte and wiſe,
Yet come not home to her in *open view,
With any ſhip, or any perſonall ſhew.

*This aduice he followed at his coming home.

But

But take close shore disguisde: nor let her know;
For tis no world, to trust a woman now.
But what sayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet suruiue,
In *Orchomen*, or *Pylos*? or doth liue
In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle? yet I see
Diuine *Orestes* is not here with me.
I answerd, asking: Why doth *Atreus* sonne:
Enquire of me? who yet arriu'd where none
Could giue to these newes any certaine wings?
And tis absurd, to tell vncertaine things.
Such sad speech past vs; and as thus we stood,
With kind teares rendring vnkind fortunes good;
Achilles and *Patrocl*[illegible]le appear'd;
And his Soule [illegible]hom neuer ill was heard,
The good [illegible]*achus*: and the Soule of him,
That all the *Greeks* past, both for force and lim,
Excepting the vnmatcht *Æacides*,
Illustrous *Aiax*. But the first of these,
That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,
Was * *Thetis* conquering Sonne, who (heauily *Achilles.*
His state here taking) said: Vnworthy breath!
What act, yet mightier, imagineth
Thy ventrous spirit? How doest thou descend
These vnder regions: where the dead mans end,
Is to be lookt on? and his foolish shade?
I answerd him: I was induc'd t'inuade
These vnder parts, (most excellent of *Greece*)
To visite wise *Tiresias*, for aduice
Of vertue to direct my voyage home
To rugged *Ithaca*; since I could come
To note in no place, where *Achaia* stood;
And so liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood
In mans vaine veines. Thou therefore (*Thetis* sonne)
Hast equald all, that euer yet haue wonne
The blisse the earth yeelds; or hereafter shall.
In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,
Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I see
Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,
To a renewd life of command beneath;
So great *Achilles* triumphs ouer death.
This comfort of him, this encounter found;
Vrge not my death to me, nor rub that wound;
I rather wish, to liue in earth a Swaine, *Achilles of the worse life.*
Or serue a Swaine for hire, that scarce can gaine
Bread to sustaine him; then (that life once gone)
Of all the dead, sway the Imperiall throne.
But say; and of my Sonne, some comfort yeeld;
If he goes on, in first fights of the field;

Or lurks for ſafetie in the obſcure Rere?
Or of my Father, if thy royall eare
Hath bene aduertiſde, that the *Phthian* Throne,
He ſtill commands, as greateſt *Myrmidon*?
Or that the *Phthian* and *Theſſalian* rage,
(Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)
Deſpiſe his Empire? Vnder thoſe bright rayes,
In which, heauens feruour hurles about the dayes;
Muſt I no more ſhine his reuenger now;
Such as of old, the *Ilion* ouerthrow
Witneſt my anger: th'vniuerſall hoaſt,
Sending before me, to this ſhadie Coaſt,
In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now reſort,
(But for ſome ſmall time) to my Fathers Court;
In ſpirit and powre, as then: thoſe men ſhould find
My hands inacceſſible, and of fire, my mind,
That durſt, with all the numbers they are ſtrong,
Vnſeate his honour, and ſuborne his wrong.
This pitch ſtill flew his ſpirit, though ſo low;
And this, I anſwerd thus: I do not know,
Of blameleſſe *Peleus*, any leaſt report;
But of your ſonne, in all the vtmoſt ſort,
I can informe your care with truth; and thus:

Vlyſſes report of Neoptolemus the ſon of Achilles.

From *Scyros*, princely *Neoptolemus*,
By Fleete, I conuaid to the *Greeks*; where he
Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our grauitie
Retir'd to councell; and our youth to fight.
In councell ſtill (ſo firie was *Conceit*,
In his quicke apprehenſion of a cauſe)
That firſt he euer ſpake; nor paſt the lawes
Of any graue ſtay, in his greateſt haſt.
None would contend with him, that counſeld laſt;
Vnleſſe illuſtrous *Neſtor*, he and I
Would ſometimes put a friendly contrary,
On his opinion. In our fights, the preaſe
Of great or common, he would neuer ſeaſe;
But farre before fight euer. No man there,
For force, he forced. He was ſlaughterer
Of many a braue man, in moſt dreadfull fight.
But one and other, whom he reft of light,
(In *Grecian* ſuccour) I can neither name,
Nor giue in number. The particular fame,
Of one mans ſlaughter yet, I muſt not paſſe;
Eurypilus Telephides he was,

This place (and a number more) is moſt miſerably miſtaken by all tranſlators and commenters.

That fell beneath him; and with him, the falls
Of ſuch huge men went, that they ſhewd like * whales,
Rampir'd about him. *Neoptolemus*
Set him ſo ſharply, for the ſumptuous

Fauours

Fauours of Miſtreſſes, he ſaw him weare;
For paſt all doubt, his beauties had no peere,
Of all that mine eies noted; next to one,
And that was *Memnon*, *Tithons* Sun-like ſonne.
Thus farre, for fight in publicke, may a taſt
Giue of his eminence. How farre ſurpaſt
His ſpirit in priuate; where he was not ſeene;
Nor glorie could be ſaid, to praiſe his ſpleene;
This cloſe note, I excerpted. When we ſate
Hid in *Epæus* horſe; no Optimate
Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope
And ſhut the * Stratageme, but I. My ſcope
To note then, each mans ſpirit, in a ſtreight
Of ſo much danger; much the better might
Be hit by me, then others: as, prouokt,
I ſhifted place ſtill; when, in ſome I ſmokt
Both priuie tremblings, and cloſe vent of teares.
In him yet, not a ſoft conceit of theirs,
Could all my ſearch ſee, either his wet eies
Plied ſtill with wipings; or the goodly guiſe,
His perſon all waies put forth; in leaſt part,
By any tremblings, ſhewd his toucht-at heart.
But euer he was vrging me to make
Way to their ſally; by his ſigne to ſhake
His ſword hid in his ſcabberd; or his Lance
Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,
His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th'euent,
(High *Troy* depopulate) he made aſcent
To his faire ſhip, with priſe and treaſure ſtore:
Safe, and no touch, away with him he bore,
Of farre-off hurl'd Lance, or of cloſe-fought ſword,
Whoſe wounds, for fauours, Warre doth oft affoord;
Which he (though ſought) miſt, in warres cloſeſt wage;
In cloſe fights, Mars doth neuer fight, but rage.
This made the ſoule of ſwift *Achilles* tred
A March of glorie, through the herbie meade;
For ioy to heare me ſo renowme his Sonne;
And vaniſht ſtalking. But with paſſion
Stood th'other Soules ſtrooke: and each told his bane.
Onely the ſpirit * *Telamonian*
Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie
I wonne from him at Fleete; though *Arbitrie*
Of all a Court of warre, pronounc't it mine,
And *Pallas* ſelfe. Our priſe were th'armes diuine,
Of great * *Æacides*; propoſde t'our fames
By his bright * Mother, at his funerall Games.
I wiſh to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne;
Since for thoſe Armes, ſo high a head, ſo ſoone

* The beſt should ſaid.

* That the ſoule of Telamon.

* Achilles. Thetis.

The baſe earth couerd. *Aiax*, that of all
The hoaſt of *Greece*, had perſon capitall,
And acts as eminent; excepting his,
Whoſe armes thoſe were; in whom was nought amiſſe.
I tride the great Soule with ſoft words, and ſaid:
Aiax! great ſonne of *Telamon*; arraid
In all our glories! what? not dead reſigne
Thy wrath for thoſe curſt Armes? The Powres diuine,
In them forg'd all our banes; in thine owne One;
In thy graue fall, our Towre was ouerthrowne.
We mourne (for euer maimd) for thee as much,
As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch,
In ſentence, any, but * *Saturnius* doome;
In whoſe hate, was the hoaſt of *Greece* become
A very horror. Who expreſt it well,
In ſigning thy Fate, with this timeleſſe Hell.
Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)
Repreſſe thy great mind, and thy flamie ſpirit;
And giue the words I giue thee, worthy eare.
All this, no word drew from him; but leſſe neare
The ſterne Soule kept. To other Soules he fled;
And glid along the Riuer of the dead.
Though Anger mou'd him; yet he might haue ſpoke;
Since I to him. But my deſires were ſtrooke
With ſight of other Soules. And then I ſaw
Minos, that miniſtred to *Death* a law;
And *Ioues* bright ſonne was. He was ſet, and ſwaid
A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade
A ſort of others, ſet about his Throne,
In *Plutos* wide-door'd houſe; when ſtrait came on,
Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,
The heards of thoſe beaſts he had ſlaughterd here,
In deſart hils on earth. A Club he bore,
Entirely ſteele, whoſe vertues neuer wore.
Tityus I ſaw: to whom the glorious Earth
Opened her wombe, and gaue vnhappie birth;
Vpwards, and flat vpon the Pauement lay
His ample lims; that ſpred in their diſplay,
Nine Acres compaſſe. On his boſome ſat
Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,
Into his Liuer, with their crooked Beakes;
And each by turnes, the concrete entraile breakes,
(As Smiths their ſteele beate) ſet on either ſide.
Nor doth he euer labour to diuide
His Liuer and their Beakes; nor with his hand,
Offer them off: but ſuffers by command,
Of th'angrie Thunderer; offring to enforce,
His loue *Latona* in the cloſe recourſe,

* Pater.

Minos.

Orion.

Tityus.

She vſde to *Pytho*, through the dancing land,
Smooth *Panopeus*. I ſaw likewiſe ſtand,
Vp to the chin, amidſt a liquid lake,
Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not ſlake
His burning thirſt. Oft as his ſcornfull cup,
Th'old man would taſte; ſo oft twas ſwallowd vp;
And all the blacke earth to his feete deſcried;
Diuine powre (plaguing him) the lake ſtill dried.
About his head, on high trees, cluſtering, hung
Peares, Apples, Granets, Oliues, euer yong;
Delicious Figs, and many fruite trees more,
Of other burthen; whoſe alluring ſtore,
When th'old Soule ſtriu'd to pluck, the winds from ſight,
In gloomie vapours, made them vaniſh quite.
There ſaw I *Siſyphus*, in infinite mone, *Siſyphus.*
With both hands heauing vp a maſſie ſtone;
And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,
To wreſt vp to a mountaine top, his freight;
When preſt to reſt it there (his nerues quite ſpent)
Downe ruſht the deadly Quarrie: the euent
Of all his torture, new to raiſe againe;
To which, ſtrait ſet his neuer-reſted paine.
The ſweate came guſhing out from euery Pore;
And on his head a ſtanding miſt he wore;
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of duſt
Were raiſd about it. Downe with theſe was thruſt,
The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*. *Hercules.*
But his firme ſelfe, did no ſuch Fate oppreſſe;
He feaſting liues amongſt th'immortall States;
White-ankled *Hebe*, and himſelfe, made mates,
In heauenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Ioues* deare race,
And *Iunos*; whom the golden Sandals grace.
About him flew the clamors of the dead,
Like Fowles; and ſtill ſtoopt cuffing at his head.
He, with his Bow, like Night, ſtalkt vp and downe;
His ſhaft ſtill nockt; and hurling round his frowne,
At thoſe vext houerers, aiming at them ſtill;
And ſtill, as ſhooting out, deſire to ſtill.
A horrid Bawdricke, wore he thwart his breſt;
The Thong all gold, in which were formes impreſt,
Where *Art* and Miracle, drew equall breaths,
In Beares, Bores, Lions, Battels; Combats, Deaths.
Who wrought that worke, did neuer ſuch before;
Nor ſo diuinely will do euer more.
Soone as he ſaw, he knew me; and gaue ſpeech:
Sonne of *Laertes*; high in wiſedomes reach;
And yet vnhappie wretch; for in this heart,
Of all exploits atchieu'd by thy deſert,

Thy

Thy worth but works out ſome ſiniſter Fate.
As I in earth did. I was generate
By *Ioue* himſelfe; and yet paſt meane, oppreſt
By one my farre inferiour; whoſe proud heſt,
Impoſde abhorred labours, on my hand.
Of all which, one was, to deſcend this Strand,
And hale the dog from thence. He could not thinke
An act that *Danger* could make deeper ſinke;
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,
As this was low, the dog. The Deitie,
Of ſleight and wiſedome, as of downe-right powre,
Both ſtoopt, and raiſd, and made me Conquerour.
This ſaid; he made deſcent againe as low
As *Plutos* Court; when I ſtood firme; for ſhow
Of more *Heroes*, of the times before;
And might perhaps haue ſeene my wiſh of more;
(As *Theſeus* and *Pirithous*, deriu'd
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th'atchieu'd
Rare ſight of theſe; the rank-ſoul'd multitude
In infinite flocks roſe; venting ſounds ſo rude,
That pale *Feare* tooke me, leſt the *Gorgons* head
Ruſht in amongſt them; thruſt vp, in my dread,
By grim *Perſephone*. I therefore ſent
My men before to ſhip; and after went.
Where, boorded, ſet, and lancht; th'Ocean waue,
Our Ores and forewinds, ſpeedie paſſage gaue.

Finis libri vndecimi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

HE ſhewes from Hell his ſafe retreate,
To th'Ile Aæa, Circes *ſeate.*
And how he ſcapt the Sirens *calls.*
With th'erring Rockes, and waters falls,
That Scylla *and* Charybdis *breake.*
The Sunnes ſtolne Herds; and his ſad wreake,
Both of Vlyſſes *ſhip and men,*
His owne head ſcaping ſcarce the paine.

Another.

Mv. *The Rockes that errd;*
The Sirens *call;*
The Sunnes ſtolne Herd;
The ſouldiers fall.

OVr Ship now paſt the ſtreights of th'Ocean flood;
She plowd the broad ſeas billowes; and made good,
The Ile *Æa*, where the *Pallace* ſtands
Of th'early Riſer, with the roſie hands,
Actiue Aurora; where ſhe loues to dance;
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames aduance.
When here arriu'd; we drew her vp to land,
And trod our ſelues the reſaluted ſand:
Found on the ſhore, fit reſting for the Night;
Slept, and expected the celeſtiall light.
Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingerd Dame,
Had guilt the mountaines with her Saffron flame;
I ſent my men to *Circes* houſe before,
To fetch deceaſt *Elpenor* to the ſhore.
Strait ſwelld the high banks with feld heapes of trees;
And (full of teares) we did due Exequies
To our dead friend. (Whoſe Corſe conſum'd with fire,
And honourd Armes: whoſe Sepulcher entire;
And ouer that, a Columne raiſd) his Ore,
Curiouſly caru'd (to his deſire before)
Vpon the top of all his Tombe, we fixt.
Of all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.
Nor was our ſafe aſcent from hell, conceald
From *Circes* knowledge; nor ſo ſoone reueald,
But ſhe was with vs, with her bread and food,
And ruddie wine, brought by her ſacred brood

Redeunt ab inferis ad Circen.

Elpenor tumulatur.

Of

Of woods and Fountaines. In the midſt ſhe ſtood,
And thus ſaluted vs: Vnhappie men,
That haue (inform'd with all your ſences) bene
In *Platos* diſmall manſion. You ſhall die
Twice now; where others that *Mortalitie*,
In her faire armes, holds; ſhall but once deceaſe.
But eate and drinke out all conceit of theſe;
And this day dedicate to food and wine;
The following *Night* to *Sleepe*. When next ſhall ſhine
The chearfull Morning; you ſhall proue the ſeas.
Your way, and euery act ye muſt addreſſe,
My knowledge of their order ſhall deſigne:
Leſt with your owne bad counſels, ye encline
Euents as bad againſt ye; and ſuſtaine
By ſea and ſhore, the wofull ends that raigne
In wilfull actions. Thus did ſhe aduiſe;
And, for the time, our Fortunes were ſo wiſe,
To follow wiſe directions. All that day
We ſate and feaſted. When his lower way,
The Sunne had enterd; and the *Euen*, the hie:
My friends ſlept on their Gables; ſhe and I,
(Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,
By her well ſorted) did to ſleepe conuert
Our timed powres. When, all things *Fate* let fall
In our affaire, ſhe aſkt; I told her all.
To which ſhe anſwerd: Theſe things thus tooke end:
And now to thoſe that I informe, attend:
Which (you remembring) God himſelfe ſhall be,
The bleſſed author of your memorie.

Circe præſagit futura pericula.

First, to the *Sirens* ye ſhall come, that taint
The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint
With their attractions. Whoſoeuer ſhall

Sirenarum deſcriptio.

(For want of knowledge mou'd) but heare the call
Of any *Siren*: he will ſo deſpiſe
Both wife and children, for their ſorceries,
That neuer home turnes his affections ſteame;
Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.
The *Sirens* will ſo ſoften with their ſong,
(Shrill, and in ſenſuall appetite ſo ſtrong)
His looſe affections, that he giues them head.
And then obſerue: They ſit amidſt a meade;
And round about it runnes a hedge or wall
Of dead mens bones: their witherd skins and all,
Hung all along vpon it; and theſe men
Were ſuch as they had fawnd into their Fen,
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
Saile by them therefore; thy companions
Before hand cauſing to ſtop euery eare

With

With ſweete ſoft waxe ſo cloſe; that none may heare
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you
(If you affect it) open eare allow
To trie their motion: but preſume not ſo
To truſt your iudgement; when your ſenſes go
So looſe about you; but giue ſtraight command
To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,
Sure to the Maſt; that you may ſafe approue
How ſtrong in inſtigation to their loue
Their rapting tunes are. If ſo much they moue,
That, ſpite of all your reaſon, your will ſtands
To be enfranchiſde, both of feete and hands;
Charge all your men before, to ſleight your charge,
And reſt ſo farre, from fearing to enlarge,
That much more ſure they bind you. When your friends
Haue outſaild theſe: the danger that tranſcends
Reſts not in any counſaile to preuent;
Vnleſſe your owne mind, finds the tract and bent
Of that way, that auoids it. I can ſay
That in your courſe, there lies a twofold way;
The right of which, your owne, taught, preſent wit
And grace diuine, muſt prompt. In generall yet
Let this informe you: Neare theſe *Sirens* ſhore
Moue two ſteepe Rocks; at whoſe feete, lie and rore
The blacke ſeas cruell billowes: the bleſt Gods
Call them the Rouers. Their abhord abods
No bird can paſſe: no not the **Doues*, whoſe feare
Sire *Ioue* ſo loues, that they are ſaid to beare
Ambroſia to him; can their ruine ſcape;
But one of them, falles euer to the rape
Of thoſe ſlie rocks. Yet *Ioue*, another ſtill
Adds to the reſt; that ſo may euer fill
The ſacred number. Neuer ſhip could ſhunne
The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne
With all her bulke, and bodies of her men
To vtter ruine. For the ſeas retaine
Not onely their outragious æſture there;
But fierce aſſiſtents, of particular feare,
And ſupernaturall miſchiefe, they expire;
And thoſe are whirlewinds of deuouring fire
Whisking about ſtill. *Th' Argine* ſhip, alone

πέλεια. πρόσωπον. Columbart reades. *What theſe Doues were, and the whole minde of this place: the Great Macedan asking Chiron Amphipolites, he anſwered, They were the Pleiades or ſeuen Starres. One of which (beſides his proper imperfection, of being apud poet. l. adeo exilis, vel ſubobſcurus, vt vix appareat) is vtterly obſcured or let by theſe Rocks. Why then, or how, Ioue ſtill ſuppli-*

ed the laſt one, that the number might be full: Athenæus falles to it, and helps the other out: Interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetuall ſeptenary number, though there appeared but ſixe. But how lame and loathſome theſe Prezers ſhew in their aſſoiled expoſitions of the Poeticall Minde, this and an hundred others, ſpent in meere preſumptuous groſſe at the inacceſſible Poet; I hope will make plaine enough to the moſt enuious of any thing done, beſides their owne ſet cenſures, and moſt arrogant ouer weenings. In the 23. of the Iliads, (being †) at the Games celebrated at Patroclus funerals, they tied to the top of a Maſt. πέλεια πρόσωπον, timidam Columbam, *to ſhoote at for a game: ſo that (by theſe great mens aboueſaid expoſitions) they ſhot at the Pleiades.*

(Which bore the * care of all men) got her gone,
Come from *Areta*. Yet perhaps euen ſhe
Had wrackt at thoſe Rocks; if the Deitie
That lies by *Ioues* ſide, had not lent her hand
To their tranſmiſſion; ſince the man that mann'd
In chiefe that voyage, ſhe, in chiefe did loue.
Of theſe two ſpitefull Rocks, the one doth ſhoue
Againſt the height of heauen, her pointed brow.
A blacke cloud binds it round, and neuer ſhow
Lends to the ſharp point: not the cleare blew skie
Lets euer view it. Not the *Sommers* eye;
Not feruent *Autumnes*. None, that Death could end
Could euer skale it; or if vp, deſcend.
Though twenty hands and feete he had for hold:
A poliſht ice-like glibneſſe doth enfold
The rocke ſo round, whoſe midſt, a gloomie cell
Shrowds, ſo farre Weſtward, that it ſees to hell.
From this, keepe you as farre, as from his bow
An able yong man can his ſhaft beſtow.
For here, the * whuling *Scylla*, ſhrowds her face:
That breaths a voice, at all parts, no more baſe
Then are a newly-kitn'd kitlings cries;
Her ſelfe a monſter yet, of boundleſſe ſiſe;
Whoſe ſight would nothing pleaſe a mortals eies;
No nor the eyes of any God, if he
(Whom nought ſhould fright) ſeã foule on her; and ſhe
Her full ſhape ſhew'd. Twelue foule feete beare about
Her ougly bulke. Sixe huge long necks lookt out
Of her ranke ſhoulders: euery necke, doth let
A ghaſtly head out: euery head; three ſet
Thicke thruſt together, of abhorred teeth;
And euery tooth ſtucke with a fable death.
She lurkes in midſt of all her denne; and ſtreakes
From out a ghaſtly whirle-poole, all her necks;
Where, (gloting round her rocke) to fiſh ſhe falles;

Nauis omnibus Curæ: the ſhip that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our Criticks will needs reſtraine, omnib' here to Poetis omnibus, vel Hiſtoricis, when the care of all mens preſeruatiõ is affirmed to be the freight of it: as if Poets and Hiſtorians comprehended all things, when I ſcarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewiſe is gar-bige good enough for the monſter. Nor will I tempt our ſpic't conſciences with expreſſing the diuine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirme any good of poore People, ſince no man gets any goods by it. And notwithſtanding many of our bird-eyd ſtarters at prophanation are for nothing ſo afraid of it, as that leſt their gulled conſciences (ſcarce beleeuing the moſt re-all truth, in approbation of their lines) ſhould be rubbed with the confirmation of it, euen in theſe contemned vanities (as their impieties pleaſe to call them,) which by much more learned and pious then themſelues, haue euer been called the raptures of diuine inſpiration. By which Homo ſupra humanam naturam erigitur, & in Deum tranſit. Plat.

* δεινὸν λαλαγεῖν, &c. Grauiter vociferari: as all, moſt vntruly tranſlate it. As they do in the next verſe, theſe words ευκλεια περιπλομενη; Catuli Leonis. No Lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation. Ἐυκλεια, ſignifying indignam, diſſimilem, or horribilem vocem edens: But in what kind horribilem? Not for the grauitie or greatneſſe of her voice, but for the monſtrous or diſproportionable ſmall whooling of it: ſhe being in the vaſt frame of her body, as the very words τέρας ἔχουσα ſignifie, τερατῶδες ingens: whoſe diſproportion and deformitie, is too Poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered, for fat and flat Proſers to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poets words ſerue their comprehenſion, and therefore they adde of their owne, λέγω, from whence λέλαγα is deriued, ſignifying crepo, or ſtridule clamo. And ευκλεια περιπλομενη, is to be expounded, catuli ſuper or recens nati, not Leonis. But that they butcher and abuſe the inimitable expreſſer: Becauſe they knew not how otherwiſe to be monſtrous enough themſelues, to helpe out the Monſter. Imagining ſo huge a great body, muſt needs haue a voice as huge: and then would not our Homer haue likened it to a Lions whelps voyce, but to the Lions owne: and all had beene much too little, to make a voyce anſwerable to her hugeneſſe. And therefore found our inimitable maſter, a new way to expreſſe her monſtrous diſproportion: performing it ſo, as there can be nihil ſupra. And I would faine learne of my learned Detractor, that will needs haue me onely tranſlate out of the Latine, what Latine tranſlation tells me this? or what Grecian hath euer found this and a hundred other ſuch? Which may be ſome poore inſtance, or proofe of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two ſimple Poems, but not a ſillable further will my fillie ſpirit profane.

And

And vp rush Dolphins, Dogfish; somewhiles, Whales,
If got within her, when her rapine feeds;
For euer-groning *Amphitrite* breeds
About her whirlepoole, an vnmeasur'd store;
No Sea-man euer boasted touch of shore
That there toucht with his ship; but still she fed
Of him, and his. A man for euery head
Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descrie
The other humbler Rocke, that moues so nie,
Your dart may mete the distance. It receaues
A huge wilde Fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaues;
Beneath whose shades, diuine *Charybdis* sits
Supping the blacke deepes. Thrice a day her pits
She drinking all dry; and thrice a day againe,
All, vp she belches; banefull to sustaine.
When she is drinking, dare not neare her draught,
For not the force of *Neptune*, (if once caught)
Can force your freedome. Therefore in your strife
To scape *Charybdis*, labour all, for life
To row neare *Scylla*; for she will but haue
For her sixe heads, sixe men; and better saue
The rest, then all, make offerings to the waue.
This Neede she told me of my losse, when I
Desir'd to know, if that *Necessitie*
(When I had scap't *Charybdis* outrages)
My powres might not reuenge; though not redresse?
She answerd: O vnhappy! art thou yet
Enflam'd with warre? and thirst to drinke thy swete
Not to the Gods giue vp, both Armes, and will?
She, deathlesse is, and that immortall ill
Graue, harsh, outragious, not to be subdu'd,
That men must suffer till they be renew'd.
Nor liues there any virtue that can flie
The vicious outrage of their crueltie.
Shouldst thou put Armes on, and approch the Rocke;
I feare, sixe more must expiate the shocke.
Sixe heads, sixe men aske still. Hoise saile, and flie;
And in thy flight, aloud, on *Cratis* crie
(Great *Scyllas* Mother, who, expos'de to light
That bane of men;) and she will do such right
To thy obseruance, that she, downe will tread
Her daughters rage; nor let her shew a head.
From thenceforth then, for euer past her care;
Thou shalt ascend, the Ile *Triangulare*;
Where many Oxen of the Sunne are fed;
And fatted flocks. Of Oxen, fifty head
In euery herd feed; and their herds are seuen;
And of his fat flocks is their number, Euen.

Increaſe they yeeld not, for they neuer die;
There euery ſhepherdeſſe, a Deitie.
Faire *Phaethuſa*, and *Lampetie*,
The louely *Nymphs* are, that their Guardians be.
Who, to the daylights lofty-going flame
Had gracious birthright, from the heauenly Dame
Still yong *Neæra*; who (brought forth and bred)
Farre off diſmiſt them; to ſee duly fed
Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicilie*.
Theſe herds, and flocks, if to the Deitie
Ye leaue, as ſacred things, vntoucht; and on
Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,
(Though through ſome ſufferance) you yet ſafe ſhall land
In wiſhed *Ithaca*. But if impious hand
You lay on thoſe herds to their hurts: I then
Preſage ſure ruine, to thy ſhip and men.
If thou eſcap'ſt thy ſelfe, extending home
Thy long'd for landing; thou ſhalt loded come
With ſtore of loſſes, moſt exceeding late,
And not conſorted with a ſaued mate.
This ſaid; the golden-thron'd *Aurora* roſe;
She, her way went, and I did mine diſpoſe
Vp to my ſhip; weigh'd Anchor, and away.
When reuerend *Circe*; helpt vs to conuaie
Our veſſell ſafe, by making well inclind
A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;
With which ſhe filld our ſailes, when, fitting all
Our Armes cloſe by vs; I did ſadly fall
To graue relation, what concernd in Fate
My friends to know, and told them that the ſtate
Of our affaires ſucceſſe, which *Circe* had
Preſag'd to me alone, muſt yet be made
To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:
That ſince their liues and deaths were left to fall
In their elections; they might life elect,
And giue what would preſerue it, fit effect.
I firſt inform'd them, that we were to flie
The heauenly-ſinging *Sirens* harmony,
And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I
Had charge to heare their ſong; but fetterd faſt
In bands, vnfauor'd, to th'erected Maſt;
From whence, if I ſhould pray; or vſe command
To be enlarg'd; they ſhould with much more band
Containe my ſtruglings. This I ſimply told
To each particular; nor would withold
What moſt enioyn'd mine owne affections ſtay,
That theirs the rather might be taught t'obay.
In meane time, flew our ſhips; and ſtraight we fetcht

The *Sirens* Ile; a ſpleeneleſſe wind, ſo ſtretcht
Her wings to waft vs, and ſo vrg'd our keele.
But hauing reacht this Ile, we could not feele
The leaſt gaſpe of it: it was ſtriken dead,
And all the Sea, in proſtrate ſlumber ſpread:
The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Vp then flew
My friends to worke; ſtrooke ſaile, together drew,
And vnder hatches ſtowd them: ſat, and plied
Their poliſht oares; and did in curls diuide
The white-head waters. My part then came on;
A mighty waxen Cake, I ſet vpon;
Chopt it in fragments, with my ſword; and wrought
With ſtrong hand, euery peece, till all were ſoft.
The great powre of the Sunne, in ſuch a beame
As then flew burning from his Diademe,
To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,
I ſtopt their eares; and they, as faire did ply
My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Maſt
With other halſers, made me ſoundly faſt.
Then tooke they ſeate; and forth our paſſage ſtrooke;
The fomie Sea, beneath their labour ſhooke.
Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice;
The *Sirens* ſoone tooke note, without our noice;
Tun'd thoſe ſweete accents, that made charmes ſo ſtrong;
And theſe learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* ſong:
Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praiſe;
That doſt ſo high, the Grecian *glory raiſe;*
Vlyſſes! *ſtay thy ſhip; and that ſong heare*
That none paſt euer, but it bent his eare:
But left him raviſh, and inſtructed more
By vs, then any, euer heard before.
For we know all things whatſoeuer were
In wide Troy *labour'd, whatſoeuer there*
The Grecians *and the* Troians *both ſuſtain'd;*
By thoſe high iſſues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatſoeuer, all the earth can ſhew
T'informe a knowledge of deſert, we know.
This they gaue accent in the ſweeteſt ſtraine
That euer open'd an enamour'd vaine.
When, my conſtrain'd heart, needs would haue mine eare
Yet more delighted; force way forth, and heare.
To which end I commanded, with all ſigne
Sterne lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine
Had powre to ſtirre) my friends to riſe, and giue
My limbs free way. They freely ſtriu'd to driue
Their ſhip ſtill on. When (farre from will to loſe)
Eurylochus, and *Perimedes* roſe
To wrap me ſurer; and oppreſt me more

With many a halſer, then had vſe before.
When, rowing on, without the reach of ſound,
My friends vnſtopt their eares; and me, vnbound,
And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe
Freſh feares emploid vs. I beheld a maine
Of mighty billows, and a ſmoke aſcend:
A horrid murmure hearing. Euery friend
Aſtoniſht ſat: from euery hand, his oare
Fell quite forſaken: with the diſmall Rore
Where all things there made Echoes, ſtone ſtill ſtood
Our ſhip it ſelfe: becauſe the ghaſtly flood
Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne:
I, through the ſhip went, labouring vp and downe
My friends recouerd ſpirits. One by one
I gaue good words, and ſaid: That well were knowne
Theſe ills to them before: I told them all;
And that theſe could not proue, more capitall
Then thoſe the *Cyclop* blockt vs vp in; yet
My vertue, wit, and heauen-helpt Counſailes, ſet
Their freedomes open. I could not beleeue
But they rememberd it, and wiſht them giue
My equall care, and meanes, now equall truſt:
The ſtrength they had, for ſtirring vp, they muſt
Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Ioue* had laid
His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid
To ſcape euen that death. In particular then
I told our Pylot, that paſt other men
He, moſt muſt beare firme ſpirits; ſince he ſwaid
The Continent, that all our ſpirits conuaid
In his whole guide of her. He ſaw there boile
The fierie whirlpooles; that to all our ſpoile
Incloſde a Rocke: without which, he muſt ſtere,
Or all our ruines ſtood concluded there.
All heard me, and obaid; and little knew
That, ſhunning that Rocke, ſixe of them ſhould rue
The wracke, another hid. For I conceal'd
The heauy wounds that neuer would be heal'd,
To be by *Scylla* opened; for their feare
Would then haue robd all, of all care to ſtere;
Or ſtirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:
When they (and all) had died an idle death.
But then, euen I forgot to ſhunne the harme
Circe forewarnd: who willd I ſhould not arme,
Nor ſhew my ſelfe to *Scylla*, leſt in vaine
I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe
But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:
Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke
That Rockie *Scylla* would haue firſt appear'd,

And

And taken my life, with the friends I feard.
From thence yet, no place could afford her ſight;
Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,
And ranſackt all waies. I then tooke a ſtreight
That gaue my ſelfe, and ſome few more receipt
Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*; whence we ſaw
How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw
The brackiſh ſea vp, which, when all abroad
She ſpit againe out: neuer Caldron ſod
With ſo much feruor, fed with all the ſtore
That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore
With troubl'd waters: round about the tops
Of all the ſteepe crags, flew the ſomy drops.
But, when her draught, the ſea and earth diſſunderd,
The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and ſhe thunderd;
Farre vnder ſhore, the ſwart ſands naked lay.
Whoſe whole ſterne ſight, the ſtartl'd blood did fray
From all our faces. And while we on her
Our eyes beſtowd thus, to our ruines feare;
Sixe friends had *Scylla* ſnatcht out of our keele,
In whom, moſt loſſe, did force and virtue feele.
When looking to my ſhip, and lending eye
To ſee my friends eſtates, their heeles turnd hie,
And hands caſt vp, I might diſcerne; and heare
Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were
To try me in their laſt extremities.
And as an Angler, medcine for ſurpriſe
Of little fiſh, ſits powring from the rocks,
From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Oxe;
And then with his long Angle, hoiſts them hie
Vp to the Aire; then ſleightly hurles them by,
When, helpleſſe ſprauling on the land they lie:
So eaſely *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt
My wofull friends; and ſo vnhelpt, entrapt
Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;
Who in their tortures, deſperate of eſcape;
Shriekt as ſhe tore; and vp, their hands to me
Still threw for ſweete life. I did neuer ſee
In all my ſufferance ranſacking the ſeas,
A ſpectacle ſo full of miſeries.
Thus hauing fled theſe rocks (theſe cruell dames
Scylla, *Charybdis*.) where the king of flames
Hath offerings burnd to him; our ſhip put in
The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne
The Epithete, *Faultleſſe*: where the broad of head
And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,
With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
Set in my ſhip, mine care reacht, where we rod

The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate
Of fleecie ſheepe; that in my memories ſeate
Put vp the formes, that late had bene impreſt
By dread *Æaan Circe*; and the beſt
Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Theban* Seer;
The wiſe *Tireſias*, who was graue decreer
Of my returnes whole meanes. Of which, this one
In chiefe he vrg'd; that I ſhould alwaies ſhunne
The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne.
When, (ſad at heart for our late loſſe) I praid
My friends to heare fit counſaile, (though diſmaid
With all ill fortunes) which was giuen to me
By *Circes*, and *Tireſias* Prophecie;
That I ſhould flie the Ile, where was ador'd
The Comfort of the world: for ills, abhorr'd
Were ambuſht for vs there; and therefore, willd
They ſhould put off, and leaue the Ile. This kill'd
Their tender ſpirits; when *Eurylochus*
A ſpeech that vext me vtter'd; anſwering thus:
Cruell *Vlyſſes*! Since thy nerues abound
In ſtrength, the more ſpent; and no toyles confound
Thy able limbs, as all beate out of ſteele;
Thou ableſt vs to, as vnapt to feele
The teeth of *Labor*, and the ſpoile of *Sleepe*,
And therefore ſtill, wet waſt vs in the deepe;
Nor let vs land to eate; but madly, now;
In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to ſtrow
The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight
Of winds that ruine ſhips, are bred in Night.
Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,
If ſuddainly ſhould ruſh out th'angry breath
Of *Notus*, or the eager-ſpirited Weſt?
That cuffe ſhips, dead; and do the Gods their beſt!
Serue black Night ſtill, with ſhore, meate, ſleepe, and eaſe;
And offer to the *Morning* for the ſeas.
This all the reſt approu'd; and then knew I
That paſt all doubt, the diuell did apply
His ſlaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;
I was but one; nor yeelded, but compell'd.
But all that might containe them, I aſſaid:
A ſacred oath, on all their powres I laid;
That if with herds, or any richeſt flocks
We chanc't t'encounter; neither ſheepe, nor Oxe
We once ſhould touch; nor (for that conſtant ill
That followes folly) ſcorne aduice, and kill:
But quiet ſit vs downe, and take ſuch food
As the immortall *Circe* had beſtowd.
They ſwore all this, in all ſeuerſt ſort;

And then we ancord, in the winding Port;
Neare a freſh Riuer, where the longd-for ſhore
They all flew out to; tooke in victles ſtore;
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their loſſe by *Scylla*; weeping till they ſlept.
In *Nights* third part; when ſtars began to ſtoope;
The Cloud-aſſembler, put a Tempſt vp.
A boiſtrous ſpirit he gaue it; draue out all
His flocks of clouds; and let ſuch darkneſſe fall,
That *Earth*, and *Seas* for feare, to hide were driuen;
For, with his clouds, he thruſt out *Night* from heauen.
At *Morne*, we drew our ſhips into a caue;
In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phœbus* cattaile draue;
Faire dancing Roomes had, and their ſeates of State.
I vrg'd my friends then, that to ſhunne their Fate,
They would obſerue their oath; and take the food
Our ſhip afforded; nor attempt the blood
Of thoſe faire *Herds* and *Flocks*; becauſe they were,
That dreadfull Gods, that all could ſee, and heare.
They ſtood obſeruant, and in that good mind
Had we bene gone: but ſo aduerſe the wind
Stood to our paſſage, that we could not go.
For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow
Impetuous *Notus*; not a breaths repaire
But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.
As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread
Stood out amongſt them; ſo long, not a head
Of all thoſe Oxen, fell in any ſtrife
Amongſt thoſe ſtudents for the gut, and life.
But when their victles faild, they fell to prey:
Neceſsitie compell'd them then, to ſtray
In rape of fiſh, and fowle: what euer came
In reach of hand or hooke; the bellies flame
Afflicted to it. I then, fell to praire;
And (making to a cloſe *Retreate*, repaire
Free from, both friends, and winds) I waſht my hands,
And all the Gods beſought, that held commands
In liberall heauen; to yeeld ſome meane to ſtay
Their deſperate hunger; and ſet vp the way
Of our returne reſtraind. The Gods, in ſteed
Of giuing what I prayd for, powre of deed;
A deedleſſe ſleepe, did on my lids diſtill,
For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.
For, whiles I ſlept, there wak't no meane to curb
Their headſtrong wants; which he that did diſturb
My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe
To all the reſt in counſaile to their griefe;
Knew well, and of, my preſent abſence tooke

His fit aduantage; and their iron ſtrooke
At higheſt heate. For (feeling their deſire
In his owne Entrailes, to allay the fire
That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gaue way
To that affection: Heare what I ſhall ſay,
(Though words will ſtanch no hunger) euery death
To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,
You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die
The Death of *Famine*, is a miſerie
Paſt all Death loathſome. Let vs therefore take
The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make
To all the Deathleſſe that in broad heauen liue;
And, in particular, vow, if we arriue
In naturall *Ithaca*, to ſtrait erect
A Temple to the haughtie in aſpect;
Rich, and magnificent, and all within
Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.
If yet, he ſtands incenſt, ſince we haue ſlaine
His high-browd herd; and therefore will ſuſtaine
Deſire to wracke our ſhip: he is but one;
And all the other Gods, that we attone
With our diuine Rites, will their ſuffrage giue
To our deſign'd returne, and let vs liue.
If not; and all take part, I rather craue
To ſerue with one ſole Death, the yawning waue;
Then, in a deſert Iland, lie and ſterue;
And, with one pin'd life, many deaths obſerue.
All cried, He counſailes nobly; and all ſpeed
Made to their reſolute driuing. For the feed
Of thoſe coleblacke, faire, broad-browd, Sun-lou'd Beeues:
Had place, cloſe by our ſhips. They tooke the liues
Of ſence, moſt eminent. About their fall
Stood round, and to the States celeſtiall
Made ſolemne vowes: But, other Rites, their ſhip
Could not afford them; they did therefore ſtrip
The curld-head Oke, of freſh yong leaues, to make
Supply of ſeruice for their Barly cake.
And, on the ſacredly enflam'd, for wine
Powrd pureſt water; all the parts diuine
Spitting, and roſting: all the Rites beſide
Orderly vſing. Then did light diuide
My low, and vpper lids; when, my repaire
Made neare my ſhip; I met the delicate ayre
Their roſt exhal'd. Out inſtantly I cried;
And ſaid, O *Ione*, and all ye Deified,
Ye haue oppreſt me with a cruell ſleepe;
While ye conferd on me, a loſſe as deepe
As *Death* deſcends to. To themſelues, alone

My

My rude men, left vngouernd; they haue done
A deed ſo impious, (I ſtand well aſſur'd)
That you will not forgiue, though ye procur'd.
Then flew *Lempetie*, with the ample Robe,
Vp to her Father, with the golden Globe;
Ambaſſadreſſe, t'informe him, that my men
Had ſlaine his Oxen. Heart-incenſed then;
He cried; Reuenge me (Father, and the reſt
Both euer liuing, and for euer bleſt.)
Vlyſſes impious men, haue drawne the blood
Of thoſe my Oxen, that it did me good
To looke on, walking, all my ſtarrie round;
And when I trod earth, all with medowes crown'd
Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;
Dis, and the Dead, adorning with my light.
The Cloud-herd anſwerd; Son! thou ſhalt be ours,
And light thoſe mortals, in that Mine of flowres;
My red hote flaſh, ſhall graſe but on their ſhip,
And eate it, burning, in the boyling deepe.
This by *Calypſo*, I was told, and ſhe
Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.
Come to our ſhip; I chid, and told by name
Each man, how impiouſly he was to blame.
But chiding got no peace; the Beeues were ſlaine:
When ſtraight the Gods, fore-went their following paine
With dire Oſtents. The hides, the fleſh had loſt,
Crept, all before them. As the fleſh did roſt
It bellowd like the Oxe it ſelfe, aliue.
And yet my ſouldiers, did their dead Beeues driue
Through all theſe Prodigies, in daily feaſts.
Sixe daies they banqueted, and ſlue freſh beaſts,
And when the ſeuenth day, *Ioue* reduc't the wind
That all the moneth rag'd; and ſo in did bind
Our ſhip, and vs; was turnd, and calm'd; and we
Lancht, put vp Maſts; Sailes hoiſed, and to Sea.
The Iland left ſo farre; that land no where;
But onely ſea, and skie, had powre t'appeare;
Ioue fixt a cloud aboue our ſhip; ſo blacke
That all the ſea it darkned. Yet from wracke
She ranne a good free time: till from the Weſt
Came *Zephyre* ruffling forth; and put his breaſt
Out, in a ſinging tempeſt; ſo moſt vaſt,
It burſt the Gables, that made ſure our Maſt;
Our Maſts came tumbling downe: our cattell downe,
Ruſht to the Pump: and by our *Pylots* crowne
The maine Maſt, paſt his fall; paſht all his Skull,
And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.
Off from the Sterne, the Sterneſman, diuing fell,

And

And from his ſinews, flew his Soule to hell.
Together, all this time, *Ioues* Thunder chid;
And through, and through the ſhip, his lightning glid:
Till it embrac't her round: her bulke was filld
With naſty ſulphur; and her men were killd:
Tumbl'd to Sea, like Sea-mews ſwumme about,
And there the date of their returne was out.
I toſt from ſide to ſide ſtill, till all broke
Her Ribs were with the ſtorme: and ſhe did choke
With let-in Surges; for, the Maſt torne downe;
Tore her vp pecemeale; and for me to drowne
Left little vndiſſolu'd. But to the Maſt
There was a lether Thong left; which I caſt
About it, and the keele; and ſo ſat toſt
With banefull weather, till the Weſt had loſt
His ſtormy tyranny. And then aroſe
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes;
For backe againe his blaſts expelld me, quite
On rauenous *Charybdis*. All that *Night*
I totter'd vp and downe, till *Light*, and I
At *Scyllas* Rocke encounterd; and the nie
Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on theſe,
I ſaw *Charybdis*, ſupping vp the ſeas;
And had gone vp together, if the tree
That bore the wilde figs, had not reſcu'd me;
To which I leapt, and left my keele; and hie
Chambring vpon it, did as cloſe imply
My breſt about it, as a Reremouſe could:
Yet, might my feete, on no ſtub faſten hold
To eaſe my hands: the roots were crept ſo low
Beneath the earth; and ſo aloft did grow
The far-ſpred armes, that (though good height I gat)
I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat
I therefore ſtill muſt cling; till vp againe
She belcht my Maſt, and after that, amaine
My keele came tumbling: ſo at length it chanc't,
To me, as to a Iudge; that long aduanc't
To iudge a ſort of hote yong fellowes iarres,
At length time frees him from their ciuill warres;
When, glad, he riſeth, and to dinner goes;
So time, at length, releaſt with ioyes my woes,
And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.
To which (my hand, now looſd; and now, my heele)
I altogether, with a huge noiſe, dropt;
Iuſt in her midſt fell, where the Maſt was propt;
And there rowd off, with owers of my hands.
God, and *Mars* Father, would not, from her ſands
Let *Scylla* ſee me; for I then had died

That

That bitter death, that my poore friends ſupplied.
Nine Daies at Sea, I houer'd: the tenth Night
In th'Ile *Ogygia*, where about the bright
And right renoum'd *Calypſo*, I was caſt
By powre of Deitie; Where I liu'd embrac't
With *Loue*, and feaſts. But why ſhould I relate
Thoſe kind occurrents? I ſhould iterate
What I in part, to your chaſte Queene and you
So late imparted. And for me to grow
A talker ouer of my tale againe,
Were paſt my free contentment to ſuſtaine.

Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odyſſ.

Opus nouem dierum.

Σιω θεῶ.